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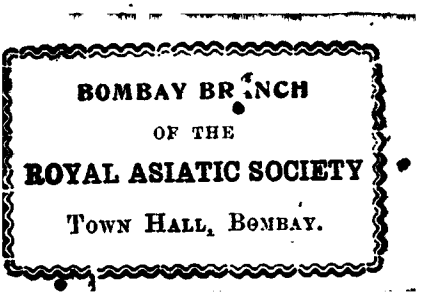

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Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. *Engraved by E. Finden*

MRS. PIOZZI.

London, Published by John Murray, 1830.

CONVERSATIONS,

&c.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

CONVERSATIONS

OF

LORD BYRON:

NOTED

DURING A RESIDENCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP

AT PISA,

IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822.

BY THOMAS MEDWIN, ESQ.

OF THE 24th LIGHT DRAGOONS,

AUTHOR OF "AHASUERUS THE WANDERER."

1809

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A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,

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PREFACE.

"A great poet belongs to no country; his works are public property, and his Memoirs the inheritance of the public." Such were the sentiments of Lord Byron; and have they been attended to? Has not a manifest injustice been done to the world, and an injury to his memory, by the destruction of his Memoirs? These are questions which it is now late, perhaps needless, to ask; but I will endeavour to lessen, if not to remedy, the evil.

I am aware that in publishing these reminiscences I shall have to contend with much obloquy from some parts of his

family,—that I shall incur the animosity of many of his friends. There are authors, too, who will not be pleased to find their names in print,—to hear his real opinion of themselves, or of their works. There are others——But I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have set about executing the task I have undertaken, conscientiously: I mean neither to throw a veil over his errors, nor a gloss over his virtues.

My sketch will be an imperfect and a rough one, it is true, but it will be from the life; and slight as it is, may prove more valuable, perhaps, than a finished drawing from memory. It will be anything but a panegyric: my aim is to paint him as he was. That his passions were violent and impetuous, cannot be denied; but his feelings and affections were equally

strong. Both demanded continual employment; and he had an impatience of repose, a "restlessness of rest," that kept them in constant activity. It is satisfactory too, at least it is some consolation, to reflect, that the last energies of his nature were consumed in the cause of liberty, and for the benefit of mankind.

How I became acquainted with so many particulars of his history, so many incidents of his life, so many of his opinions, is easily explained. They were communicated during a period of many months' familiar intercourse, without any injunctions to secrecy, and committed to paper for the sake of reference only. They have not been shewn to any one individual, and but for the fate of his MS. would never have appeared before the public.

I despise mere writing for the sake of book-making, and have disdained to swell out my materials into volumes. I have given his ideas as I noted them down at the time,—in his own words, as far as my recollection served.

They are however, in many cases, the substance without the form. The brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his eloquence, the sallies of his imagination, who could do justice to? His voice, his manner, which gave a charm to the whole, who could forget?

" His subtle talk would cheer the winter night,
And make me know myself; and the fire-light
Would flash upon our faces, till the day
Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay."

Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo.*

Geneva, 1st August, 1824.

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Genoa

May 5th 1825.

My dear Hobhouse -

This will be presented to you by my friend Capt. J. Watson - who at my request - with re= =turns his visit to you, and explain some plans that he has formed with regard to effecting his escape to the Greeks - a project in which we are all in= =terested. I need not say more - than that any attention to him will be gratefully received by me as an additional obligation conferred on the heart of

yours ever

To J. C. Hobhouse Esqr.

M. P. -

B. B.

CONVERSATIONS

OF

LORD BYRON.

I WENT to Italy late in the Autumn of 1821, for the benefit of my health. Lord Byron, accompanied by Mr. Rogers as far as Florence, had passed on a few days before me, and was already at Pisa when I arrived.

His travelling equipage was rather a singular one, and afforded a strange catalogue for the *Dogana*: seven servants, five carriages, nine horses, a monkey, a bull-dog and a mastiff, two cats, three pea-fowls and some hens, (I do not

know whether I have classed them in order of rank,) formed part of his live stock; and all his books, consisting of a very large library of modern works, (for he bought all the best that came out,) together with a vast quantity of furniture, might well be termed, with Cæsar, "impediments."

I had long formed a wish to see and be acquainted with Lord Byron; but his known refusal at that time to receive the visits of strangers, even of some who brought him letters of introduction from the most intimate friend he had, and a prejudice excited against his own countrymen by a late insult, would have deterred me from seeking an interview with him, had not the proposal come from himself, in consequence of his hearing Shelley speak of me.

20th NOVEMBER.—"This is the Lung' Arno. He has hired the Lanfranchi palace for

a year:—it is one of those marble piles that seem built for eternity, whilst the family whose name it bears no longer exists," said Shelley, as we entered a hall that seemed built for giants. "I remember the lines in the 'Inferno,'" said I: "a Lanfranchi was one of the persecutors of Ugolino."—"The same," answered Shelley; "you will see a picture of Ugolino and his sons in his room. Fletcher, his valet, is as superstitious as his master, and says the house is haunted, so that he cannot sleep for rumbling noises overhead, which he compares to the rolling of bowls. No wonder; old Lanfranchi's ghost is unquiet, and walks at night."

The palace was of such size, that Lord Byron only occupied the first floor; and at the top of the staircase leading to it was the English bull-dog, whose chain was long enough to guard the door, and prevent the entrance of strangers; he, however, knew Shelley, growled, and let us pass. In the anti-room we found several ser-

vants in divery, and Fletcher, (whom Shelley mentioned, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak,) who had been in his service from the time he left Harrow. "Like many old servants, he is a privileged person," whispered Shelley. "Don Juan had not a better Leporello, for imitating his master. He says that he is a Laurel struck by a *Metre*, and when in Greece remarked upon one of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, 'La! what mantel-pieces these would make, my Lord!'" When we were announced, we found his Lordship writing. His reception was frank and kind; he took me cordially by the hand, and said:

"You are a relation and schoolfellow of "Shelley's—we do not meet as strangers—you "must allow me to continue my letter on ac- "count of the post. Here's something for "you to read, Shelley, (giving him part of his "MS. of 'Heaven and Earth;') tell me what "you think of it."

During the few minutes that Lord Byron was finishing his letter, I took an opportunity of narrowly observing him, and drawing his portrait in my mind.* Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and young for Lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was

---

* Being with him, day after day, some time afterwards, whilst he was sitting to Bertolini, the Florentine sculptor, for his bust, I had an opportunity of analyzing his features more critically, but found nothing to alter in my portrait. Bertolini's is an admirable likeness, at least was so in the clay model. I have not seen it since it was copied in marble, nor have I got a cast; he promised Bertolini should send me one. Lord Byron prided himself on his neck; and it must be confessed that his head was worthy of being placed on it. Bertolini destroyed his *ébauches* more than once before he could please himself. When he had finished, Lord Byron said,

"It is the last time I sit to sculptor or painter."

This was on the 4th of January, 1822.

said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline which distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features it might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small,

regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.*

I expected to discover that he had a club, perhaps a *cloven* foot; but it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other, either in size or in form.

On the whole his figure was manly, and his countenance handsome and prepossessing, and very expressive; and the familiar ease of his conversation soon made me perfectly at home in his society. Our first interview was marked with a cordiality and confidence that flattered while it delighted me; and I felt anxious for the next day, in order that I might repeat my visit.

* For this purpose he used tobacco when he first went into the open air; and he told me he was in the habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep, to prevent which he was forced to put a napkin between them.

When I called on his Lordship at two o'clock, he had just left his bed-room, and was at breakfast, if it could be called one. It consisted of a cup of strong green tea, without milk or sugar, and an egg, of which he ate the yolk raw. I observed the abstemiousness of his meal.

"My digestion is weak; I am too bilious," said he, "to eat more than once a-day, and "generally live on vegetables. To be sure I "drink two bottles of wine at dinner, but they "form only a vegetable diet. Just now I live "on claret and soda-water. You are just come "from Geneva, Shelley tells me. I passed the "best part of the summer of 1816 at the Cam-"pagna Diodati, and was very nearly passing "this last there. I went so far as to write to "Hentsh the banker; but Shelley, when he "came to visit me at Ravenna, gave me such a "flattering account of Pisa that I changed my "mind. Then it is troublesome to travel so "far with so much live and dead stock as I do;

"and I don't like to leave behind me any of "my pets that have been accumulating since I "came on the Continent.* One cannot trust "to strangers to take care of them. You will "see at the farmer's some of my pea-fowls *en* "*pension*. Fletcher tells me that they are "almost as bad fellow-travellers as the mon-"key† which I will shew you."

Here he led the way to a room, where, after playing with and caressing the creature for some time, he proposed a game of billiards.

I brought the conversation back on Switzerland and his travels, and asked him if he had been in Germany?

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* He says afterwards in "Don Juan," Canto X, St. L.:

——"He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
Live animals."

† He afterwards bought another monkey in Pisa, in the street, because he saw it ill-used.

"No," said he, "not even at Trieste. I "hate despotism and the Goths too much. I "have travelled little on the Continent, at least "never gone out of my way. This is partly "owing to the indolence of my disposition, "partly owing to my incumbrances. I had "some idea, when at Rome, of visiting Naples, "but was at that time anxious to get back to "Venice. But Pæstum cannot surpass the "ruins of Agrigentum, which I saw by moon-"light; nor Naples, Constantinople. You "have no conception of the beauty of the "twelve islands where the Turks have their "country-houses, or of the blue Symplegades "against which the Bosphorus beats with such "restless violence.

"Switzerland is a country I have been satis-"fied with seeing once; Turkey I could live in "for ever. I never forget my predilections. I "was in a wretched state of health, and worse "spirits when I was at Geneva; but quiet and

"the lake, physicians better than Polidori, soon "set me up. I never led so moral a life as "during my residence in that country; but I "gained no credit by it. Where there is a mor- "tification, there ought to be reward. On the "contrary, there is no story so absurd that they "did not invent at my cost. I was watched by "glasses on the opposite side of the Lake, and "by glasses too that must have had very dis- "torted optics. I was waylaid in my evening "drives—I was accused of corrupting all the "*grisettes* in the Rue Basse. I believe that "they looked upon me as a man-monster, worse "than the *piqueur*.

"Somebody possessed Madame de Staël with "an opinion of my immorality. I used occa- "sionally to visit her at *Coppet*; and once she "invited me to a family-dinner, and I found the "room full of strangers, who had come to stare "at me as at some outlandish beast in a raree- "show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest

"looked as if his Satanic Majesty had been "among them. Madame de Staël took the "liberty to read me a lecture before this crowd; "to which I only made her a low bow."

"I knew very few of the Genevese. Hentsh "was very civil to me; and I have a great re- "spect for Sismondi. I was forced to return the "civilities of one of their Professors by asking "him, and an old gentleman, a friend of Gray's, "to dine with me. I had gone out to sail "early in the morning, and the wind pre- "vented me from returning in time for dinner. "I understand that I offended them mortally. "Polidori did the honours. Among our coun- "trymen I made no new acquaintances; Shel- "ley, Monk Lewis, and Hobhouse were almost "the only English people I saw. No wonder "I shewed a distaste for society at that time, "and went little among the Genevese; be- "sides, I could not speak French. What is "become of my boatmau and boat? I suppose

"she is rotten; she was never worth much.
"When I went the tour of the Lake in her
"with Shelley and Hobhouse, she was nearly
"wrecked near the very spot where St. Preux
"and Julia were in danger of being drowned.
"It would have been classical to have been lost
"there, but not so agreeable. Shelley was on
"the Lake much oftener than I, at all hours
"of the night and day: he almost lived on it;
"his great rage is a boat. We are both build-
"ing now at Genoa, I a yacht, and he an
"open boat."

We played at billiards till the carriage was announced, and I accompanied him in his drive. Soon after we got off the stones, we mounted our horses, which were waiting for us. Lord Byron is an admirable horseman, combining grace with the security of his seat. He prides himself much on this exercise. He conducted us for some miles till we came to a farm-house, were he practises pistol-firing every

evening. This is his favourite amusement, and may indeed be called almost a pursuit. He always has pistols in his holsters, and eight or ten pair by the first makers in London carried by his courier. We had each twelve rounds of ammunition, and in a diameter of four inches he put eleven out of twelve shots. I observed his hand shook exceedingly. He said that when he first began at Manton's he was the worst shot in the world, and Manton was perhaps the best. The subject turned upon duelling, and he contended for its necessity, and quoted some strong arguments in favour of it.

"I have been concerned," said he, "in many "duels as second, but only in two as principal; "one was with Hobhouse before I became in- "timate with him. The best marksmen at a "target are not the surest in the field. Cecil's "and Stackpoole's affair proved this. They "fought after a quarrel of three years, during "which they were practising daily. Stack-

"poole was so good a shot that he used to cut "off the heads of the fowls for dinner as they "drank out of the coops about. He had every "wish to kill his antagonist, but he received "his death-blow from Cecil, who fired rather "first, or rather was the quickest shot of the "two. All he said when falling was, 'D——n "it, have I missed him?' Shelley is a much "better shot than I am, but he is thinking of "metaphysics rather than of firing."

I understand that Lord Byron is always in better spirits after having *culped* (as he calls it) the targe often, or hit a five-paul piece, the counterpart of which is always given to the farmer, who is making a little fortune. All the pieces struck, Lord Byron keeps to put, as he says, in his museum.

We now continued our ride, and returned to Pisa by the Lucca gate.

"Pisa, with its hanging tower and Sophia-
"like dome reminds me," said Lord Byron,
"of an eastern place."

He then remarked the heavy smoke that rolled away from the city, spreading in the distance a veil of mist, through which the golden clouds of evening appeared.

"It is fine," said Lord Byron, "but no sun-
"sets are to be compared with those of Venice.
"They are too gorgeous for any painter, and
"defy any poet. My rides, indeed, would
"have been nothing without the Venetian sun-
"sets. Ask Shelley."

"Stand on the marble bridge," said Shelley,
"cast your eye, if you are not dazzled, on its
river glowing as with fire, then follow the
graceful curve of the palaces on the Lung'
Arno till the arch is naved by the massy
dungeon-tower (erroneously called Ugolino's),

frowning in dark relief, and tell me if any thing can surpass a sunset at Pisa."

The history of one, is that of almost every day. It is impossible to conceive a more unvaried life than Lord Byron led at this period. I continued to visit him at the same hour daily. Billiards, conversation, or reading, filled up the intervals till it was time to take our evening drive, ride, and pistol-practice. On our return, which was always in the same direction, we frequently met the Countess Guiccioli, with whom he stopped to converse a few minutes.

He dined at half an hour after sunset, (at twenty-four o'clock;) then drove to Count Gamba's, the Countess Guiccioli's father, passed several hours in her society, returned to his palace, and either read or wrote till two or three in the morning; occasionally drinking

spirits diluted with water as a medicine, from a dread of a nephritic complaint, to which she was, or fancied himself, subject. Such was his life at Pisa.

The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eye-lashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fasci-

nated. Her amiability and gentleness shew themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

"Extraordinary pains," said Lord Byron one day, "were taken with the education of "Teresa. Her conversation is lively, with- "out being frivolous; without being learned, "she has read all the best authors of her own "and the French language. She often con- "ceals what she knows, from the fear of being "thought to know too much; possibly because "she knows I am not fond of blues. To use

"an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue "stockings, she contrives that her petticoat "shall hide them.'"

Lord Byron is certainly very much attached to her, without being actually in love. His description of the Giorgione, in the Manfrini palace at Venice is meant for the Countess. The beautiful sonnet prefixed to the 'Prophecy of Dante' was addressed to her; and I cannot resist copying some stanzas written when he was about to quit Venice to join her at Ravenna, which will describe the state of his feelings at that time.

River* that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me:

* The Po.

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed?

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art, were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye;
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside; and mine have sunk away—
But left long wrecks behind them, and again
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
And I to loving *one* I should not love.
The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee; I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment hers
Thy waters could I dream of, name or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore;
I near thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime;—I shall not be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart can ne'er be moved.

Calling on Lord Byron one evening after the opera, we happened to talk of *Cavalieri Serventi*, and Italian women; and he contended that much was to be said in excuse for them, and in defence of the system.

"We will put out of the question," said he, "a *Cavalier Serventecism;* that is only another "term for prostitution, where the women get "all the money they can, and have (as is the "case in all such contracts) no love to give in "exchange.—I speak of another, and of a dif-"ferent service."

"Do you know how a girl is brought up "here?" continued he. "Almost from infancy "she is deprived of the endearments of home, "and shut up in a convent till she has attained "a marriageable or marketable age. The father "now looks out for a suitable son-in-law. As "a certain portion of his fortune is fixed by law "for the dower of his children, his object is to "find some needy man of equal rank, or a very "rich one, the older the better, who will consent "to take his daughter off his hands, under the "market price. This, if she happen to be hand-"some, is not difficult of accomplishment. Ob-"jections are seldom made on the part of the "young lady to the age, and personal or other "defects of the intended, who perhaps visits her "once in the parlour as a matter of form or "curiosity. She is too happy to get her liberty "on any terms, and he her money or her person. "There is no love on either side. What happi-"ness is to be expected, or constancy, from such "a *liaison*? Is it not natural, that in her inter-"course with a world, of which she knows and

"has seen nothing, and unrestrained mistress "of her own time and actions, she should find "somebody to like better, and who likes her "better, than her husband? The Count Guic"cioli, for instance, who is the richest man in "Romagna, was sixty when he married Teresa; "she sixteen. From the first they had separate "apartments, and she always used to call him "*Sir*. What could be expected from such a "preposterous connexion? For some time she "was an Angiolina, and he a Marino Faliero, a "good old man; but young women, and your "Italian ones too, are not satisfied with your "good old men. Love is not the same dull, "cold, calculating feeling here as in the North. "It is the business, the serious occupation of "their lives; it is a want, a necessity. Some"body properly defines a woman, 'a creature "that loves.' They die of love; particularly "the Romans; they begin to love earlier, and "feel the passion later than the Northern people. "When I was at Venice, two dowagers of sixty "made love to me. But to return to the

"Guiccioli. The old Count did not object to "her availing herself of the privileges of her "country; an *Italian* would have reconciled "him to the thing: indeed for some time he "winked at our intimacy, but at length made "an exception against me, as a foreigner, a he-"retic, an Englishman, and, what was worse "than all, a liberal.

"He insisted—the Guiccioli was as obstinate; "her family took her part. Catholics cannot get "divorces. But, to the scandal of all Romagna, "the matter was at length referred to the Pope, "who ordered her a separate maintenance, on "condition that she should reside under her "father's roof. All this was not agreeable, and "at length I was forced to smuggle her out of "Ravenna, having disclosed a plot laid with the "sanction of the Legate for shutting her up in "a convent for life, which she narrowly escaped. "—Except Greece, I was never so attached to "any place in my life as to Ravenna, and but "for the failure of the Constitutionalists and

"this fracas, should probably never have left it. "The peasantry are the best people in the world, "and the beauty of their women is extraordi- "nary. Those at Tivoli and Frescati, who are "so much vaunted, are mere Sabines, coarse "creatures, compared to the Romagnese. You "may talk of your English women, and it is "true that out of one hundred Italians and "English you will find thirty of the latter hand- "some; but then there will be one Italian on "the other side of the scale, who will more "than balance the deficit in numbers — one "who, like the Florence Venus, has no rival, and "can have none in the North. I have learnt "more from the peasantry of the countries I "have travelled in than from any other source, "especially from the women*: they are more

* "Female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feeling, whatsoe'er their nation,
They generally pour the wine and oil,
Samaritans in every situation."
Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 122.

"intelligent, as well as communicative, than the "men. I found also at Ravenna much educa-"tion and liberality of thinking among the "higher classes. The climate is delightful. I "was unbroken in upon by society. Ra-"venna lies out of the way of travellers. I "was never tired of my rides in the pine-fo-"rest; it breathes of the Decameron; it is "poetical ground. Francesca lived, and Dante "was exiled and died at Ravenna. There is "something inspiring in such an air.*

* The following lines will shew the attachment Lord Byron had to the tranquil life he led at Ravenna:

Sweet hour of twilight, in the solitude
Of the pine-forest and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The

"The people liked me as much as they hated the Government. It is not a little to say, I was popular with all the leaders of the Constitutional party. They knew that I came from a land of liberty, and wished well to their cause. I would have espoused it too, and assisted them to shake off their fetters. They knew my character, for I had been living two years at Venice, where many of the Ravennese have houses. I did not, however, take part in their intrigues, nor join in their political coteries; but I had a magazine of one hundred stand of arms in the house, when every thing was ripe for revolt. A curse on Carignan's imbecility! I could have pardoned him that too, if he had not impeached his partisans. The proscription was

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"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs among."

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 105.

" immense in Romagna, and embraced many of "
" the first nobles: almost all my friends, among "
" the rest the Gambas, who took no part in "
" the affair, were included in it. They were "
" exiled, and their possessions confiscated. "
" They knew that this must eventually drive "
" me out of the country. I did not follow "
" them immediately; I was not to be bullied. "
" I had myself fallen under the eye of the "
" Government. If they could have got suf- "
" ficient proof, they would have arrested me: "
" but no one betrayed me; indeed there was "
" nothing to betray. I had received a very "
" high degree, without passing through the "
" intermediate ranks. In that corner you see "
" papers of one of their societies. Shortly after "
" the plot was discovered, I received several "
" anonymous letters, advising me to discon- "
" tinue my forest rides; but I entertained no "
" apprehensions of treachery, and was more "
" on horseback than ever. I never stir out "
" without being well armed, and sleep with

"pistols. They knew that I never missed my "aim; perhaps this saved me. An event "occurred at this time at Ravenna that made "a deep impression on me; I alluded to it "in 'Don Juan.' The military Commandant of "the place, who, though suspected of being se- "cretly a Carbonaro, was too powerful a man "to be arrested, was assassinated opposite to "my palace; a spot perhaps selected by choice "for the commission of the crime. The mea- "sures which were adopted to screen the mur- "derer prove the assassination to have taken "place by order of the police. I had my foot "in the stirrup at my usual hour of exercise, "when my horse started at the report of a "gun. On looking up I perceived a man "throw down a carbine and run away at full "speed, and another stretched upon the pave- "ment, a few yards from me. On hastening "towards him, I found that it was the unfor- "happy Commandant. A crowd was soon "collected, but no one ventured to offer the

"least assistance. I soon directed my servant "to lift up the bleeding body and carry it into "my palace; but it was represented to me that "by so doing I should confirm the suspicion "of being of his party, and incur the displea-"sure of the Government. However, it was "no time to calculate between humanity and "danger. I assisted in bearing him into the "house, and putting him on a bed. He was "already dead from several wounds; he ap-"peared to have breathed his last without "a struggle. I never saw a countenance so "calm. His adjutant followed the corpse "into the house. I remember his lamentation "over him:—'Povero diavolo! non aveva fatto "male, anchè ad un cane.'"

"I am sorry," said he, "not to have a copy "of my Memoirs to shew you; I gave them to "Moore, or rather to Moore's little boy, at Ve-"nice. I remember saying, 'Here are 2000*l.* "for you, my young friend.' I made one re-

"servation in the gift, I that they were not
"to be published till after my death.

"I have not the least objection to their
"being circulated; in fact they have been
"read by some of mine, and several of Moore's
"friends and acquaintances; among others,
"they were lent to Lady Burghersh. On
"returning the MS. her Ladyship told Moore
"that she had transcribed the whole work.
"This was *un peu fort*," and he suggested the
"propriety of her destroying the copy. She
"did so, by putting it into the fire in his pre-
"sence. Ever since this happened, Douglas
"Kinnaird has been recommending me to
"resume possession of the MS., thinking to
"frighten me by saying that a spurious or
"a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go
"forth to the world. I am quite indifferent
"about the world knowing all that they con-
"tain. There are very few licentious adven-
"tures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes

"that will affect others, in the book. It is "taken up from my earliest recollections, al- "most from childhood,—very incoherent, writ- "ten in a very loose and familiar style. The "second part will prove a good lesson to young "men; for it treats of the irregular life I led "at one period, and the fatal consequences of "dissipation. There are few parts that may "not, and none that will not, be read by "women."

Another time he said:

"A very full account of my marriage and "separation is contained in my Memoirs. After "they were completed, I wrote to Lady Byron, "proposing to send them for her inspection, in "order that any mistatements or inaccuracy (if "any such existed, which I was not aware of,) "might be pointed out and corrected. In her "answer she declined the offer, without assign- "ing any reason; but desiring, if not on her "account, for the sake of her daughter, that

"they might never appear, and finishing with "a threat. My reply was the severest thing I "ever wrote, and contained two quotations, "one from Shakspeare, and another from "Dante.* I told her that she knew all I had "written was incontrovertible truth, and that "she did not wish to sanction the truth. I "ended by saying, that she might depend on "their being published. It was not till after "this correspondence that I made Moore the "depositary of the MS.

"The first time of my seeing Miss Milbanke "was at Lady ————'s. It was a fatal "day; and I remember that in going upstairs "I stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who "accompanied me, that it was a bad omen. I "ought to have taken the warning. On enter- "ing the room I observed a young lady, more

* I could not retain them.

"simply dressed than the rest of the assembly,
"sitting alone upon a sofa. I took her for a
"humble companion, and asked if I was right
"in my conjecture? 'She is a great heiress,'
"said he in a whisper that became lower as he
"proceeded, 'you had better marry her, and
"repair the old place, Newstead.'

"There was something piquant, and what we
"term pretty, in Miss Milbanke. Her features
"were small and feminine, though not regular.
"She had the fairest skin imaginable. Her
"figure was perfect for her height, and there
"was a simplicity, a retired modesty about her,
"which was very characteristic, and formed a
"happy contrast to the cold artificial formality,
"and studied stiffness, which is called fashion.
"She interested me exceedingly. It is un-
"necessary to detail the progress of our ac-
"quaintance. I became daily more attached to
"her, and it ended in my making her a pro-
"posal that was rejected. Her refusal was

"couched in terms that could not offend me.
"I was besides persuaded that, in declining my
"offer, she was governed by the influence of
"her mother; and was the more confirmed in
"this opinion by her reviving our correspond-
"ence herself twelve months after. The tenor
"of her letter was, that although she could not
"love me, she desired my friendship. Friend-
"ship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it
"is Love full-fledged, and waiting for a fine
"day to fly.

"It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams,
"that twenty-seven was to be a dangerous age
"for me. The fortune-telling witch was right;
"it was destined to prove so. I shall never
"forget the 2d of January! Lady Byron
"(Byrn, he pronounced it) was the only uncon-
"cerned person present; Lady Noel, her mo-
"ther, cried; I trembled like a leaf, made the
"wrong responses, and after the ceremony called
"her Miss Milbanke.

"There is a singular history attached to the "ring. The very day the match was concluded, "a ring of my mother's, that had been lost, was "dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I "thought it was sent on purpose for the wed- "ding; but my mother's marriage had not been "a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to "be the seal of an unhappier union still.*

"After the ordeal was over, we set off for a "country-seat of Sir Ralph's; and I was sur- "prised at the arrangements for the journey, "and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's- "maid stuck between me and my bride. It "was rather too early to assume the husband; "so I was forced to submit, but it was not with "a very good grace. Put yourself in a similar "situation, and tell me if I had not some rea-

* ——— "Save the *ring*,
Which, being the damned'st part of matrimony—"
Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 70.

"son to be in the sulks. I have been accused "of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I "had married Lady Byron out of spite, and be- "cause she had refused me twice. Though I "was for a moment vexed at her prudery, or "whatever you may choose to call it, if I had "made so uncavalier, not to say brutal a speech, "I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly "have left the carriage to me and the maid (I "mean the lady's). She had spirit enough to "have done so, and would properly have re- "sented the affront.

"Our honeymoon was not all sunshine; it "had its clouds: and Hobhouse has some letters "which would serve to explain the rise and fall "in the barometer,—but it was never down at "zero.

"You tell me the world says I married Miss "Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a "great heiress. All I have ever received, or

" am likely to receive, (and that has been twice
" paid back too,) was 10,000*l.* My own income
" at this period was small, and somewhat be-
" spoke. Newstead was a very unprofitable
" estate, and brought me in a bare 1500*l.*
" a-year; the Lancashire property was ham-
" pered with a law-suit, which has cost me
" 14,000*l.*, and is not yet finished.

" We had a house in town, gave dinner-
" parties, had separate carriages, and launched
" into every sort of extravagance. This could
" not last long. My wife's 10,000*l.* soon melted
" away. I was beset by duns, and at length
" an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put
" in possession of the very beds we had to sleep
" on. This was no very agreeable state of
" affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron
" to witness; and it was agreed she should pay
" her father a visit till the storm had blown
" over, and some arrangements had been made
" with my creditors. You may suppose on

"what terms we parted, from the style of a "letter she wrote me on the road: you will "think it began ridiculously enough,—'Dear "Duck!'*

"Imagine my astonishment to receive, imme- "diately on her arrival in London, a few lines "from her father, of a very dry and unaffection- "ate nature, beginning 'Sir,' and ending with "saying that his daughter should never see me "again.

"In my reply I disclaimed his authority, as "a parent, over my wife, and told him I was "convinced the sentiments expressed were his, "not hers. Another post, however, brought "me a confirmation (under her own hand and "seal) of her father's sentence. I afterwards

* Shelley, who knew this story, used to say these two words would look odd in an Italian translation—*Anitra carissima.*

" learnt from Fletcher's (my valet's) wife, who " was at that time *femme-de-chambre* to Lady " Byron, that after her definite resolution was " taken, and the fatal letter consigned to the " post-office, she sent to withdraw it, and was " in hysterics of joy that it was not too late. It " seems, however, that they did not last long, " or that she was afterwards over-persuaded to " forward it. There can be no doubt that the " influence of her enemies prevailed over her " affection for me. You ask me if no cause " was assigned for this sudden resolution?—if " I formed no conjecture about the cause? I " will tell you.

" I have prejudices about women: I do not " like to see them eat. Rousseau makes Julie " *un peu gourmande*; but that is not at all ac- " cording to my taste. I do not like to be in- " terrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron " did not attend to these whims of mine. The

"only harsh thing I ever remember saying to "her was one evening shortly before our part- "ing. I was standing before the fire, rumina- "ting upon the embarrassment of my affairs, "and other annoyances, when Lady Byron "came up to me and said, 'Byron, am I in "your way?'—to which I replied, 'Damnably!' "I was afterwards sorry, and reproached myself "for the expression: but it escaped me uncon- "sciously—involuntarily; I hardly knew what "I said.

"I heard afterwards that Mrs. Charlment "had been the means of poisoning Lady Noel's "mind against me;—that she had employed "herself and others in watching me in London, "and had reported having traced me into a "house in Portland-place. There was one act "of which I might justly have complained, and "which was unworthy of any one but such "a confidante: I allude to the breaking open

"my writing-desk. A book was found in it "that did not do much credit to my taste in "literature, and some letters from a married "woman with whom I had been intimate be- "fore my marriage. The use that was made "of the latter was most unjustifiable, whatever "may be thought of the breach of confidence "that led to their discovery. Lady Byron "sent them to the husband of the lady, who "had the good sense to take no notice of their "contents. The gravest accusation that has "been made against me is that of having in- "trigued with Mrs. Mardyn in my own house, "introduced her to my own table, &c. There "never was a more unfounded calumny. Being "on the Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, "I have no doubt, that several actresses called "on me; but as to Mrs. Mardyn, who was "a beautiful woman, and might have been a "dangerous visitress, I was scarcely acquainted "(to speak) with her. I might even make a "more serious charge against ——— than em-

"ploying spies to watch suspected amours,

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"I had been shut up in a dark street in Lon-
"don, writing (I think he said) 'The Siege of
"Corinth,' and had refused myself to every one
"till it was finished. I was surprised one day
"by a Doctor and a Lawyer almost forcing
"themselves at the same time into my room.
"I did not know till afterwards the real object
"of their visit. I thought their questions sin-
"gular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate,
"if not impertinent: but what should I have
"thought, if I had known that they were sent
"to provide proofs of my insanity? * * *

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(†)

(†) "For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*;
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*."

Yet

"I have no doubt that my answers to these "emissaries' interrogations were not very ra- "tional or consistent, for my imagination was "heated by other things. But Dr. Baillie "could not conscientiously make me out a cer- "tificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the Lawyer "gave a more favourable report to his employ- "ers. The Doctor said afterwards, he had "been told that I always looked down when "Lady Byron bent her eyes on me, and exhi- "bited other symptoms equally infallible, par- "ticularly those that marked the late King's

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Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct,—which seem'd very odd.
She kept a journal where his faults were noted,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted:
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother ———"

Don Juan, Canto I. Stanzas 27 and 28.

"case so strongly. I do not, however, tax Lady "Byron with this transaction; probably she "was not privy to it. She was the tool of "others. Her mother always detested me; "she had not even the decency to conceal it "in her own house. Dining one day at Sir "Ralph's, (who was a good sort of man, and of "whom you may form some idea, when I tell "you that a leg of mutton was always served "at his table, that he might cut the same joke "upon it,) I broke a tooth, and was in great "pain, which I could not avoid shewing. 'It "will do you good,' said Lady Noel; 'I am "glad of it!' I gave her a look!

"You ask if Lady Byron were ever in love "with me—I have answered that question "already—No! I was the fashion when she "first came out: I had the character of being "a great rake, and was a great dandy—both "of which young ladies like. She married "me from vanity, and the hope of reforming

" and fixing me. She was a spoiled child,
" and naturally of a jealous disposition; and
" this was increased by the infernal machina-
" tions of those in her confidence.

" She was easily made the dupe of the de-
" signing, for she thought her knowledge of
" mankind infallible: she had got some foolish
" idea of Madame de Staël's into her head, that
" a person may be better known in the first
" hour than in ten years. She had the habit
" of drawing people's characters after she had
" seen them once or twice. She wrote pages
" on pages about my character, but it was as
" unlike as possible.

" Lady Byron had good ideas, but could
" never express them; wrote poetry too, but it
" was only good by accident. Her letters were
" always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She
" was governed by what she called fixed rules

"and principles, squared mathematically.* She "would have made an excellent wrangler at "Cambridge. It must be confessed, however, "that she gave no proof of her boasted con- "sistency. First, she refused me, than she ac- "cepted me; then she separated herself from me: "—so much for consistency. I need not tell you "of the obloquy and opprobrium that were cast "upon my name when our separation was made "public. I once made a list from the Journals of "the day, of the different worthies, ancient and "modern, to whom I was compared. I remem- "ber a few: Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, "Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly "the ———. All my former friends, even my "cousin George Byron, who had been brought "up with me, and whom I loved as a brother,

* "I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics
Meant to personify the mathematics."
Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 11.

" took my wife's part. He followed the stream
" when it was strongest against me, and, can
" never expect any thing from me, he shall
" never touch a sixpence of mine. I was looked
" upon as the worst of husbands, the most
" abandoned and wicked of men; and my wife
" as a suffering angel—an incarnation of all the
" virtues and perfections of the sex. I was
" abused in the public prints, made the common
" talk of private companies, hissed as I went
" to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets,
" afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfor-
" tunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with
" insult. The Examiner was the only paper
" that dared say a word in my defence, and
" Lady Jersey the only person in the fashionable
" world that did not look upon me as a mon-
" ster.

" I once addressed some lines to her that
" made her my friend ever after. The subject
" of them was suggested by her being excluded

"from a certain cabinet of the beauties of the "day. I have the lines somewhere, and will "shew them to you.

"In addition to all these mortifications my "affairs were irretrievably involved, and almost "so as to make me what they wished. I was "compelled to part with Newstead, which I "never could have ventured to sell in my mo-"ther's life-time. As it is, I shall never forgive "myself for having done so; though I am told "that the estate would not now bring half as "much as I got for it. This does not at all re-"concile me to having parted with the old "abbey.* I did not make up my mind to this "step, but from the last necessity. I had my "wife's portion to repay, and was determined

* The regard which he entertained for it is proved by the passage in *Don Juan*, Canto XIII. Stanza 55, beginning thus:

"To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair," &c.

"to add 10,000*l.* more of my own to it; which "I did. I always hated being in debt, and do "not owe a guinea. The moment I had put "my affairs in train, and in little more than "eighteen months after my marriage, I left "England, an involuntary exile, intending it "should be for ever*."

Speaking of the multitude of strangers, whose visits of curiosity or impertinence he was harassed by for some years after he came abroad, particularly at Venice, he said:

* His feelings may be conceived by the two following passages:

"I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters—it unmans one quite."

Don Juan, Canto II. Stanza 12.

"Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left."

Childe Harold, Canto III. Stanza 16.

"Who would wish to make a show-bear of "himself, and dance to any tune any fool likes "to play? Madame de Staël said, I think, of "Goethe, that people who did not wish to be "judged by what they said, did not deserve "that the world should trouble itself about "what they thought. She had herself a most "unconscionable insatiability of talking and "shining. If she had talked less, it would "have given her time to have written more, "and would have been better. For my part, "it is indifferent to me what the world says "or thinks of me. Let them know me in "my books. My conversation is never bril-"liant.

"Americans are the only people to whom I "never refused to shew myself. The Yankees in-"dividually are great friends of mine. I wish to "be well thought of on the other side of the At-"lantic; not that I am better appreciated there,

than on this; perhaps worse. Some American Reviewer has been persevering in his abuse and personality, but he should have minded his ledger; he never excited my spleen. I was confirmed in my resolution of shutting my door against all the travelling English by the impertinence of an anonymous scribbler, who said he might have known me, but would not.

I interrupted him by telling him he need not have been so angry on that occasion, that it

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The taste and critical acumen of the American magazine will appear from the following extract:

"The verses (it is of 'The Prisoner of Chillon' that it speaks) are in the eight syllable measure, and occasionally display some pretty poetry; at all events, there is little in them to offend.

"We do not find any passage of sufficient beauty or originality to warrant extract."

Am. Critical Review, 1817.

was an authoress who had been guilty of that remark. "I don't wonder," added I, "that a spinster should have avoided associating with so dangerous an acquaintance as you had the character of being at Venice."

"Well, I did not know that these 'Sketches "of Italy' were the production of a woman; "but whether it was a Mr., Mrs., or Miss, the "remark was equally uncalled for. To be "sure, the life I led at Venice was not the most "saintlike in the world."

"Yes," said I, "if you were to be canonized, it must be as San Ciappelletto."

"Not so bad as that either," said he somewhat seriously.

"Venice," resumed he, "is a melancholy "place to reside in:—to see a city die daily

" as she does, is a sad contemplation. I sought " to distract my mind from a sense of her de- " solation, and my own solitude, by plunging " into a vortex that was any thing but plea- " sure. When one gets into a mill-stream, it " is difficult to swim against it, and keep out " of the wheels. The consequences of being " carried down by it would furnish an excel- " cellent lesson for youth. You are too old " to profit by it. But, who ever profited by " the experience of others, or his own? When " you read my Memoirs, you will learn the " evils, moral and physical, of true dissipation: " I assure you my life is very entertaining, and " very instructive."

I said, " I suppose, when you left England, you were a Childe Harold, and at Venice a Don Giovanni, and Fletcher your Leporello." He laughed at the remark. I asked him, in what way his life would prove a good lesson?

and he gave me several anecdotes of himself, which I have thrown into a sort of narrative.

"Almost all the friends of my youth are "dead; either shot in duels, ruined, or in "the galleys:" (mentioning the names of several.)

"Among those I lost in the early part of "my career, was Lord Falkland,—poor fellow! "our fathers' fathers were friends. He lost "his life for a joke, and one too he did not "make himself. The present race is more "steady than the last. They have less consti- "tution, and not so much money;—that ac- "counts for the change in their morals.

"I am now tamed; but before I married, "shewed some of the blood of my ancestors. "It is ridiculous to say that we do not inherit

" our passions, as well as the gout, or any other
" disorder.

" I was not so young when my father died,
" but that I perfectly remember him; and had
" very early a horror of matrimony, from the
" sight of domestic broils: this feeling came
" over me very strongly at my wedding.
" Something whispered me that I was sealing
" my own death-warrant. I am a great be-
" liever in presentiments. Socrates' dæmon
" was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his mo-
" nitor, and Napoleon many warnings. At the
" last moment I would have retreated, if I
" could have done so. I called to mind a
" friend of mine, who had married a young,
" beautiful, and rich girl, and yet was misé-
" rable. He had strongly urged me against
" putting my neck in the same yoke; and, to
" shew you how firmly I was resolved to at-
" tend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas
" to one that I should always remain single.

"Six years afterwards I sent him the money. "The day before I proposed to Lady Byron, I "had no idea of doing so."

After this digression he continued:—

"I lost my father when I was only six years "of age. My mother, when she was in a rage "with me, (and I gave her cause enough,) used "to say, 'Ah, you little dog, you are a Byron "all over; you are as bad as your father!' "It was very different from Mrs. Malaprop's "saying, 'Ah! good dear Mr. Malaprop, I never "loved him till he was dead.' But, in fact, "my father was, in his youth, any thing but "a Cælebs in search of a wife. He would "have made a bad hero for Hannah More. "He ran out three fortunes, and married or "ran away with three women, and once want-"ed a guinea, that he wrote for; I have the "note. He seemed born for his own ruin, "and that of the other sex. He began by

"seducing Lady Carmarthen, and spent for "her 4000*l.* a-year; and not content with "one adventure of this kind, afterwards "eloped with Miss Gordon. His marriage "was not destined to be a very fortunate "one either; and I don't wonder at her dif-"fering from Sheridan's widow in the play. "They certainly could not have claimed the "flitch."

"The phrenologists tell me that other "lines besides that of thought" (the middle of three horizontal lines on his forehead, on which he prided himself,) "are strongly de-"veloped in the hinder part of my cranium; "particularly that called philoprogenitiveness*. "I suppose, too, the pugnacious bump might

* He appears to have mistaken the meaning of this word in the vocabulary of the Craniologists, as in *Don Juan.*

"be found somewhere, because my uncle "had it."

"You have heard the unfortunate story of "his duel with his relation and neighbour. "After that melancholy event, he shut himself "up at Newstead, and was in the habit of "feeding crickets, which were his only compa- "nions. He had made them so tame as to "crawl over him, and used to whip them with "a wisp of straw, if too familiar. When he "died, tradition says that they left the house "in a body. I suppose I derive my superstition "from this branch of the family; but "though I attend to none of these new-fangled "theories, I am inclined to think that there is "more in the chart of the skull than the Edin- "burgh Reviewers suppose*. However that

* He had probably been reading the article on Gall and Spurzheim.

"may be, I was a wayward youth, and gave my
"mother a world of trouble, as I fear Ada
"will hers, for I am told she is a little terma-
"gant. I had an ancestor too that expired laugh-
"ing, (I suppose that my good spirits came from
"him;) and two whose affection was such for
"each other, that they died almost at the same
"moment. There seems to have been a flaw
"in my escutcheon there, or that loving couple
"have monopolized all the connubial bliss of
"the family.

"I passed my boyhood at Mar Lodge near
"Aberdeen, occasionally visiting the High-
"lands; and long retained an affection for
"Scotland*;—that, I suppose, I imbibed from
"my mother. My love for it, however, was at
"one time much shaken by the critique in 'The
"Edinburgh Review' on 'The Hours of Idle-
"ness,' and I transferred a portion of my dislike

* He came to England in 1798.

"to the country; but my affection for it soon
"flowed back into its old channel.

"I don't know from whom I inherited verse-
"making; probably the wild scenery of Morven
"and Loch-na-gar, and the banks of the Dee,
"were the parents of my poetical vein, and the
"developers of my poetical *boss*. If it was so,
"it was dormant; at least, I never wrote any
"thing worth mentioning till I was in love.
"Dante dates his passion for Beatrice at twelve:
"I was almost as young when I fell over head
"and ears in love; but, I anticipate. I was
"sent to Harrow at twelve, and spent my vaca-
"tions at Newstead. It was there that I first
"saw Mary C——*. She was several years
"older than myself: but, at my age, boy's like

* "It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not;—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer."
The Dream.

"something older than themselves, as they do "younger, later in life. Our estates adjoined; "but, owing to the unhappy circumstance of the "feud to which I before alluded, our families (as "is generally the case with neighbours who "happen to be relations) were never on terms "of more than common civility; — scarcely

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"I have a passion for the name of 'Mary,'
For once it was a magic sound to me;
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be.
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary—
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free.
But I grow sad!"——

Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 4.

——" Yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart:—as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world,—for worlds could never
Restore me the pure feelings gone for ever!
'Twas the boy's 'mite,' and, like the 'widow's,' may,
Perhaps, be weigh'd hereafter, if not now."

Don Juan, Canto VI. Stanza 5, &c.

"those. I passed the summer vacation of this "year among the Malvern hills: those were "days of romance! She was the *beau idéal* of "all that my youthful fancy could paint of "beautiful; and I have taken all my fables "about the celestial nature of women from the "perfection my imagination created in her—I "say created, for I found her, like the rest of "the sex, any thing but angelic.

"I returned to Harrow, after my trip to "Cheltenham, more deeply enamoured than "ever, and passed the next holidays at New-"stead. I now began to fancy myself a man, "and to make love in earnest. Our meetings "were stolen ones, and my letters passed "through the medium of a confidante. A gate "leading from Mr. C————'s grounds to "those of my mother, was the place of our in-"terviews. But the ardour was all on my "side. I was serious; she was volatile. She "liked me as a younger brother, and treated

" and laughed at me as a boy. She, however,
" gave me her picture, and that was something
" to make verses upon.*

" During the last year that I was at Har-
" row, all my thoughts were occupied on this
" love-affair. I had, besides, a spirit that ill
" brooked the restraints of school-discipline ;
" for I had been encouraged by servants in all
" my violence of temper, and was used to com-
" mand. Every thing like a task was repug-
" nant to my nature; and I came away a very
" indifferent classic, and read in nothing that
" was useful. That subordination, which is

* He had always a black ribbon round his neck, to which was attached a locket containing hair and a picture. We had been playing at billiards one night till the balls appeared double, when all at once he searched hastily for something under his waistcoat, and said, in great alarm, "Good God! I have lost my ——— !" but before he had finished the sentence, he discovered the hidden treasure.

"the soul of all discipline, I submitted to "with great difficulty; yet I did submit to "it; and I have always retained a sense of "Drury's* kindness, which enabled me to bear "it and fagging too. The Duke of Dorset "was my fag. I was not a very hard task-"master. There were times in which, if I "had not considered it as a school, I should "have been happy at Harrow. There is one "spot I should like to see again: I was parti-"cularly delighted with the view from the "church-yard, and used to sit for hours on the "stile leading into the fields;—even then I "formed a wish to be buried there. Of all "my schoolfellows I know no one for whom I "have retained so much friendship as for Lord "Clare. I have been constantly corresponding "with him ever since I knew he was in Italy; "and look forward to seeing him, and talking

* See Lines addressed to him in the 'Hours of Idleness.'

"over with him our old Harrow stories, with "infinite delight. There is no pleasure in life "equal to that of meeting an old friend. You "know how glad I was to see Hay. Why did "not Scrope Davies come to see me? Some "one told me that he was at Florence, but "it is impossible.

"There are two things that strike me at "this moment, which I did at Harrow: I "fought Lord Calthorpe for writing 'D—d "Atheist!' under my name; and prevented "the school-room from being burnt during a "rebellion, by pointng out to the boys the "names of their fathers and grandfathers on "the walls.

"Had I married Miss C——, perhaps the "whole tenor of my life would have been dif- "ferent.* She jilted me, however; but her

* Perhaps in his lyrical pieces, even those 'To Thyrza,'

" marriage proved any thing but a happy one.*
" She was at length separated from Mr. M——,
" and proposed an interview with me, but by
" the advice of my sister I declined it. I re-
" member meeting her after my return from
" Greece, but pride had conquered my love;
" and yet it was not with perfect indifference I
" saw her.†

" For a man to become a poet (witness Pe-
" trarch and Dante) he must be in love, or
" miserable. I was both when I wrote 'The

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he never surpassed those exquisitely feeling Stanzas, beginning—

" O had my fate been join'd to thine," &c.

——— " the one
To end in madness; both in misery."

The Dream.

† "Yet I was calm. I knew the time
My heart would swell but at thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime,
We met, and not a nerve was shook!"

"Hours of Idleness:" some of those poems, in "spite of what the reviewers say, are as good "as any I ever produced.

"For some years after the event that had so "much influence on my fate, I tried to drown "the remembrance of it and her in the most "depraving dissipation;† but the poison was "in the cup. * * * * * *

"There had been found by the gardener, in "digging, a skull that had probably belonged to "some jolly friar or monk of the Abbey about "the time it was dismonasteried."

"I heard at the Countess S——'s the other evening," said I, interrupting him, "that you

† "And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong the holy men."
Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza 7.

drink out of a skull now." He took no notice of my observation, but continued:

"Observing it to be of giant size, and in a "perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy "seized me of having it set and mounted as a "drinking-cup. I accordingly sent it to town, "and it returned with a very high polish, and "of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell; (Colo- "nel Wildman now has it.) I remember scrib- "bling some lines about it; but that was not all: "I afterwards established at the Abbey a new "order. The members consisted of twelve, and "I elected myself grand master, or Abbot of "the Skull, a grand heraldic title. A set of "black gowns, mine distinguished from the rest, "was ordered, and from time to time, when a "particular hard day was expected, a chapter "was held; the *crane* was filled with claret, "and, in imitation of the Goths of old, passed "about to the gods of the Consistory, whilst "many a grim joke was cut at its expense."

"You seem," said I, "to have had a particular predilection for skulls and cross-bones: a friend of mine, Mr. ———, told me he took some home for you from Switzerland."

"They were from the field of Morat," said he; "a single bone of one of those heroes is "worth all the skulls of all the priests that ever "existed."

"Talking of Morat," said I, "where did you find the story of Julia Alpinula? M——— and I searched among its archives in vain."

"I took the inscription," said he, "from an "old chronicle; the stone has no existence.— "But to continue. You know the story of the "bear that I brought up for a degree when "I was at Trinity. I had a great hatred of "College rules, and contempt for academical "honours. How many of their wranglers have "ever distinguished themselves in the world? "There was, by the bye, rather a witty satire

"founded on my bear. A friend of Shelley's "made an Ourang Outang (Oran Hanton, Esq.) "the hero of a novel, had him created a baro- "net, and returned for the borough of One "Vote—I forget the name of the novel*. I "believe they were as glad to get rid of me at "Cambridge† as they were at Harrow.

"Another of the wild freaks I played during "my mother's life-time, was to dress up Mrs. "———, and to pass her off as my brother "Gordon, in order that my mother might not "hear of my having such a female acquaint- "ance. You would not think me a Scipio in "those days, but I can safely say I never se- "duced any woman. I will give you an in- "stance of great forbearance:—Mrs. L. G—— "wrote and offered to let me have her daugh- "ter for 100*l*. Can you fancy such depravity?

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* Melincourt.

† He remained at Cambridge till nineteen.

"The old lady's *P. S.* was excellent. 'With "*dilicaci* every thing may be made *asy*.' But "the same post brought me a letter from the "young one deprecating my taking advantage "of their necessities, and ending with saying "that she prized her virtue. I respected it too, "and sent her some money.

"There are few Josephs in the world, "and many Potiphar's wives. A curious "thing happened to me shortly after the "honey-moon, which was very awkward at "the time, but has since amused me much. "It so happened that three married women "were on a wedding visit to my wife, (and "in the same room, at the same time,) whom "I had known to be all birds of the same "nest. Fancy the scene of confusion that "ensued!

"I have seen a great deal of Italian society, "and swum in a gondola, but nothing could

"equal the profligacy of high life in England,
"especially that of ——— when I knew it.

Lady J...

"There was a lady, at that time, double my
"own age, the mother of several children who
"were perfect angels, with whom I had formed
"a *liaison* that continued without interruption
"for eight months. The autumn of a beauty
"like her's is preferable to the spring in others.
"She told me she was never in love till she was
"thirty; and I thought myself so with her
"when she was forty. I never felt a stronger
"passion; which she returned with equal
"ardour. I was as fond of, indeed more at-
"tached than I ought to have been, to one who
"had bestowed her favours on many; but I
"was flattered at a preference that had led her
"to discard another, who in personal attractions
"and fashion was far my superior. She had
"been sacrificed, almost before she was a
"woman, to one whose mind and body were
"equally contemptible in the scale of creation;

" and oh whom she bestowed a numerous family,
" to which the law gave him the right to be
" called father. Strange as it may seem, she
" gained (as all women do) an influence over
" me so strong, that I had great difficulty in
" breaking with her, even when I knew she had
" been inconstant to me; and once was on the
" point of going abroad with her,—and nar-
" rowly escaped this folly. I was at this time a
" mere Bond-street lounger—a great man at
" lobbies, coffee and gambling-houses: my after-
" noons were passed in visits, luncheons, loung-
" ing and boxing—not to mention drinking!
" If I had known you in early life, you would
" not have been alive now. I remember
" Scrope Davies, H——, and myself, clubbing
" 19*l.*, all we had in our pockets, and losing it
" at a hell in St. James's-street, at chicken-
" hazard, which may be called *fowl*; and after-
" wards getting drunk together till H. and S. D.
" quarrelled. Scrope afterwards wrote to me
" for my pistols to shoot himself; but I declined

"lending them, on the plea that they would be "forfeited as a deodand. I knew my answer "would have more effect than four sides of "prosing."

"Don't suppose, however, that I took any "pleasure in all these excesses, or that parson "A. K. or W— were associates to my taste. "The miserable consequences of such a life are "detailed at length in my Memoirs. My own "master at an age when I most required a "guide, and left to the dominion of my passions "when they were the strongest, with a fortune "anticipated before I came into possession of it, "and a constitution impaired by early excesses, "I commenced my travels in 1809, with a joy-"less indifference to a world that was all before "me *.

* "I wish they knew the life of a young noble:

* * * * *

They 're young, but know not youth; it is anticipated;

Hand-

"Well might you say, speaking feelingly," said I:

"There is no sterner moralist than pleasure*."

I asked him about Venice:

"Venice!" said he, "I detest every recol-
"lection of the place, the people, and my pur-
"suits. I there mixed again in society, trod
"again the old round of conversaziones, balls,
"and concerts, was every night at the opera, a
"constant frequenter of the Ridotto during the
"Carnival, and, in short, entered into all the
"dissipation of that luxurious place. Every

Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated,
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew."
Don Juan, Canto XI. Stanzas 74 and 75.

* He used to say there were three great men ruined in one year, Brummell, himself, and Napoleon!

"thing in a Venetian life,—its gondolas, its "effeminating indolence, its Siroccos,—tend to "enervate the mind and body. My rides were "a resource and a stimulus; but the deep sands "of Lido broke my horses down, and I got "tired of that monotonous sea-shore;—to be "sure, I passed the Villeggiatura on the Brenta*.

* To give the reader an idea of the stories circulated and believed about Lord Byron, I will state one as a specimen of the rest, which I heard the other day;

"Lord Byron, who is an execrably bad horseman, was riding one evening in the Brenta, spouting 'Metastasio.' A Venetian, passing in a close carriage at the time, laughed at his bad Italian; upon which his Lordship horsewhipped him, and threw a card in at the window. The nobleman took no notice of the insult."—ANSWER. Lord Byron was an excellent horseman, never read a line of 'Metastasio,' and pronounced Italian like a native. He must have been remarkably ingenious to horsewhip in a *close carriage*, and find a nobleman who pocketed the affront! But "*ex uno disce omnes.*"

"I wrote little at Venice, and was forced "into the search of pleasure,—an employment "I was soon jaded with the pursuit of.

"Women were there, as they have ever been "fated to be, my bane. Like Napoleon, I have "always had a great contempt for women; and "formed this opinion of them not hastily, but "from my own fatal experience. My writings, "indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my imagi- "nation has always delighted in giving them a "*beau idéal* likeness, but I only drew them as a "painter or statuary would do,—as they should "be.* Perhaps my prejudices, and keeping them

* His 'Medora, Gulnare (Kaled), Zuleika, Thyrza, Angiolina, Myrrha, Adah,—and Haidee,' in Don Juan, are beautiful creations of gentleness, sensibility, firmness, and constancy. If, as a reviewer has sagely discovered, all his male characters, from Childe Harold down to Lucifer, are the same, he cannot be denied the dramatic faculty in his women,—in whom there is little family likeness.

"at a distance, contributed to prevent the "illusion from altogether being worn out and "destroyed as to their celestial qualities.

"They are in an unnatural state of society. "The Turks and Eastern people manage these "matters better than we do. They lock them "up, and they are much happier. Give a "woman a looking-glass and a few sugar-plums, "and she will be satisfied.

"I have suffered from the other sex ever "since I can remember any thing. I began by "being jilted, and ended by being unwived. "Those are wisest who make no connexion of "wife or mistress. The *k*night-service of the "Continent, with or without the *k*, is perhaps a "slavery as bad, or worse, than either. An in-"trigue with a married woman at home, though "more secret, is equally difficult to break. I "had no tie of any kind at Venice, yet I was "not without my annoyances. You may re-

" member seeing the portrait of a female which
" Murray got engraved, and dubbed my 'For-
" narina.'

" Harlowe, the poor fellow who died soon
" after his return from Rome, and who used to
" copy pictures from memory, took my likeness
" when he was at Venice: and one day this frail
" one, who was a casual acquaintance of mine,
" happened to be at my palace, and to be seen
" by the painter, who was struck with her, and
" begged she might sit to him. She did so, and
" I sent the drawing home as a specimen of the
" Venetians, and not a bad one either; for the
" jade was handsome, though the most trouble-
" some shrew and termagant I ever met with.
" To give you an idea of the lady, she used to
" call me the *Gran Cane della Madonna.* When
" once she obtained a footing inside my door,
" she took a dislike to the outside of it, and I
" had great difficulty in uncolonizing her. She
" forced her way back one day when I was at

"dinner, and snatching a knife from the table,
"offered to stab herself if I did not consent to
"her stay. Seeing I took no notice of her
"threat, as knowing it to be only a feint, she
"ran into the balcony and threw herself into
"the canal. As it was only knee-deep and there
"were plenty of gondolas, one of them picked
"her up. This affair made a great noise at the
"time. Some said that I had thrown her into
"the water, others that she had drowned her-
"self for love; but this is the real story.

"I got into nearly as great a scrape by
"making my court to a spinster. As many
"Dowagers as you please at Venice, but beware
"of flirting with *Raggazzas*. I had been one
"night under her window serenading, and the
"next morning who should be announced at the
"same time but a priest and a police-officer,
"come, as I thought, either to shoot or marry
"me again,—I did not care which. I was dis-
"gusted and tired with the life I led at Venice,

"and was glad to turn my back on it. The "Austrian Government, too, partly contributed "to drive me away. They intercepted my books "and papers, opened my letters, and proscribed "my works. I was not sorry for this last arbi-"trary act, as a very bad translation of 'Childe "Harold' had just appeared, which I was not "at all pleased with. I did not like my old "friend in his new loose dress; it was a desha-"bille that did not at all become him,—those "*sciolti versi* that they put him into."

It is difficult to judge, from the contradictory nature of his writings, what the religious opinions of Lord Byron really were. Perhaps the conversations I held with him may throw some light upon a subject that cannot fail to excite curiosity. On the whole, I am inclined to think that if he were occasionally sceptical, and thought it, as he says,

"A pleasant voyage, perhaps, to float,
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation,"*

yet his wavering never amounted to a disbelief in the divine Founder of Christianity.

"I always took great delight," observed he, "in the English Cathedral service. It cannot "fail to inspire every man, who feels at all, with "devotion. Notwithstanding which, Christi-"anity is not the best source of inspiration for "a poet. No poet should be tied down to a "direct profession of faith. Metaphysics open "a vast field; Nature, and anti-Mosaical specu-"lations on the origin of the world, a wide "range, and sources of poetry that are shut out "by Christianity."

I advanced Tasso and Milton.

* *Don Juan*, Canto IX. Stanza 18.

"Tasso and Milton," replied he, "wrote on "Christian subjects, it is true; but how did "they treat them? The 'Jerusalem Delivered' "deals little in Christian doctrines, and the "'Paradise Lost' makes use of the heathen my- "thology, which is surely scarcely allowable. "Milton discarded papacy, and adopted no "creed in its room; he never attended divine "worship.

"His great epics, that nobody reads, prove "nothing. He took his text from the Old and "New Testaments. He shocks these vere ap- "prehensions of the Catholics, as he did those "of the divines of his day, by too great a fa- "miliarity with Heaven, and the introduction "of the Divinity himself; and, more than all, "by making the Devil his hero, and deifying "the dæmons.

"He certainly excites compassion for Satan, "and endeavours to make him out an injured

" personage—he gives him human passions too, " makes him pity Adam and Eve, and justify " himself much as Prometheus does. Yet Mil- " ton was never blamed for all this. I should " be very curious to know what his real belief " was.* The 'Paradise Lost' and 'Regained' " do not satisfy me on this point." One might " as well say that Moore is a fire-worshipper, " or a follower of Mokanna, because he chose " those subjects from the East; or that I am " a Cainist."

Another time he said:

" One mode of worship yields to another; no " religion has lasted more than two thousand " years. Out of the eight hundred millions " that the globe contains, only two hundred " millions are Christians. Query,—What is

* A religious work of Milton's has since been discovered, and will throw light on this interesting subject.

" to become of the six hundred millions that do
" not believe, and of those incalculable millions
" that lived before Christ?

" People at home are mad about Missionary
" Societies,' and missions to the East. I have
" been applied to, to subscribe, several times
" since, and once before I left England. The
" Catholic priests have been labouring hard for
" nearly a century; but what have they done?
" Out of eighty millions of Hindoos, how many
" proselytes have been made? Sir J. Malcolm
" said at Murray's before several persons, that
" the Padres, as he called them, had only made
" six converts at Bombay during his time, and
" that even this black little flock forsook their
" shepherds when the rum was out. Their
" faith evaporated with the fumes of the arrack.
" Besides, the Hindoos believe that they have
" had nine incarnations; the Missionaries preach,
" that a people whom the Indians only know to

"despise, have had one. It is nine to one "against them, by their own shewing.

"Another doctrine can never be in repute "among the Solomons of the East. It cannot "be easy to persuade men who have had as "many wives as they pleased, to be content "with one; besides, a woman is old at twenty "in that country. What are men to do? "They are not all St. Anthonies.—I will tell "you a story. A certain Signior Antonio of "my acquaintance married a very little round "fat wife, very fond of waltzing, who went by "the name of the *Tentazione di Sant' Antonio.* "There is a picture, a celebrated one, in which "a little woman not unresembling my descrip- "tion plays the principal *rôle*, and is most "troublesome to the Saint, most trying to his "virtue. Very few of the modern saints will "have his forbearance, though they may imitate "him in his martyrdom.

"I have been reading," said he one day, "Tacitus' account of the siege of Jerusalem, "under Titus. What a sovereign contempt the "Romans had for the Jews! Their country "seems to have been little better than them-"selves.

"Priestley denied the original sin, and that "any would be damned. Wesley, the object "of Southey's panegyric, preached the doctrines "of election and faith, and, like all the sec-"tarians, does not want texts to prove both.

"The best Christians can never be satisfied "of their own salvation. Dr. Johnson died like "a coward, and Cowper was near shooting him-"self; Hume went off the stage like a brave "man, and Voltaire's last moments do not "seem to have been clouded by any fears of "what was to come. A man may study any "thing till he believes in it. Creech died a "Lucretian, Burckhardt and Browne were Mo-

"hammedans. Sale, the translator of the Ko-
"ran, was suspected of being an Islamite, but
"a very different one from you, Shiloh*, (as he
"sometimes used to call Shelley.)

"You are a Protestant—you protest against
"all religions. There is T—— will traduce
"Dante till he becomes a Dantist. I am called
"a Manichæan: I may rather be called an Any-
"chæan, or Anything-arian. How do you
"like my sect? The sect of Anything-arians
"sounds well, does it not?"

Calling on him the next day, we found him, as was sometimes the case, silent, dull, and sombre. At length he said:

"Here is a little book somebody has sent me
"about Christianity, that has made me very
"uncomfortable: the reasoning seems to me

* Alluding to 'The Revolt of Islam.'

"very strong, the proofs are very staggering.
"I don't think you can answer it, Shelley; at
"least I am sure I can't, and what is more, I
"don't wish it."

Speaking of Gibbon, he said:—

"L—— B—— thought the question set
"at rest in the 'History of the Decline and Fall,'
"but I am not so easily convinced. It is not a
"matter of volition to unbelieve. Who likes
"to own that he has been a fool all his life,—to
"unlearn all that he has been taught in his
"youth? or can think that some of the best men
"that ever lived have been fools? I have often
"wished I had been born a Catholic. That
"purgatory of theirs is a comfortable doctrine;
"I wonder the reformers gave it up, or did not
"substitute something as consolatory in its
"room. It is an improvement on the transmi-
"gration,' Shelley, which all your wiseacre
"philosophers taught.

"You believe in Plato's three principles;—
"why not in the Trinity? One is not more
"mystical than the other. I don't know why
"I am considered an enemy to religion, and an
"unbeliever. I disowned the other day that I
"was of Shelley's school in metaphysics, though
"I admired his poetry; not but what he has
"changed his mode of thinking very much
"since he wrote the Notes to 'Queen Mab,'
"which I was accused of having a hand in. I
"know, however, that I am considered an in-
"fidel. My wife and sister, when they joined
"parties, sent me prayer-books. There was a
"Mr. Mulock, who went about the Conti-
"nent preaching orthodoxy in politics and
"religion, a writer of bad sonnets, and a
"lecturer in worse prose,—he tried to con-
"vert me to some new sect of Christianity.
"He was a great anti-materialist, and abused
"Locke."

On another occasion he said:

"I am always getting new correspondents. "Here are three letters just arrived, from "strangers all of them. One is from a French "woman, who has been writing to me off and "on for the last three years. She is not only a "blue-bottle, but a poetess, I suspect. Her "object in addressing me now, she says, is to "get me to write on the loss of a slave-ship, "the particulars of which she details.

"The second epistle is short, and in a hand "I know very well: it is anonymous too. "Hear what she says: 'I cannot longer exist "without acknowledging the tumultuous and "agonizing delight with which my soul burns "at the glowing beauties of yours.'

"A third is of a very different character from "the last; it is from a Mr. Sheppard, in-

"closing a prayer made for my welfare by "his wife a few days before her death. The "letter states that he has had the misfortune "to lose this amiable woman, who had seen "me at Ramsgate, many years ago, rambling "among the cliffs; that she had been impress- "ed with a sense of my irreligion from the "tenor of my works, and had often prayed "fervently for my conversion, particularly in "her last moments. The prayer is beautifully "written. I like devotion in women. She "must have been a divine creature. I pity "the man who has lost her! I shall write to "him by return of the courier, to console with "him, and tell him that Mrs. S—— need "not have entertained any concern for my "spiritual affairs, for that no man is more "of a Christian than I am, whatever my "writings may have led her and others to "suspect."

"A circumstance took place in Greece that "impressed itself lastingly on my memory. I "had once thought of founding a tale on it; "but the subject is too harrowing for any "nerves,—too terrible for any pen! An order "was issued at Yanina by its sanguinary Rajah, "that any Turkish woman convicted of in- "continence with a Christian should be stoned "to death! Love is slow at calculating dan- "gers, and defies tyrants and their edicts; and "many were the victims to the savage barba- "rity of this of Ali's. Among others a girl of "sixteen, of a beauty such as that country "only produces, fell under the vigilant eye of "the police. She was suspected, and not "without reason, of carrying on a secret in- "trigue with a Neapolitan of some rank, whose "long stay in the city could be attributed to "no other cause than this attachment. Her "crime (if crime it be to love as they loved) was "too fully proved; they were torn from each

"other's arms, never to meet again: and yet "both might have escaped,—she by abjuring "her religion, or he by adopting hers. They "resolutely refused to become apostates from "their faith. Ali Pacha was never known to "pardon. She was stoned by those dæmons, "although in the fourth month of her preg-"nancy! He was sent to a town where the "plague was raging, and died happy in not "having long outlived the object of his affec-"tions!

"One of the principal incidents in 'The "Giaour' is derived from a real occurrence, and "one too in which I myself was nearly and "deeply interested; but an unwillingness to "have it considered a traveller's tale made me "suppress the fact of its genuineness. The "Marquis of Sligo, who knew the particulars of "the story, reminded me of them in England, "and wondered I had not authenticated them "in the Preface:—

"When I was at Athens, there was an "edict in force similar to that of Ali's, except "that the mode of punishment was different. "It was necessary, therefore, that all love- "affairs should be carried on with the greatest "privacy. I was very fond at that time of a "Turkish girl,—ay, fond of her as I have "been of few women. All went on very well "till the Ramazan. For forty days, which is "rather a long fast for lovers, all intercourse "between the sexes is forbidden by law, as "well as by religion. During this Lent of "the Mussulmans, the women are not allowed "to quit their apartments. I was in despair, "and could hardly contrive to get a cinder, or "a token-flower sent to express it. We had "not met for several days, and all my thoughts "were occupied in planning an assignation, "when, as ill fate would have it, the means I "took to effect it led to the discovery of our "secret. The penalty was death,—death with- "out reprieve,—a horrible death, at which one

"cannot think without shuddering! An order "was issued for the law being put into im- "mediate effect. In the mean time I knew "nothing of what had happened, and it was "determined that I should be kept in ignorance "of the whole affair till it was too late to in- "terfere. A mere accident only enabled me to "prevent the completion of the sentence. I "was taking one of my usual evening rides by "the sea-side, when I observed a crowd of "people moving down to the shore, and the "arms of the soldiers glittering among them. "They were not so far off, but that I thought I "could now and then distinguish a faint and "stifled shriek. My curiosity was forcibly ex- "cited, and I dispatched one of my followers to "enquire the cause of the procession. What "was my horror to learn that they were carry- "ing an unfortunate girl, sewn up in a sack, to "be thrown into the sea! I did not hesitate "as to what was to be done. I knew I could "depend on my faithful Albanians, and rode

"up to the officer commanding the party, "threatening, in case of his refusal to give up "his prisoner, that I would adopt means to "compel him. He did not like the busi- "ness he was on, or perhaps the determined "look of my body-guard; and consented to "accompany me back to the city with the girl, "whom I soon discovered to be my Turkish "favourite. Suffice it to say, that my inter- "ference with the chief magistrate, backed by "a heavy bribe, saved her; but it was only on "condition that I should break off all inter- "course with her, and that she should imme- "diately quit Athens, and be sent to her "friends in Thebes. There she died, a few "days after her arrival, of a fever—perhaps of "love."

"The severest fever I ever had was at Pa- "tras. I had left Fletcher at Constantinople—

" convalescent, but unable to move from weak-
" ness, and had no attendants but my Alba-
" nians, to whom I owe my life.

" They were devotedly attached to me, and
" watched me day and night. I am more in-
" debted to a good constitution for having got
" over this attack, than to the drugs of an igno-
" rant Turk, who called himself a physician.
" He would have been glad to disown the
" name, and resign his profession too, if he
" could have escaped from the responsibility
" of attending me; for my Albanians came the
" Grand Signior over him, and threatened that
" if I were not entirely recovered at a certain
" hour on a certain day, they would take his life.
" They are not people to make idle threats, and
" would have carried them into execution had
" anything happened to me. You may imagine
" the fright the poor devil of a doctor was in;
" and I could not help smiling at the ridicrous

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"way in which his fears shewed themselves. I "believe he was more pleased at my recovery "than either my faithful nurses, or myself. I "had no intention of dying at that time; but "if I had died, a similar thing would have been "told of me to that related as having happened "to Colonel Sherbrooke in America. On the "very day my fever was at the highest, a friend "of mine declared that he saw me in St. James's "Street; and somebody put my name down in "the book at the Palace, as having enquired "after the King's health!

"Every body would have said that my ghost "had appeared."

"But how were they to have reconciled a ghost's writing?" asked I.

"I should most likely have passed the re-"mainder of my life in Turkey, if I had not

" been called home by my mother's death and
" my affairs," said he, " I mean to return to
" Greece, and shall in all probability die there."

Little did I think, at the time he was pronouncing these words, that they were prophetic!

" I became a member of Drury-lane Com-
" mittee, at the request of my friend Douglas
" Kinnaird, who made over to me a share of
" 500*l.* for the purpose of qualifying me to vote.
" One need have other qualifications besides
" money for that office. I found the employ-
" ment not over pleasant, and not a little dan-
" gerous, what with Irish authors and pretty
" poetesses. Five hundred plays were offered
" to the Theatre during the year I was Literary
" Manager. You may conceive that it was no
" small task to read all this trash, and to satisfy
" the bards that it was so.

"When I first entered upon theatrical affairs, "I had some idea of writing for the house "myself, but soon became a convert to Pope's "opinion on that subject. Who would conde- "scend to the drudgery of the stage, and enslave "himself to the humours, the caprices, the taste "or tastelessness, of the age? Besides, one "must write for particular actors, have them "continually in one's eye, sacrifice character to "the personating of it, cringe to some favourite "of the public, neither give him too many nor "too few lines to spout, think how he would "mouth such and such a sentence, look such "and such a passion, strut such and such a "scene. Who, I say, would submit to all this? "Shakspeare had many advantages: he was an "actor by profession, and knew all the tricks of "the trade. Yet he had but little fame in his "day: see what Jonson and his contemporaries "said of him. Besides, how few of what are "called Shakspeare's plays are exclusively so!

"and how, at this distance of time, and lost, as "so many works of that period are, can we se- "parate what really is from what is not his "own?

"The players retrenched, transposed, and "even altered the text, to suit the audience or "please themselves. Who knows how much "rust they rubbed off? I am sure there is rust "and base metal to spare left in the old plays. "When Leigh Hunt comes we shall have bat- "tles enough about those old *ruffiani*, the old "dramatists, with their tiresome conceits, their "jingling rhymes, and endless play upon words. "It is but lately that people have been satisfied "that Shakspeare was not a god, nor stood alone "in the age in which he lived; and yet how "few of the plays, even of that boasted time, "have survived! and fewer still are now acted. "Let us count them. Only one of Massin- "ger's (New Way to pay Old Debts), one of

"Ford's,* one of Ben Jonson's,* and half-a-"dozen of Shakspeare's; and of these last, "'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'The "Tempest' have been turned into operas. You "cannot call that having a theatre. Now that "Kemble has left the stage, who will endure "Coriolanus? Lady Macbeth died with Mrs. "Siddons, and Polonius will with Munden. "Shakspeare's Comedies are quite out of date; "many of them are insufferable to read, much "more to see. They are gross food, only fit for "an English or German palate; they are indi-"gestible to the French and Italians, the po-"litest people in the world. One can hardly "find ten lines together without some gross vio-"lation of taste or decency. What do you "think of Bottom in the 'Midsummer Night's "Dream?' or of Troilus and Cressida *passim.*"

'Here I could not help interrupting him by

* Of which I have forgot the name he mentioned.

saying, "You have named the two plays that, with all their faults, contain perhaps some of the finest poetry."

"Yes," said he, "in 'Troilus and Cressida:'

'——— Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth.
When Time is old, and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind Oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing,—yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said,—As false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood—
As false as Cressid!'"

These lines he pronounced with great emphasis and effect, and continued:

"But what has poetry to do with a play, or "in a play? There is not one passage in Al- "fieri strictly poetical; hardly one in Racine."

Here he handed me a prospectus of a new translation of Shakspeare into French prose, and read part of the first scene in 'The Tempest,' laughing inwardly, as he was used to do; and afterwards produced a passage from Chateaubriand, contending that we have no theatre.

"The French very properly ridicule our "bringing in '*enfant au premier acte, barbon "au dernier.*' I was always a friend to the "unities, and believe that subjects are not "wanting which may be treated in strict con- "formity to their rules. No one can be absurd "enough to contend, that the preservation of "the unities is a defect,—at least a fault. "Look at Alfieri's plays, and tell me what "is wanting in them. Does he ever deviate

"from the rules prescribed by the ancients,
"from the classical simplicity of the old mo-
"dels? It is very difficult, almost impossible,
"to write any thing to please a modern au-
"dience. I was instrumental in getting up
"Bertram,' and it was said that I wrote part
"of it myself. That was not the case. I
"knew Maturin to be a needy man, and in-
"terested myself in his success; but its life
"was very feeble and ricketty. I once thought
"of getting Joanna Baillie's 'De Montfort'
"revived; but the winding-up was faulty.
"She was herself aware of this, and wrote
"the last act over again; and yet, after all, it
"failed. She must have been dreadfully an-
"noyed, even more than Lady ——, was.
"When it was bringing out, I was applied to
"to write a prologue; but as the request
"did not come from Kean, who was to speak
"it, I declined it. There are fine things in all
"the Plays on the Passions: an idea in 'De
"Montfort' struck me particularly; one of the

" characters said that he knew the footsteps of
" another.*

" There are four words in Alfieri that speak
" volumes. They are in 'Don Carlos.' The
" King and his Minister are secreted during an
" interview of the Infant with the Queen Con-
" sort: the following dialogue passes, which
" ends the scene:—'*Vedesti? Vedi. Udisti?*
" *Udi.*' All the dramatic beauty would be lost
" in translation—the nominative cases would
" kill it. Nothing provokes me so much as the
" squeamishness that excludes the exhibition of
" many such subjects from the stage;—a squea-
" mishness, the produce, as I firmly believe, of

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* " *De Montfort.*—'Tis Rezenvelt: I heard his well-
known foot!
From the first staircase, mounting step by step.
" *Freberg.*—How quick an ear thou hast for distant
sound!
I heard him not."
Act II. Scene 2.

"a lower tone of the moral sense, and foreign "to the majestic and confident virtue of the "golden age of our country. All is now cant—"methodistical cant. Shame flies from the "heart, and takes refuge in the lips; or, our "senses and nerves are much more refined than "those of our neighbours.

"We should not endure the Œdipus story, "nor 'Phædra.' 'Myrrha,' the best worked-up, "perhaps, of all Alfieri's tragedies, and a favour-"ite in Italy, would not be tolerated. 'The "Mysterious Mother' has never been acted, nor "Massinger's 'Brother and Sister.' Webster's "'Duchess of Malfy' would be too harrowing: "her madness, the dungeon-scene, and her grim "talk with her keepers and coffin-bearers, could "not be borne: nor Lillo's 'Fatal Curiosity.' "The 'Cenci' is equally horrible, though per-"haps the best tragedy modern times have pro-"duced. It is a play,—not a poem, like 'Re-"morse' and 'Fazio;' and the best proof of its

"merit is, that people are continually quoting "it. What may not be expected from such a "beginning?

"The Germans are colder and more phleg- "matic than we are, and bear even to see "Werner's play.

"To write any thing to please, at the present "day, is the despair of authors."

It was easy to be perceived that during this tirade against the stage and Shakspeare, he was smarting under the ill reception 'Marino Faliero' had met with, and indignant at the critics, who had denied him the dramatic faculty. This, however, was not the only occasion of his abusing the old dramatists.

Some days after I revived the subject of the drama, and led him into speaking of his own plays.

"I have just got a letter," said he, "from Mur-
"ray. What do you think he has enclosed me?
"A long dull extract from that long dull Latin
"epic of Petrarch's, *Africa*, which he has the
"modesty to ask me to translate for Ugo Fos-
"colo, who is writing some Memoirs of Petrarch,
"which he has got Moore, Lady Dacre, &c. to
"contribute to. What am I to do with the
"death of Mago? I wish to God, Medwin, you
"would take it home with you, and translate it;
"and I will send it to Murray. We will say
"nothing about its being yours, or mine; and
"it will be curious to hear Foscolo's opinion
"upon it. Depend upon it, it will not be an
"unfavourable one."

In the course of the day I turned it into couplets, (and lame enough they were,) which he forwarded by the next courier to England.

Almost by return of post arrived a fu-

riously complimentary epistle in acknowledgment, which made us laugh very heartily.

"There are three good lines*," said Lord Byron, "in Mago's speech, which may be thus "translated:

"Yet, thing of dust!
Man strives to climb the earth in his ambition,
Till death, the monitor that flatters not,
Points to the grave, where all his hopes are laid."

"What do you think of Ada?" said he, looking earnestly at his daughter's miniature, that hung by the side of his writing-table. "They "tell me she is like me—but she has her mo-"ther's eyes.

"It is very odd that my mother was an only "child;—I am an only child; my wife is an "only child; and Ada is an only child. It is a "singular coincidence; that is the least that

* Ugo Foscolo afterwards took them for his motto.

"can be said of it. I can't help thinking it was "destined to be so; and perhaps it is best. I "was once anxious for a son; but, after our "separation, was glad to have had a daughter; "for it would have distressed me too much to "have taken him away from Lady Byron, and "I could not have trusted her with a son's edu- "cation. I have no idea of boys being brought "up by mothers. I suffered too much from "that myself: and then, wandering about the "world as I do, I could not take proper care of "a child; otherwise I should not have left "Allegra, poor little thing!* at Ravenna. She "has been a great resource to me, though I am "not so fond of her as of Ada; and yet I mean "to make their fortunes equal—there will be "enough for them both. I have desired in my "will that Allegra shall not marry an English-

* She appears to be the Leila of his Don Juan:

"Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character——"

Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 52.

"man. The Irish and Scotch make better
"husbands than we do. You will think it was
"an odd fancy, but I was not in the best of
"humours with my countrymen at that mo-
"ment—you know the reason. I am told that
"Ada is a little termagant; I hope not. I shall
"write to my sister to know if this is the case:
"perhaps I am wrong in letting Lady Byron
"have entirely her own way in her education.
"I hear that my name is not mentioned in her
"presence; that a green curtain is always kept
"over my portrait, as over something forbidden;
"and that she is not to know that she has a
"father, till she comes of age. Of course she
"will be taught to hate me; she will be brought
"up to it. Lady Byron is conscious of all this,
"and is afraid that I shall some day carry off
"her daughter by stealth or force. I might
"claim her of the Chancellor, without having re-
"course to either one or the other. But I had
"rather be unhappy myself, than make her mo-
"ther so; probably I shall never see her again."

Here he opened his writing-desk, and shewed me some hair, which he told me was his child's.

During our drive and ride this evening he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said:

"This is Ada's birthday, and might have "been the happiest day of my life: as it is, "——————!" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argine gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We

pulled up our horses, to enquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

"I shall not be happy," said he, "till I hear "that my daughter is well. I have a great "horror of anniversaries: people only laugh at, "who have never kept a register of them. I "always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. "I did so last year; and, what was very re- "markable, my letter reached her on my wed- "ding-day, and her answer reached me at Ra- "venna on my birth-day! Several extraordi- "nary things have happened to me on my birth- "day; so they did to Napoleon; and a more "wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie "Antoinette."

The next morning's courier brought him a letter from England. He gave it me as I entered, and said:

"I was convinced something very unpleasant "hung over me last night: I expected to hear "that somebody I knew was dead;—so it "turns out! Poor Polidori is gone! When "he was my physician, he was always talking "of Prussic acid, oil of amber, blowing into "veins, suffocating by charcoal, and compound-"ing poisons; but for a different purpose to "what the Pontic Monarch did, for he has pre-"scribed a dose for himself that would have "killed fifty Mithridates',—a dose whose effect, "Murray says, 'was so instantaneous that he "went off without a spasm or struggle. It "seems that disappointment was the cause of "this rash act. He had entertained too san-"guine hopes of literary fame, owing to the "success of his 'Vampyre,' which, in conse-"quence of its being attributed to me, was got

"up as a melo-drame at Paris. The founda-
"tion of the story *was* mine; but I was forced
"to disown the publication, lest the world
"should suppose that I had vanity enough, or
"was egotist enough, to write in that ridiculous
"manner about myself.* Notwithstanding
"which, the French editions still persevere in
"including it with my works. My real 'Vam-
"pyre' I gave at the end of 'Mazeppa,' some-
"thing in the same way that I told it one
"night at Diodati, when Monk Lewis, and
"Shelley and his wife, were present. The
"latter sketched on that occasion the outline
"of her Pygmalion story, 'The Modern Pro-
"metheus,' the making of a man, (which a lady
"who had read it afterwards asked Sir Hum-
"phrey Davy, to his great astonishment, if he
"could do); Lewis told a story something like

* He alluded to the Preface and the Postscript, containing accounts of his residence at Geneva and in the Isle of Mitylene.

"'Alonzo and Imogene'; and Shelley himself "(or 'The Snake,' as he used sometimes to call "him,) conjured up some frightful woman of "an acquaintance of his at home, a kind of "Medusa, who was suspected of having eyes in "her breasts.'

"Perhaps Polidori had strictly no right to "appropriate my story to himself; but it was "hardly worth it: and when my letter, dis- "claiming the narrative part, was written, I "dismissed the matter from my memory. It "was Polidori's own fault that we did not "agree. I was sorry when we parted, for I "soon get attached to people; and was more "sorry still for the scrape he afterwards got "into at Milan. He quarrelled with one of "the guards at the Scala, and was ordered to "leave the Lombard States twenty-four hours "after: which put an end to all his Conti- "nental schemes, that I had forwarded by re- "commending him to Lord ——; and it is

" difficult for a young physician to get into " practice at home, however clever, particularly " a foreigner, or one with a foreigner's name. " From that time, instead of making out pre- " scriptions, he took to writing romances; a " very unprofitable and fatal exchange, as it " turned out.

" I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last " night without a reason. Who can help being " superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight. " Rousseau tried whether he was to be d—d or " not, by aiming at a tree with a stone; I for- " get whether he hit or missed. Goethe trust- " ed to the chance of a knife's striking the " water, to determine whether he was to pro- " sper in some undertaking. The Italians think " the dropping of oil very unlucky. Pietro " (Count Gamba) dropped some the night be- " fore his exile, and that of his family, from " Ravenna. Have you ever had your fortune

"told? Mrs. Williams told mine. She pre-
"dicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven
"were to be dangerous ages in my life.* One
"has come true.'

"Yes," added I, "and did she not prophecy that you were to die a monk and a miser? I have been told so."

"I don't think these two last very likely;
"but it was part of her prediction. But there
"are lucky and unlucky days, as well as years
"and numbers too. Lord —— was dining at
"a party, where ——— observed that they
"were thirteen. 'Why don't you make us
"twelve?' was the reply; and an impudent
"one it was—but he could say those things.
"You would not visit on a Friday, would you?

* He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.

" You know you are to introduce me to Mrs.
" ——. It must not be to-morrow, for it is a
" Friday."

" A fine day," said I, as I entered; " a day worth living for."

" An old hag of a world!" replied he, shaking me by the hand. " You should have been here " earlier. T——— has been here with a most " portentous and obstetrical countenance, and it " seems he has been bringing forth an ode—a " birth-day *ode*—not on Ada, but on a lady. " An *odious* production it must have been! He " threatened to inflict, as Shelley calls it; but I " fought off. As I told him, Stellas are out of " date now: it is a bad compliment to remind " women of their age.

" Talking of days, this is the most wretched " day of my existence; and I say and do all

" sorts of foolish things* to drive away the me-
" mory of it, and make me forget.

" I will give you a specimen of some epigrams
" I am in the habit of sending Hobhouse, to
" whom I wrote on my first wedding-day, and
" continue to write still:

' This day of ours has surely done
Its worst for me and you!
'Tis now *five* years since we were *one*,
And *four* since we were *two*.'

" So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief, or gladness!—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me!"

Childe Harold, Canto III. Stanza 4.

" And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep;—and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy" — &c.

Don Juan, Canto IV. Stanza 4.

"And another on his sending me the congra-
"tulations of the season, which ended in some
"foolish way like this:

"You may wish me returns of the season:
Let us, prithee, have none of the day!'"

I think I can give no stronger proof of the sociability of Lord Byron's disposition, than the festivity that presided over his dinners.

Wednesday being one of his fixed days: "You will dine with me," said he, "though it "is the 2d of January."

His own table, when alone, was frugal, not to say abstemious*; but on the occasion of

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* His dinner, when alone, cost five Pauls; and thinking he was overcharged, he gave his bills to a lady of my ac-

these meetings every sort of wine, every luxury of the season, and English delicacy, were displayed. I never knew any man do the honours of his house with greater kindness and hospitality. On this eventful anniversary he was not, however, in his usual spirits, and evidently tried to drown the remembrance of the day by a levity that was forced and unnatural;—for it was clear, in spite of all his efforts, that something oppressed him, and he could not help continually recurring to the subject.

One of the party proposed Lady Byron's health, which he gave with evident pleasure, and

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quaintance to examine†. At a Christmas-day dinner he had ordered a plum-pudding *à l'Anglaise*. Somebody afterwards told him it was not good. "Not good!" said he: "why, it ought to be good; it cost fifteen Pauls."

† He ordered the remnants to be given away, lest his servants (as he said) should envy him every mouthful he ate.

we all drank it in bumpers. The conversation turning on his separation, the probability of their being reconciled was canvassed.

"What!" said he, "after having lost the five "best years of our lives?—Never! But," added he, "it was no fault of mine that we quarrelled: "I have made advances enough. I had once an "idea that people are happiest in the marriage "state, after the impetuosity of the passions has "subsided,—but that hope is all over with me!"

Writing to a friend the day after our party, I finished my letter with the following remark:

"Notwithstanding the tone of raillery with which he sometimes speaks in 'Don Juan' of his separation from Lady Byron, and his saying, as he did to-day, that the only thing he thanks Lady Byron for is, that he cannot marry, &c., it is evident that it is the thorn in his side—the poison in his cup of life! The veil is easily seen

through. He endeavours to mask his griefs, and to fill up the void of his heart, by assuming a gaiety that does not belong to it. All the tender and endearing ties of social and domestic life rudely torn asunder, he has been wandering on from place to place, without finding any to rest in. Switzerland, Venice, Ravenna, and I might even have added Tuscany, were doomed to be no asylum for him," &c.

I observed himself and all his servants in deep mourning. He did not wait for me to enquire the cause.

"I have just heard," said he, "of Lady Noel's "death. I am distressed for poor Lady Byron! "She must be in great affliction, for she adored "her mother! The world will think I am "pleased at this event, but they are much "mistaken. I never wished for an accession "of fortune; I have enough without the Went-

"worth property. I have written a letter of con-
"dolence to Lady Byron,—you may suppose
"in the kindest terms,—beginning, 'My dear
"Lady Byron,'

"If we are not reconciled, it is not my
"fault!"

"I shall be delighted," I said, "to see you restored to her and to your country; which, notwithstanding all you say and write against it, I am sure you like. Do you remember a sentiment in 'The Two Foscari?'——

'He who loves *not* his country, can love nothing.'

"I am becoming more weaned from it every
"day," said he after a pause, "and have had
"enough to wean me from it!—No! Lady Byron will not make it up with me now, lest the
"world should say that her mother only was to
"blame! Lady Noel certainly identifies herself
"very strongly in the quarrel, even by the ac-

"count of her last injunctions; for she directs "in her will that my portrait, shut up in a case "by her orders, shall not be opened till her "grand-daughter be of age, and then not given "to her if Lady Byron should be alive.

"I might have claimed all the fortune for "my life, if I had chosen to have done so; but "have agreed to leave the division of it to Lord "Dacre and Sir Francis Burdett. The whole "management of the affair is confided to them; "and I shall not interfere, or make any sugges- "tion or objection, if they award Lady Byron "the whole."

I asked him how he became entitled?

"The late Lord Wentworth," said he, "be- "queathed a life-interest in his Lancashire "estates to Lady Byron's mother, and after- "wards to her daughter: that is the way I "claim."

Some time after, when the equal partition had been settled, he said:

"I have offered Lady Byron the family man-
"sion in addition to the award, but she has de-
"clined it: this is not kind."

The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose, as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, "Ye clouds," &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and, had Lord Byron not been present, his own Invocation in Manfred, or Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited.

"Like Gray," said he, "Campbell smells too
"much of the oil: he is never satisfied with
"what he does; his finest things have been

"spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness of the
"outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems
"may be too highly finished. The great art is
"effect, no matter how produced."

"I will shew you an ode you have never seen,
"that I consider little inferior to the best which
"the present prolific age has brought forth."
With this he left the table, almost before the
cloth was removed, and returned with a maga-
zine, from which he read the following lines on
Sir John Moore's burial, which perhaps require
no apology for finding a place here:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow:
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas, I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

"I should have taken," said Shelley, "the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's.

"No," replied Lord Byron: "Campbell would "have claimed it, if it had been his."

I afterwards had reason to think that the ode was Lord Byron's; that he was piqued at none of his own being mentioned; and, after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own

them.* No other reason can be assigned for his not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore.

Talking after dinner of swimming, he said:—

"Murray published a letter I wrote to him "from Venice, which might have seemed an "idle display of vanity; but the object of my "writing it, was to contradict what Turner had "asserted about the impossibility of crossing "the Hellespont from the Abydos to the Sestos "side, in consequence of the tide.

"One is as easy as the other; we did both." Here he turned round to Fletcher, to whom he occasionally referred, and said, "Fletcher,

* This conjecture seems to be erroneous. It appears the ode is the production of the late Rev. —— Wolfe.

"how far was it Mr. Ekenhead and I swam?" Fletcher replied, "Three miles and a half, my Lord." (Of course he did not diminish the distance.) "The real width of the Hellespont," resumed Lord Byron, "is not much above a "mile; but the current is prodigiously strong, "and we were carried down notwithstanding all "our efforts. I don't know how Leander con- "trived to stem the stream, and steer straight "across; but nothing is impossible in love or "religion. If I had had a Hero on the other "side, perhaps I should have worked harder. "We were to have undertaken this feat some "time before, but put it off in consequence of "the coldness of the water; and it was chilly "enough when we performed it. I know I "should have made a bad Leander, for it gave "me an ague that I did not so easily get rid of. "There were some sailors in the fleet who swam "further than I did—I do not say than I could "have done, for it is the only exercise I pride "myself upon, being almost amphibious."

"I remember being at Brighton, many years "ago, and having great difficulty in making the "land,—the wind blowing off the shore, and "the tide setting out. Crowds of people were "collected on the beach to see us. Mr. ——— "(I think he said Hobhouse) was with me; "and," he added, "I had great difficulty in "saving him—he nearly drowned me.

"When I was at Venice, there was an Ita- "lian who knew no more of swimming than a "camel, but he had heard of my prowess in the "Dardanelles, and challenged me. Not wish- "ing that any foreigner at least should beat me "at my own arms, I consented to engage in the "contest. Alexander Scott proposed to be of "the party, and we started from Lido. Our "land-lubber was very soon in the rear, and "Scott saw him make for a gondola. He rested "himself first against one, and then against "another, and gave in before we got half way "to St. Mark's Place. We saw no more of

"him, but continued our course through the
"Grand Canal, landing at my palace-stairs.
"The water of the Lagunes is dull, and not
"very clear or agreeable to bathe in. I can
"keep myself up for hours in the sea: I delight
"in it, and come out with a buoyancy of spirits
"I never feel on any other occasion.

"If I believed in the transmigration of your
"Hindoos, I should think I had been a *Merman*
"in some former state of existence, or was going
"to be turned into one in the next."

"When I published 'Marino Faliero' I had
"not the most distant view to the stage. My
"object in choosing that historical subject was
"to record one of the most remarkable incidents
"in the annals of the Venetian Republic, embo-
"dying it in what I considered the most inte-
"resting form—dialogue, and giving my work
"the accompaniments of scenery and manners

"studied on the spot.' That Faliero should, for "a slight to a woman, become a traitor to his "country, and conspire to massacre all his fel- "low-nobles, and that the young Foscari should "have a sickly affection for his native city, "were no inventions of mine. I painted the "men as I found them, as they were,—not as "the critics would have them.' I took the sto- "ries as they were handed down; and if human "nature is not the same in one country as it is "in others, am I to blame?—can I help it?" "But no painting, however highly coloured, can "give an idea of the intensity of a Venetian's "affection for his native city. Shelley, I "remember, draws a very beautiful picture of "the tranquil pleasures of Venice in a poem*

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* The lines to which Lord Byron referred are these:

"If I had been an unconnected man,
I from this moment should have form'd the plan
Never to leave fair Venice—for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;

"which he has not published, and in which he "does not make me cut a good figure. It de-"scribes an evening we passed together.

"There was one mistake I committed: I "should have called 'Marino Faliero' and 'The "Two Foscari' dramas, historic poems, or any "thing, in short, but tragedies or plays. In the "first place, I was ill-used in the extreme by "the Doge being brought on the stage at all, "after my Preface. Then it consists of 3500

I And then the town is silent—one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted: books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry,—and all
We seek in towns, with little to recall
Regrets for the green country. I might sit
In Maddalo's great palace," &c.

Julian and Maddalo.

"lines:* a good acting play should not exceed "1500 or 1800; and, conformably with my "plan, the materials could not have been com- "pressed into so confined a space.

"I remember Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd "telling me, many years ago, that I should "never be able to condense my powers of "writing sufficiently for the stage, and that the "fault of all my plays would be their being too "long for acting. The remark occurred to me "when I was about 'Marino Faliero;' but I "thought it unnecessary to try and contradict "his prediction, as I did not study stage-effect, "and meant it solely for the closet. So much "was I averse from its being acted, that, the "moment I heard of the intention of the "Managers, I applied for an injunction; but

* He gave me the copy, with the number of lines marked with his own pencil. I have left it in England.

the Chancellor refused to interfere, or issue an order for suspending the representation. It was a question of property, of great im-
" portance in the literary world. He would
" neither protect me nor Murray. But the manner in which it was got up was shameful! All the declamatory parts were left, all the dramatic ones struck out; and Cooper, the new actor, was the murderer of the whole. Lioni's soliloquy, which I wrote one moonlight night after coming from the Benzons', ought to have been omitted altogether, or at all events much curtailed. What audience will listen with any patience to a mere tirade of poetry, which stops the march of the actor? No wonder, then, that the unhappy Doge should have been damned! But it was no pleasant news to me; and the
" letter containing it was accompanied by ano-

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* Acted at Drury Lane, April 25, 1821.

"ther, to inform me that an old lady, from "whom I had great expectations, was likely to "live to an hundred. There is an autumnal "shoot in some old people, as in trees; and I "fancy her constitution has got some of the "new sap. Well, on these two pleasant pieces "of intelligence I wrote the following epigram, "or elegy it may termed, from the melancholy "nature of the subject:—

Behold the blessings of a happy lot!
My play is damn'd, and Lady ——— not!

"I understand that Louis Dix-huit, or *des* "*huitres*, as Moore spells it, has made a *tradue-* "*tion* of poor 'Faliero;' but I should hope it "will not be attempted on the *Théatre François*. "It is quite enough for a man to be damned once. "I was satisfied with Jeffrey's critique* on the

* However, I forgive him; and I trust
He will forgive himself:—if not, I must.

Old

"play, for it abounded in extracts. He was "welcome to his own opinion,—which was "fairly stated. His summing up in favour of "my friend Sir Walter amused me: it remind-"ed me of a schoolmaster, who, after flogging "a bad boy, calls out the head of the class, "and, patting him on the head, gives him all "the sugar-plums.

"The common trick of Reviewers is, when "they want to depreciate a work, to give "no quotations from it. This is what 'The "Quarterly' shines in;—the way Milman put "down Shelley, when he compared him to "Pharaoh, and his works to his chariot-wheels, "by what contortion of images I forget;—but "it reminds me of another person's comparing "me in a poem to Jesus Christ, and telling me,

—Old enemies who have become new friends,
Should so continue;—'tis a point of honour."
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanzas 11 and 12.

"when I objected to its profanity, that 'he
"alluded to me in situation, not in person!'"
"'What!' said I in reply, "would you have
"me crucified? We are not in Jerusalem,
"are we?' But this is a long parenthesis."
"The Reviewers are like a counsellor after"
"an abusive speech, calling no witnesses to
"prove his assertions."

"There are people who read nothing but"
"these *trimestrials*, and swear by the *ipse*"
"*dixit* of these autocrats—these Actæon hunt-"
"ers of literature. They are fond of raising"
"up and throwing down idols. 'The Edin-"
"burgh' did so with Walter Scott's poetry,"
"and, —— perhaps there is no merit in my"
"plays? It may be so; and Milman may be"
"a great poet, if Heber is right and I am"
"wrong. He has the dramatic faculty, and I"
"have not. So they pretended to say of"
"Milton. I am too happy in being coupled"
"in any way with Milton, and shall be glad

" if they find any points of comparison between
" him and me.

" But the praise or blame of Reviewers does
" not last long now-a-days. It is like straw
" thrown up in the air. *

" I hope, notwithstanding all that has been
" said, to write eight more plays this year, and
" to live long enough to rival Lope de Vega, or
" Calderon. I have two subjects that I think
" of writing on,—Miss Lee's German tale
" of Kruitzner, and Pausanias.

" What do you think of Pausanias? The
" unities can be strictly preserved, almost with-
" out deviating from history. The temple

* He seemed to think somewhat differently afterwards, when, after the review in 'The Quarterly' of his plays, he wrote to me, saying, " I am the most unpopular writer *going*!"

"where he took refuge, and from whose sanc-
"tuary he was forced without profaning it, will
"furnish complete unities of time and place."

"No event in ancient times ever struck me
"as more noble and dramatic than the death of
"Demosthenes. You remember his last words
"to Archias?—But subjects are not wanting."

I told Lord Byron, that I had had a letter from Procter*, and that he had been jeered on 'The Duke of Mirandola' not having been included in his (Lord B.'s) enumeration of the dramatic pieces of the day; and that he had added, he had been at Harrow with him.

"Ay," said Lord Byron, "I remember the
"name; he was in the lower school, in such a
"class. They stood Farrer, Procter, Jocelyn."

* Barry Cornwall.

I have no doubt Lord Byron could have gone through all the names, such was his memory. He immediately sat down, and very good-naturedly gave me the following note to send to Barry Cornwall, which shews that the arguments of the Reviewers had not changed his Unitarian opinions, (as he called them):

"Had I been aware of your tragedy when I wrote my note to Marino Faliero, although it is a matter of no consequence to you, I should certainly not have omitted to insert your name with those of the other writers who still do honour to the drama.

"My own notions on the subject altogether are so different from the popular ideas of the day, that we differ essentially, as indeed I do from our whole English *literati*, upon that topic. But I do not contend that I am right —I merely say that such is my opinion; and as it is a solitary one, it can do no great

"harm. But it does not prevent me from "doing justice to the powers of those who "adopt a different system."

I introduced the subject of Cain:—

"When I was a boy," said he, "I studied "German, which I have now entirely forgotten. "It was very little I ever knew of it. Abel "was one of the first books my German master "read to me; and whilst he was crying his "eyes out over its pages, I thought that any "other than Cain had hardly committed a "crime in ridding the world of so dull a fellow "as Gessner made brother Abel.

"I always thought Cain a fine subject, and "when I took it up I determined to treat it "strictly after the Mosaic account. I there-"fore made the snake a snake, and took a "Bishop for my interpreter.

"I had once an idea of following the Armi-
"nian Scriptures, and making Cain's crime
"proceed from jealousy, and love of his uterine
"sister; but, though a more probable cause of
"dispute, I abandoned it as unorthodox.

"One mistake crept in,—Abel's should have
"been made the first sacrifice: and it is sin-
"gular that the first form of religious worship
"should have induced the first murder.

"Hobhouse has denounced 'Cain,' as irre-
"ligious, and has penned me a most furious
"epistle, urging me not to publish it, as I value
"my reputation or his friendship. He contends
"that it is a work I should not have ventured
"to put my name to in the days of Pope,
"Churchill, and Johnson, (a curious trio!) Hob-
"house used to write good verses once himself,
"but he seems to have forgotten what poetry is
"in others, when he says my 'Cain' reminds him
"of the worst bombast of Dryden's. Shelley,

"who is no bad judge of the compositions of "others, however he may fail in procuring suc- "cess for his own, is most sensitive and indig- "nant at this critique, and says (what is not the "case) that 'Cain' is the finest thing I ever "wrote, calls it worthy of Milton, and backs it "against Hobhouse's poetical Trinity.

"The *Snake's* rage has prevented my crest "from rising. I shall write Hobhouse a very "unimpassioned letter, but a firm one. The "publication shall go on, whether Murray "refuses to print it or not.

"I have just got a letter, and an admirable "one it is, from Sir Walter Scott, to whom I "dedicated 'Cain.' The sight of one of his "letters always does me good. I hardly know "what to make of all the contradictory opinions "that have been sent me this week. Moore "says, that more people are shocked with the "blasphemy of the sentiments, than delighted

"with the beauty of the lines. Another person "thinks the Devil's arguments irresistible, or "irrefutable. ——— says that the Liberals like "it, but that the Ultraists are making a ter- "rible outcry; and that the *he* and *him* not "being in capitals, in full dress, uniform, "shocks the High-church and Court party. "Some call me an Atheist, others a Manichæan, "——a very bad and a hard-sounding name, that "shocks the *illiterati* the more because they "don't know what it means. I am taxed with "having made my drama a peg to hang on it a "long, and some say tiresome, dissertation on "the principle of Evil; and, what is worse, "with having given Lucifer the best of the ar- "gument; all of which I am accused of taking "from Voltaire.

"I could not make Lucifer expound the "Thirty-nine Articles, nor talk as the Divines "do: that would never have suited his purpose, "——nor, one would think, theirs. They ought

"to be grateful to him for giving them a subject "to write about. What would they do without "evil in the Prince of Evil? Othello's occu- "pation would be gone. I have made Lucifer "say no more in his defence than was absolute- "ly necessary,—not half so much as Milton "makes his Satan do. I was forced to keep up "his dramatic character. *Au reste*, I have ad- "hered closely to the Old Testament, and I defy "any one to question my moral.

"Johnson, who would have been glad of an "opportunity of throwing another stone at "Milton, redeems him from any censure for "putting impiety and even blasphemy into the "mouths of his infernal spirits. By what rule, "then, am I to have all the blame? What "would the Methodists at home say to Goethe's "Faust? His devil not only talks very fami- "liarly *of* Heaven, but very familiarly *in* Heaven. "What would they think of the colloquies of "Mephistopheles and his pupil, or the more

daring language of the prologue, which no one will ever venture to translate? And yet this play is not only tolerated and admired, as every thing he wrote must be, but acted, in Germany. And are the Germans a less moral people than we are? I doubt it much. Faust itself is not so fine a subject as Cain. It is a grand mystery. The mark that was put upon Cain is a sublime and shadowy act: Goethe would have made more of it than I have done*."

* On Mr. Murray being threatened with a prosecution, Lord Byron begged me to copy the following letter for him:

"Attacks upon me were to be expected; but I perceive one upon you in the papers which, I confess, I did not expect.

"How and in what manner you can be considered responsible for what I publish, I am at a loss to conceive. If 'Cain' be blasphemous, 'Paradise Lost' is blasphemous; and the words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good!' are from that very poem, from the

'I cannot resist presenting the public with a drinking-song composed one morning—or perhaps evening, after one of our dinners.

Fill the goblet again, for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its core:
Let us drink—who would not? since, thro' life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found,

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mouth of Satan,—and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer, in the Mystery? 'Cain' is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first rebel and the first murderer may be supposed to speak, nearly all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters; and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama. I have avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture, though Milton does, and not very wisely either; but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in,—viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old Mysteries introduced Him liberally enough, and all this I avoided in the new one.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beams of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved—who has not? but what tongue will declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

"The attempt to bully you because they think it will not succeed with me, seems as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of fiction, not of history or argument?

"There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own; it is otherwise incredible. I can only say, '*Me, me, adsum qui feci;*' that any proceedings against you may, I beg, be transferred to me, who am willing and ought to endure them all; that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copyright: that I desire you will say, that both you and Mr. Gifford remonstrated against the publication, and also Mr. Hobhouse; that I alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burthen.

"If they prosecute, I will come to England; that is, if by meeting in my own person I can save yours. Let me know. You shan't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter you please."

In the days of our youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends—who has not?—but what tongue will avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?

The breast of a mistress some boy may estrange;
Friendship shifts with the sun-beam,—thou never canst change.
Thou grow'st old—who does not? but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, but increase with our years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous—who's not? *thou* hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more they enjoy.

When, the season of youth and its jollities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last,
Then we find—who does not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Memory's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left—was she not? but the goblet *we* kiss,
And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! and when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden my own.
We must die—who does not? may our sins be forgiven!
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

Dining with him another day, the subject of private theatricals was introduced.

"I am very fond of a private theatre," said he. "I remember myself and some friends at "Cambridge getting up a play; and that re- "minds me of a thing which happened, that "was very provoking in itself, but very hu- "morous in its consequences.

"On the day of representation, one of the "performers took it into his head to make an "excuse, and his part was obliged to be read. "Hobhouse came forward to apologize to the "audience, and told them that a Mr. —— had "declined to perform his part, &c.—The gen- "tleman was highly indignant at the 'd,' and

" had a great inclination to pick a quarrel with " Scrope Davies, who replied, that he sup- " posed Mr. —— wanted to be called *the* Mr. " so and so. He ever after went by the name " of the ' *Definite Article.*'

" After this preface, to be less indefinite, sup- " pose we were to get up a play. My hall, " which is the largest in Tuscany, would make " a capital theatre; and we may send to Flo- " rence for an audience, if we cannot fill it " here. And as to decorations, nothing is easier " in any part of Italy than to get them: besides " that, Williams will assist us."

It was accordingly agreed that we should commence with " Othello." Lord Byron was to be Iago. Orders were to be given for the fitting up of the stage, preparing the dresses, &c., and rehearsals of a few scenes took place. Perhaps Lord Byron would have made the finest actor in the world. His voice had a flexibility,

"a variety in its tones, a power and pathos be-
"yond any I ever heard; and his countenance
was capable of expressing the tenderest, as well
as the strongest emotions. I shall never for-
get his reading Iago's part in the handkerchief-
scene.

"Shakspeare was right," said he, after he had finished, "in making Othello's jealousy turn "upon that circumstance.* The handkerchief "is the strongest proof of love, not only among "the Moors, but all Eastern nations: and yet "they say that the plot of 'Marino Faliero' "hangs upon too slight a cause."

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* Calderon says, in the *Cisma de Inglaterra*, (I have not the original,)

"She gave me, too, a handkerchief,—a spell—
A flattering pledge, my hopes to animate—
An astrologic favour—fatal prize,
That told too true what tears must weep these eyes!"

All at once a difficulty arose about a Desdemona, and the Guiccioli put her Veto on our theatricals. The influence of the Countess over Lord Byron reminded me of a remark of Fletcher's, that Shelley once repeated to me as having overheard: "That it was strange every woman should be able to manage his Lordship, but her Ladyship!"

Discussing the different actors of the day, he said:

"Dowton, who hated Kean, used to say that "his Othello reminded him of Obi, or Three-"fingered Jack,—not Othello. But, whatever "his Othello might have been, Garrick himself "never surpassed him in Iago. I am told that "Kean is not so great a favourite with the pub-"lic since his return from America, and that "party strengthened against him in his absence.

"I *guess* he could not have staid long enough

"to be spoiled; though I *calculate* no actor is "improved by their stage. How do you "*reckon*?

"Kean began by acting Richard the Third, "when quite a boy, and gave all the promise "of what he afterwards became. His Sir Giles "Overreach was a wonderful performance. The "actresses were afraid of him; and he was "afterwards so much exhausted himself, that "he fell into fits. This, I am told, was the "case with Miss O'Neill.*

"Kemble did much towards the reform of "our stage. Classical costume was almost un-"known before he undertook to revise the "dresses. Garrick used to act Othello in a red "coat and epaulettes, and other characters had "prescriptive habits equally ridiculous. I can "conceive nothing equal to Kemble's Coriola-

* And he might have added Pasta.

"nus; and he looked the Roman so well, that "even 'Cato,' cold and *stiltish* as it is, had a run. "That shews what an actor can do for a play! "If he had acted 'Marino Faliero,' its fate "would have been very different.

"Kemble pronounced several words affect- "edly, which should be cautiously avoided on "the stage. It is nothing that Campbell writes "it *Sepulcrè* in 'Hohenlinden.' The Greek "derivation is much against his pronunciation "of *ache*."

He now began to mimic Kemble's voice and manner of spouting, and imitated him inimitably in Prospero's lines:

'——— Yea, the great globe itself,
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a *rack* behind!'

"When half seas over, Kemble used to speak "in blank-verse: and with practice, I don't

"think it would be difficult. Good prose re-
"solves itself into blank-verse. Why should
"we not be able to improvise in hexameters, as
"well as the Italians? Theodore Hook is an
"improvisatore."

"The greatest genius in that way that per-
haps Italy ever produced," said Shelley, "is
Sgricci."

"There is a great deal of knack in these
"gentry," replied Lord Byron; "their poetry
"is more mechanical than you suppose. More
"verses are written yearly in Italy, than mil-
"lions of money are circulated. It is usual for
"every Italian gentleman to make sonnets to
"his mistress's eyebrow before he is mar-
"ried,—or the lady must be very uninspiring
"indeed.

"But Sgricci! To extemporize a whole tra-
"gedy seems a miraculous gift."

"I heard him improvise a five-act play at Lucca," said Shelley, "on the subject of the '*Iphigenia in Tauris*,' and never was more interested. He put one of the finest speeches into the mouth of Iphigenia I ever heard. She compared her brother Orestes to the sole remaining pillar on which a temple hung tottering, in the act of ruin. The idea, it is true, is from Euripides, but he made it his own."

"I have never read his play since I was at "school," replied Lord Byron. "I don't know "how Sgricci's tragedies may appear in print, "but his printed poetry is tame stuff.

"The inspiration of the *improviser* is quite a "separate talent:—a consciousness of his own "powers, his own elocution—the wondering "and applauding audience,—all conspire to give "him confidence; but the deity forsakes him "when he coldly sits down to think. Sgricci is "not only a fine poet, but a fine actor. Mrs.

"Siddons," continued Lord Byron, "was the "*beau idéal* of acting; Miss O'Neill I would not "go to see, for fear of weakening the impres- "sion made by the queen of tragedians. When "I read Lady Macbeth's part, I have Mrs. "Siddons before me, and imagination even "supplies her voice, whose tones were super- "human, and power over the heart superna- "tural.

"It is pleasant enough sometimes to take a "peep behind, as well as to look before the "scenes.

"I remember one leg of an elephant saying "to another, 'D—n your eyes, move a little "quicker!' and overhearing at the Opera two "people in love, who were so *distraits* that they "made the responses between the intervals of "the recitative, instead of during the recitative "itself. One said to the other, 'Do you love "me?' then came the flourish of music, and the

"reply sweeter than the music, "Can you "doubt it?' ".

"I have just been reading Lamb's Specimens," said he, "and am surprised to find in the ex- "tracts from the old dramatists so many ideas "that I thought exclusively my own. Here is "a passage, for instance, from 'The Duchess "of Malfy,' astonishingly like one in 'Don "Juan.'

"'*The leprosy of lust*' I discover, too, is not "mine. '*Thou tremblest*,'—'*'Tis with age "then*,' which I am accused of borrowing from "Otway, was taken from the Old Bailey pro- "ceedings. Some judge observed to the wit- "ness, 'Thou tremblest;'—''Tis with cold then,' "was the reply.

"These Specimens of Lamb's I never saw "till to-day. I am taxed with being a plagia-

"rist, when I am least conscious of being one; "but I am not very scrupulous, I own, when I "have a good idea, how I came into possession "of it. How can we tell to what extent Shak- "speare is indebted to his contemporaries, "whose works are now lost? Besides which, "Cibber adapted his plays to the stage.

"The invocation of the witches was, we "know, a servile plagiarism from Middleton. "Authors were not so squeamish about bor- "rowing from one another in those days. If it "be a fault, I do not pretend to be immacu- "late. I will lend you some volumes of Ship- "wrecks, from which my storm in 'Don Juan' "came."

"Lend me also 'Casti's Novelle,'" said I. "Did you never see in Italian,—

'Round her she makes an atmosphere of light;
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes'

"The Germans," said he, "and I believe "Goethe himself, consider that I have taken "great liberties with 'Faust.' All I know of "that drama is from a sorry French translation, "from an occasional reading or two into English "of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, "and from the Hartz mountain-scene, that "Shelley versified the other day. Nothing "I envy him so much as to be able to read "that astonishing production in the original. "As to originality, Goethe has too much sense "to pretend that he is not under obligations to "authors, ancient and modern;—who is not? "You tell me the plot is almost entirely Cal- "deron's. The fête, the scholar, the argument "about the *Logos*, the selling himself to the "fiend, and afterwards denying his power; his "disguise of the plumed cavalier; the enchanted "mirror,—are all from Cyprian. That *Magico* "*Prodigioso* must be worth reading, and nobody "seems to know any thing about it but you and "Shelley. Then the vision is not unlike that of

"Marlowe's, in his 'Faustus.' The bed-scene "is from 'Cymbeline;' the song or serenade, a "translation of Ophelia's, in 'Hamlet;' and, "more than all, the prologue is from Job, which "is the first drama in the world, and perhaps "the oldest poem. I had an idea of writing a "'Job,' but I found it too sublime. There is "no poetry to be compared with it."

I told him that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's.

"I shall have commentators enough by and "by," said he, "to dissect my thoughts, and "find owners for them."

"When I first saw the review of my 'Hours "of Idleness,'* I was furious; in such a rage "as I never have been in since.

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* Written in 1808.

"I dined that day with Scrope Davies, and "drank three bottles of claret to drown it; but "it only boiled the more. That critique was a "masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous "abuse. I remember there was a great deal of "vulgar trash in it which was meant for humour, "about people being thankful for what they "could get,'—'not looking a gift horse in the "mouth,' and such stable expressions. The se- "verity of 'The Quarterly' killed poor Keats, "and neglect, Kirke White; but I was made of "different stuff, of tougher materials. So far "from their bullying me, or deterring me from "writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven "predictions, and determined to shew them, "croak as they would, that it was not the last "time they should hear from me. I set to "work immediately, and in good earnest, and "produced in a year 'The English Bards and "Scotch Reviewers.' For the first four days "after it was announced, I was very nervous "about its fate. Generally speaking, the first

"fortnight decides the public opinion of a new "book. This made a prodigious impression, "more perhaps than any of my works, except "The Corsair.'

"In less than a year and a half it passed "through four editions, and rather large ones. "To some of them, contrary to the advice of "my friends, I affixed my name. The thing "was known to be mine, and I could not have "escaped any enemies in not owning it; besides, "it was more manly not to deny it. There "were many things in that satire which I was "afterwards sorry for, and I wished to cancel "it. If Galignani chose to reprint it, it was "no fault of mine. I did my utmost to sup-"press the publication, not only in England, "but in Ireland. I will tell you my principal "reason for doing so: I had good grounds to "believe that Jeffrey (though perhaps really re-"sponsible for whatever appears in 'The Edin-"burgh,' as Gifford is for 'The Quarterly,' as

" its editor) was not the author of that article,—
" was not guilty of it. He disowned it; and
" though he would not give up the aggressor,
" he said he would convince me, if I ever came
" to Scotland, who the person was. I have every
" reason to believe it was a certain lawyer, who
" hated me for something I once said of Mrs.
" ——. The technical language about 'mino-
" rity pleas,' 'plaintiffs,' 'grounds of action,'
" &c. a jargon only intelligible to a lawyer,
" leaves no doubt in my mind on the subject.
" I bear no animosity to him now, though inde-
" pendently of this lampoon, which does him no
" credit, he gave me cause enough of offence. "

" The occasion was this:—In my separation
" cause, that went before the Chancellor as a
" matter of form, when the proceedings came
" on, he took upon himself to apply some ex-
" pressions, or make some allusions to me, which
" must have been of a most unwarrantable na-
" ture, as my friends consulted whether they

"should acquaint me with the purport of them. "What they precisely were I never knew, or "should certainly have made him retract them. "I met him afterwards at Coppet, but was not "at that time acquainted with this circum- "stance. He took on himself the advocate also, "in writing to Madame de Staël, and advising "her not to meddle in the quarrel between Lady "Byron and myself. This was not kind; it "was a gratuitous and unfeed act of hostility." "But there was another reason that influenced "me even more than my cooled resentment "against Jeffrey, to suppress 'English Bards "and Scotch Reviewers.' In the duel-scene I "had unconsciously made part of the ridicule "fall on Moore. The fact was, that there was "no imputation on the courage of either of the "principals. One of the balls fell out in the car- "riage, and was lost; and the seconds, not hav- "ing a further supply, drew the remaining one.

"Shortly after this publication I went abroad;

" and Moore was so offended by the mention of " the leadless pistols, that he addressed a letter " to me in the nature of a challenge, delivering " it to the care of Mr. Hanson, but without ac- " quainting him with the contents. This letter " was mislaid,—at least never forwarded to me.

" But on my return to England in 1812, an " enquiry was made by Moore if I had received " such a letter? adding, that particular circum- " stances (meaning his marriage, or perhaps the " suppression of the satire) had now altered his " situation, and that he wished to recall the " letter, and to be known to me through Ro- " gers. I was shy of this mode of arranging " matters, one hand presenting a pistol, and ano- " ther held out to shake; and felt awkward at " the loss of a letter of such a nature, and the " imputation it might have given rise to. But " when, after a considerable search, it was at " length found, I returned it to Moore with the " seal unbroken; and we have since been the

"best friends in the world. I correspond with "no one so regularly as with Moore.

"It is remarkable that I should at this mo- "ment number among my most intimate friends "and correspondents those whom I most made "the subjects of satire in 'English Bards.' I "never retracted my opinions of their works,— "I never sought their acquaintance; but there "are men who can forgive and forget. The "Laureate is not one of that disposition, and "exults over the anticipated death-bed repent- "ance of the objects of his hatred. Finding that "his denunciations or panegyrics are of little or "no avail here, he indulges himself in a plea- "sant *vision* as to what will be their fate here- "after. The third Heaven is hardly good "enough for a king, and Dante's worst birth in "the 'Inferno' hardly bad enough for me. My "kindness to his brother-in-law might have "taught him to be more charitable. I said in "a Note to 'The Two Foscari,' in answer to

"his vain boasting, that I had done more real
"good in one year than Mr. Southey in the whole
"course of his shifting and turn-coat existence,
"on which he seems to reflect with so much
"complacency. I did not mean to pride myself
"on the act to which I have just referred, and I
"should not mention it to you, but that this
"self-sufficiency calls for the explanation. When
"Coleridge was in great distress, I borrowed
"100*l.* to give him."

Some days after this discussion appeared Mr. Southey's reply to the Note in question. I happened to see 'The Literary Gazette' at Mr. Edgeworth's, and mentioned the general purport of the letter to Lord Byron during our evening ride. His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great, that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper, to which at length succeeded, and took it to the Lanfranchi palace at eleven o'clock, (after

coming from the opera,) an hour at which I was frequently in the habit of calling on him.

He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful! his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his

own expressions of "cowardly ferocity," "pitiful renegado," "hireling," were much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"Perhaps you are right; but I will consider of it. 'You have not seen *my* Vision of Judgment.' I wish I had a copy to shew you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it; but it shall now go forth to the world. I will write to Douglas Kinnaird by to-morrow's post, to-night, not to delay its appearance. The question is, whom to get to print it. Murray will have nothing to say to it just now, while the prosecution of 'Cain' hangs over his head. It was offered to Longman; but he declined it on the plea of its injuring the sale of Southey's Hexameters, of which he is the publisher. Hunt shall have it."

Another time he said:

"I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article on
"'Foliage,' which excited my choler so much.
"But who else could have been the author?
"Who but Southey would have had the base-
"ness, under the pretext of reviewing the work
"of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-
"egg for hatching malicious calumnies against
"others?

"It was bad taste, to say the least of it, in
"Shelley to write Αθεος after his name at Mont
"Anvert. I knew little of him at that time,
"but it happened to meet my eye, and I put
"my pen through the word, and Μωρος too,
"that had been added by some one else by way
"of comment—and a very proper comment too,
"and the only one that should have been made
"on it. There it should have stopped. It
"would have been more creditable to Mr.
"Southey's heart and feelings if he had been of
"this opinion; he would then never have made
"the use of his travels he did, nor have raked

"out of an album the silly joke of a boy, in
"order to make it matter of serious accusation
"against him at home. I might well say he
"had impudence enough, if he could confess
"such infamy. I say nothing of the critique
"itself on Foliage; with the exception of a
"few sonnets, it was unworthy of Hunt. But
"what was the object of that article? I re-
"peat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish
"insinuations against me and others. Shame
"on the man who could wound an already
"bleeding heart,—be barbarous enough to re-
"vive the memory of a fatal event that Shelley
"was perfectly innocent of,—and found scandal
"on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing
"that article some years ago; and he had the
"audacity to admit that he had treasured up
"some opinions of Shelley's, ten years before,
"when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had
"made a note of them at the time. But his
"bag of venom was not full; it is the nature of

"the reptile. Why does a viper have a poison-
"tooth, or the scorpion claws?"

Some days after these remarks, on calling on him one morning, he produced 'The Deformed Transformed.' Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the habit of doing his daily compositions, he said:

"Shelley, I have been writing a *Faustish*
"kind of drama: tell me what you think
"of it."

After reading it attentively, Shelley return-
ed it.

"Well," said Lord Byron, "how do you
"like it?"

"Least," replied he, "of any thing I ever
saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of 'Faust;'

and besides, there are two entire lines of Southey's in it."

Lord Byron changed colour immediately, and asked hastily what lines? Shelley repeated,

'And water shall see thee,
And fear thee, and flee thee.'

"They are in 'The Curse of Kehama.'

His Lordship, without making a single observation, instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consume—at least his countenance betrayed none, and his conversation became more gay and lively than usual. Whether it was hatred of Southey, or respect for Shelley's opinions, which made him commit an act that I considered a sort of suicide, was always doubtful to me. I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards, 'The Deformed Transformed' announced, (supposing it to have perished at Pisa);

but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript, or had re-written it perhaps, without changing a word, except omitting the "Kehama" lines. His memory was remarkably retentive of his own writings. I believe he could have quoted almost every line he ever wrote.

One day a correspondent of Lord Byron's sent him from Paris the following lines—a sort of epitaph for Southey—which he gave me leave to copy.

Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the Bard lie did;
Peace to his manes! and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,
Through Epic, Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all;

" Till Fiction having done enough
" To make a bard at least absurd,
" And give his readers *quantum suff.*,
" He took to praising George the Third;
" And now in virtue of his crown,
" Dooms us, poor Whigs, at once to slaughter;
" Like Donellan of bad renown,
" Poisoning us all with laurel water.
" And yet at times some awkward qualms he
" Felt about leaving honour's track;
" And though he has got a butt of Malmsey,
" It may not save him from a sack,
" Death, weary of so dull a writer,
" Put to his works a *finis* thus.
" O! may the earth on him lie lighter
" Than did his quartos upon us!

"Heaven and Earth" was commenced," said he, "at Ravenna, on the 9th October last. It

"occupied about fourteen days. Douglas Kin-
"naird tells me that he can get no bookseller to
"publish it. It was offered to Murray; but he
"is the most timid of God's booksellers, and
"starts at the title. He has taken a dislike to
"that three-syllabled word *Mystery*, and says,
"I know not why, that it is another 'Cain.' I
"suppose he does not like my making one of
"Cain's daughters talk the same language as her
"father's father, and has a prejudice against the
"family. I could not make her so unnatural as
"to speak ill of her grandfather. I was forced
"to make her aristocratical, proud of her descent
"from the eldest born. Murray says, that who-
"ever prints it will have it pirated, as 'Cain'
"has been,—that a Court of justice will not
"sanction it as literary property. On what
"plea? There is nothing objectionable in it,
"that I am aware of. You have read it; what
"do you think? If 'Cain' be immoral (which
"I deny), will not the Chancellor's refusal to

"protect, and the cheapness of a piratical "edition, give it a wider circulation among the "lower classes? Will they not buy and read it "for the very reason that it is considered im- "proper, and try to discover an evil tendency "where it was least meant? May not impiety "be extracted by garbling the Bible? I defy "the common people to understand such myste- "ries as the loves of the Angels,—at least they "are mysteries to me. Moore, too, is writing on "the same text. Any thing that he writes "must succeed."

I told him that the laughter of the fiends in the Cave of Caucasus reminded me of the snoring of the Furies in the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus.

"I have never read any of his plays since I "left Harrow," said Lord Byron. Shelley, "when I was in Switzerland, translated the "Prometheus' to me before I wrote my ode;

but I never open a Greek book. Shelley tells me that the choruses in 'Heaven and Earth' are deficient. He thinks that lyrical poetry should be metrically regular. Surely this is not the case with the Greek choruses that he makes such a fuss about. However, Hunt will be glad of it for his new periodical work. I talked of writing a second part to it; but it was only as Coleridge promised a second part to 'Christabel.' I will tell you how I had an idea of finishing it:

"Let me see—where did I leave off? Oh, with Azazael and Samiasa refusing to obey the summons of Michael, and throwing off their allegiance to Heaven. They rise into the air with the two sisters, and leave this globe to a fate which, according to Cuvier, it has often undergone, and will undergo again. The appearance of the land strangled by the ocean will serve by way of scenery and decorations. The affectionate tenderness of Adah

" for those from whom she is parted, and for "
" ever, and her fears contrasting with the loftier "
" spirit of Aholibamah triumphing in the hopes "
" of a new and greater destiny, will make the "
" dialogue. They in the mean time continue "
" their aërial voyage, every where denied admit- "
" tance in those floating islands on the sea of "
" space, and driven back by guardian-spirits of "
" the different planets, till they are at length "
" forced to alight on the only peak of the earth "
" uncovered by water. Here a parting takes "
" place between the lovers, which I shall make "
" affecting enough. The fallen Angels are sud- "
" denly called, and condemned,—their destina- "
" tion and punishment unknown. The sisters "
" still cling to the rock, the waters mount- "
" ing higher and higher. Now enter Ark. "
" The scene draws up, and discovers Japhet en- "
" deavouring to persuade the Patriarch, with "
" very strong arguments of love and pity, to "
" receive the sisters, or at least Adah, on board. "
" Adah joins in his entreaties, and endeavours to "

" cling to the sides of the vessel. The proud
" and haughty Aholibamah scorns to pray either
" to God or man, and anticipates the grave by
" plunging into the waters. Noah is still inex-
" orable. The surviving daughter of Cain is
" momentarily in danger of perishing before the
" eyes of the Arkites. Japhet is in despair.
" The last wave sweeps her from the rock, and
" her lifeless corpse floats past in all its beauty,
" whilst a sea-bird screams over it, and seems
" to be the spirit of her angel lord. I once
" thought of conveying the lovers to the moon,
" or one of the planets; but it is not easy for
" the imagination to make any unknown world
" more beautiful than this; besides, I did not
" think they would approve of the moon as a
" residence. I remember what Fontenelle said
" of its having no atmosphere, and the dark
" spots being caverns where the inhabitants re-
" side. There was another objection; all the
" human interest would have been destroyed,
" which I have even endeavoured to give my

" Angels. It was a very Irish kind of compli-
" ment Jeffrey paid to Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,'
" when he said the loves were those of Angels;
" meaning that they were like nothing on earth.
" What will he say of 'The Loves of the An-
" gels?'—that they are like (for he has nothing
" left) nothing in Heaven?"

" I wrote 'The Prophecy of Dante' at the
" suggestion of the Countess. I was at that
" time paying my court to the Guiccioli, and ad-
" dressed the dedicatory sonnet to her. She had
" heard of my having written something about
" Tasso, and thought Dante's exile and death
" would furnish as fine a subject. I can never
" write but on the spot. Before I began 'The
" Lament,' I went to Ferrara, to visit the Dun-
" geon. Hoppner was with me, and part of it,
" the greater part, was composed (as 'The Pri-
" soner of Chillon') in the prison. The place
" of Dante's fifteen years' exile, where he so
" pathetically prayed for his country, and depre-

"cated the thought of being buried out of it; "and the sight of his tomb, which I passed in "my almost daily rides, inspired me. Besides, "there was somewhat of resemblance* in our "destinies—he had a wife, and I have the same "feelings about leaving my bones in a strange "land.

"I had, however, a much more extensive view "in writing that poem than to describe either "his banishment or his grave. Poets are some-"times shrewd in their conjectures. You quoted "to me the other day a line in 'Childe Harold,'

* "The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she doom'd to strangers, and transfer
Of him whom she denied a home—the grave."
Prophecy of Dante.

"Where now my boys are, and that fatal she"—
Ibid.

"They made an exile, not a slave of me." *Ibid.*

"in which I made a prediction about the "Greeks*: in this instance I was not so for- "tunate as to be prophetic. This poem was in- "tended for the Italians, and the Guiccioli, and "therefore I wished to have it translated. I "had objected to the *Versi sciolti* having been "used in my Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold;' "but this was the very metre they adopted in "defiance of my remonstrance, and in the very "teeth of it; and yet I believe the Italians "liked the work. It was looked at in a politi- "cal light, and they indulged in my dream of "liberty, and the resurrection of Italy. Alas! "it was only a dream!

"*Terza Rima* does not seem to suit the ge- "nius of English poetry—it is certainly uncal- "culated for a work of any length. In our lan-

* "Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!"
Childe Harold, Canto II. Stanza 75.

"guage, however, it may do for a short ode. "The public at least thought my attempt a "failure, and the public is in the main right. I "never persecute the public. I always bow to "its verdict, which is generally just. But if I "had wanted a sufficient reason for my giving "up the Prophecy—the Prophecy failed me."

"It was the turn political affairs took that "made me relinquish the work. At one time "the flame was expected to break out over all "Italy, but it only ended in smoke, and my "poem went out with it. I don't wonder at "the enthusiasm of the Italians about Dante. "He is the poet of liberty. Persecution, exile, "the dread of a foreign grave, could not shake "his principles. There is no Italian gentle-"man, scarcely any well-educated girl, that has "not all the finer passages of Dante at the fin-"gers' ends,—particularly the Ravennese. The "Guiccioli, for instance, could almost repeat "any part of the 'Divine Comedy;' and, I dare

"say, is well read in the '*Vita Nuova*,' that "prayer-book of love."

"Shelley always says that reading Dante is "unfavourable to writing, from its superiority "to all possible compositions. Whether he be "the first or not, he is certainly the most un- "translatable of all poets. You may give the "meaning; but the charm, the simplicity—the "classical simplicity,—is lost. You might as "well clothe a statue as attempt to translate "Dante. He is better, as an Italian said, '*nudo* "*che vestito*.'

"There 's Taaffe is not satisfied with what "Cary has done, but he must be *traducing* "him too. What think you of that fine line in "the 'Inferno' being rendered, as Taaffe has "done it?

'I Mantuan, 'capering,' squalid, 'squalling.'

"There 's alliteration and inversion enough,

"surely? I have advised him to frontispiece "his book with his own head, *Capo di Tradi-* "*tore*,' the head of a *traitor*;' then will come "the title-page comment.—Hell!"

I asked Lord Byron the meaning of a passage in "The Prophecy of Dante." He laughed and said:

"I suppose I had some meaning when I "wrote it: I believe I understood it then."

"That," said I, "is what the disciples of Swedenborg say. There are many people who

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"If you insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat—"

Don Juan, Canto VII. Stanza 42.

"I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be very fine."

Don Juan, Canto IV. Stanza 5.

do not understand passages in your writings, among our own countrymen? I wonder how foreigners contrive to translate them."

"And yet," said he, "they have been trans-
"lated into all the civilized, and many uncivi-
"lized tongues. Several of them have appeared
"in Danish, Polish, and even Russian dresses.
"These last, being translations of translations
"from the French, must be very diluted. The
"greatest compliment ever paid me has been
"shewn in Germany, where a translation of the
"Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold' has been
"made the subject of a University prize." But
"as to obscurity, is not Milton obscure? How
"do you explain

——— 'Smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled!'

"Is it not a simile taken from the electricity of
"a cat's back? I'll leave you to be my com-

"mentator, and hope you will make better work "with me than Taaffe is doing with Dante, who "perhaps could not himself explain half that "volumes are written about, if his ghost were "to rise again from the dead. I am sure I "wonder he and Shakspeare have not been "raised by their commentators long ago!"

"People are always advising me," said he, "to write an epic. You tell me that I shall "leave no great poem behind me;—that is, I "suppose you mean by great, a heavy poem, or "a weighty poem; I believe they are synony-"mous. You say that 'Childe Harold' is un-"equal; that the last two Cantos are far supe-"rior to the two first. I know it is a thing "without form or substance,—a *voyage pitto-"resque*. But who reads Milton? My opi-"nion as to the inequality of my poems is this, "—that one is not better or worse than ano-"ther. And as to epics, have you not got

"enough of Southey's? There's 'Joan d'Arc,'
"'The Curse of Kehama,' and God knows how
"many more curses, down to 'The Last of the
"Goths!' If you must have an epic, there's
"'Don Juan' for you. I call that an epic to it:
"it is an epic as much in the spirit of our day as
"the Iliad was in Homer's. Love, religion,
"and politics form the argument, and are as
"much the cause of quarrels now, as they were
"then. There is no want of Parises and Me-
"nelauses, and of *Crim.-cons.* into the bargain.
"In the very first Canto you have a Helen.
"Then, I shall make my hero a perfect Achilles
"for fighting,—a man who can snuff a candle
"three successive times with a pistol-ball; and,
"depend upon it, my moral will be a good one;
"not even Dr. Johnson should be able to find a
"flaw in it!"

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* Only five Cantos of 'Don Juan' were written when I held this conversation with him, which was committed to paper half an hour after it occurred.

"Some one has possessed the Guiccioli with "a notion that my Don Juan and the Don "Giovanni of the Opera are the same person; "and to please her I have discontinued his his-"tory and adventures; but if I should resume "them, I will tell you how I mean him to go "on. I left him in the seraglio. There I shall "make one of the favourites, a Sultana, (no less "a personage,) fall in love with him, and carry "him off from Constantinople. Such elope-"ments are not uncommon, nor unnatural "either, though it would shock the ladies to "say they are ever to blame. Well, they make "good their escape to Russia; where, if Juan's "passion cools, and I don't know what to do "with the lady, I shall make her die of the "plague. There are accounts enough of the "plague to be met with, from Boccaccio to De "Foe;—but I have seen it myself, and that is "worth all their descriptions. As our hero "can't do without a mistress, he shall next be-"come man-mistress to Catherine the Great."

"Queens have had strange fancies for more "ignoble people before and since. I, shall, "therefore, make him cut out the ancestor of "the young Russian, and shall send him, when "he is *hors de combat*, to England as her am- "bassador. In his suite he shall have a girl "whom he shall have rescued during one of his "northern campaigns, who shall be in love with "him, and he not with her.

"You see I am true to Nature in making "the advances come from the females. I shall "next draw a town and country life at home, "which will give me room for life, manners, "scenery, &c. I will make him neither a dandy "in town, nor a fox-hunter in the country. "He shall get into all sorts of scrapes, and at "length end his career in France. Poor Juan "shall be guillotined in the French Revolution! "What do you think of my plot? It shall "have twenty-four books too, the legitimate "number. Episodes it has, and will have, out

"of number; and my spirits, good or bad, must "serve for the machinery. If that be not an "epic, if it be not strictly according to Aristo-"tle, I don't know what an epic poem means."

"Murray," said he, "pretends to have "lost money by my writings, and pleads po-"verty: but if he is poor, which is somewhat "problematical to me, pray who is to blame? "The fault is in his having purchased, at the "instance of his great friends, during the last "year, so many expensive Voyages and Tra-"vels*, which all his influence with The "Quarterly cannot persuade people to buy, "cannot puff into popularity. The Cookery-"book (which he has got a law-suit about) has "been for a long time his sheet-anchor; but

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* "Death to his publisher—to him 'tis sport."
Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 52.

"they say he will have to re-fund the worst
"of *funds*. Mr. Murray is tender of my fame!
"How kind in him! He is afraid of my
"writing too fast. Why? because he has
"a tenderer regard for his own pocket, and
"does not like the look of any new acquaint-
"ance, in the shape of a book of mine, till he
"has seen his old friends in a variety of
"new faces; *id est*, disposed of a vast many
"editions, of the former works. I don't know
"what would become of me without Douglas
"Kinnaird, who has always been my best and
"kindest friend. It is not easy to deal with
"Mr. Murray."

"Murray offered me, of his own accord,"
"1000*l*. a Canto for 'Don Juan,' and after-
"wards reduced it to 500*l*. on the plea of
"piracy, and complained of my dividing one
"Canto into two, because I happened to say
"something at the end of the Third about

"having done so. It is true enough that 'Don
"Juan' has been pirated; but whom has he
"to thank but himself? In the first place,
"he put too high a price on the copies of the
"two first Cantos that came out, only printing
"a quarto edition, at, I think, a guinea and
"a half. There was a great demand for it,
"and this induced the knavish booksellers to
"*buccaneer*. If he had put John Murray on
"the title-page, like a man, instead of smug-
"gling the brat into the world, and getting
"Davison, who is a printer and not a pub-
"lisher, to father it, who would have ven-
"tured to question his paternal rights? or
"who would have attempted to deprive him
"of them?

"The thing was plainly this: he disowned
"and refused to acknowledge the bantling;
"the natural consequence was, that others
"should come forward to adopt it. Mr. John

"Murray is the most nervous of God's book-
"sellers. When 'Don Juan' first came out, he
"was so frightened, that he made a precipitate
"retreat into the country, shut himself up, and
"would not open his letters. The fact is, he
"prints for too many Bishops. He is always
"boring me with piratical edition after edition,
"to prove the amount of his own losses, and
"furnish proof of the extent of his own folly.
"Here is one at two-and-sixpence that came
"only yesterday. I do not pity him. Because
"I gave him one of my poems, he wanted to
"make me believe that I had made him a pre-
"sent of two others, and hinted at some lines
"in 'English Bards' that were certainly to the
"point. But I have altered my mind consi-
"derably upon that subject: as I once hinted
"to him, I see no reason why a man should
"not profit by the sweat of his brain, as well
"as that of his brow, &c.; besides, I was poor
"at that time, and have no idea of aggran-
"dizing booksellers. I was in Switzerland

"when he made this modest request,—and he "always entertained a spite against Shelley "for making the agreement, and fixing the "price, which I believe was not dear. For "the Third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'Man-"fred,' and 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' &c. "I got 2400*l*. Depend on it, he did not "lose money—he was not ruined by that "speculation.

"Murray has long prevented 'The Quar-"terly' from abusing me. Some of its bullies "have had their fingers itching to be at me; "but they would get the worst of it in a set-to." (Here he put himself in a boxing attitude.) "I "perceive, however, that we shall have some "sparring ere long. I don't wish to quarrel "with Murray, but it seems inevitable. I "had no reason to be pleased with him the "other day. Galignani wrote to me, offer-"ing to purchase the copyright of my works, "in order to obtain an exclusive privilege

"of printing them in France. I might have "made my own terms, and put the money "in my own pocket; instead of which, I "enclosed Galignani's letter to Murray, in "order that he might conclude the matter as "he pleased. He did so, very advantageously "for his own interest; but never had the com- "plaisance, the common politeness, to thank "me, or acknowledge my letter. My differ- "ences with Murray are not over. When he "purchased 'Cain,' 'The Two Foscari,' and "Sardanapalus,' he sent me a deed, which you "may remember witnessing. Well, after its "return to England, it was discovered that "it contained a clause which had been in- "troduced without my knowledge,—a clause "by which I bound myself to offer Mr. Murray "all my future compositions;—but I shall take "no notice of it."

Some time afterwards he said:

"Murray and I have made up our quarrel; "at least, it is not my fault if it should be re- "newed. The parsons have been at him about "'Cain.' An Oxonian has addressed a bullying "letter to him, asking him how so moral a "bookseller can stain his press with so profane "a book? He is threatened with a prosecution "by the *Anti-constitutional* Society. I don't "believe they will venture to attack him: if "they do, I shall go home and make my own "defence."

Lord Byron wrote the same day the letter contained in the Notes on 'Cain.' Some months afterwards he said in a letter:

"Murray and I have dissolved all connection. "He had the choice of giving up me or the "'Navy List.' There was no hesitation which "way he should decide: the Admiralty carried "the day. Now for 'The Quarterly:' their "batteries will be opened; but I can fire broad-

"sides too. They have been letting off lots of "squibs and crackers against me, but they only "make a noise and * * *".

In a letter dated from Genoa the 5th of May, 1823, he says:

"'Werner' was the last book Murray pub- "lished for me, and three months after came "out the Quarterly's article on my plays, "when 'Marino Faliero' was noticed for the "first time," &c.

"I need not say that I shall be delighted by "your inscribing your 'Wanderer' to me; but "I would recommend you to think twice before "you inscribe a work to *me*, as you must be "aware that at present I am the most unpopular "writer going*, and the odium on the dedicatee

* "But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont St. Jean seems Cain."
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 56.

"may recur on the dedicator." If you do not "think this a valid objection, of course there "can be none on my part," &c.

On my speaking to him with great praise one day of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Lord Byron said:

"I have been much taken to task for calling "'Christabel' a wild and singularly original and "beautiful poem; and the Reviewers very sage-"ly come to a conclusion therefrom, that I "am no judge of the compositions of others. "'Christabel' was the origin of all Scott's "metrical tales, and that is no small merit. It "was written in 1795, and had a pretty general "circulation in the literary world, though it was "not published till 1816, and then probably in "consequence of my advice. One day, when I "was with Walter Scott (now many years ago), "he repeated the whole of 'Christabel,' and I

"I then agreed with him in thinking this poem "what I afterwards called it. Sir Walter Scott "recites admirably. I was rather disappointed "when I saw it in print; but still there are "finer things in it than in any tale of its length; "the proof of which is, that people retain them "without effort.

"What do you think of the picture of an "English October day?

'There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as long as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.'

"Some eight or ten lines of 'Christabel'*

* "Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head—" &c.
Siege of Corinth.

"found themselves in 'The Siege of Corinth,' "I hardly know how; but I adopted another "passage, of greater beauty, as a motto to a "little work I need not name*, and paraphrased "without scruple the same idea in 'Childe "Harold.' I thought it good because I felt it "deeply—the best test of poetry. His psycho- "logical poem was always a great favourite of "mine, and but for me would not have appeared. "What perfect harmony of versification!"

And he began spouting 'Kubla Khan:'

'It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora'—

"Madame de Staël was fond of reciting poetry "that had hardly any thing but its music to "recommend it."

* The stanzas beginning "Fare thee well!"

"And pray," asked I, "what has 'Kubla Khan?'"

"I can't tell you," said he; "but it delights me."

And he went on till he had finished the Vision.

"I was very much amused with Coleridge's 'Memoirs.' There is a great deal of *bonhommie* in that book, and he does not spare himself. Nothing, to me at least, is so entertaining as a work of this kind—as private biography: Hamilton's 'Memoirs,' for instance, that were the origin of the style of Voltaire. Madame de Staël used to say, that 'De Grammont' was a book containing, with less matter, more interest than any she knew. Alfieri's 'Life' is delightful. You will see my Confessions in good time, and you will wonder at two things—that I should have had so

" much to confess, and that I should have con-
" fessed so much. Coleridge, too, seems sensible
" enough of his own errors. His sonnet to the
" Moon is an admirable burlesque on the
" *Lakists*, and his own style. Some of his
" stories are told with a vast deal of humour,
" and display a fund of good temper that all his
" disappointments could not sour. Many parts
" of his 'Memoirs' are quite unintelligible, and
" were, I apprehend, meant for Kant; on the
" proper pronunciation of whose name I heard
" a long argument the other evening.

" Coleridge is like Sosia in 'Amphytrion;'—
" he does not know whether he is himself or
" not. If he had never gone to Germany, nor
" spoilt his fine genius by the transcendental
" philosophy and German metaphysics, nor
" taken to write lay sermons, he would have
" made the greatest poet of the day. What
" poets had we in 1795? Hayley had got a
" monopoly, such as it was. Coleridge might

"I have been any thing; as it is, he is a thing "that dreams are made of."

Being one day at Moloni's the bookseller's at Pisa, a report was in circulation that a subject belonging to the Lucchese States had been taken up for sacrilege, and sentenced to be burnt alive. A priest who entered the library at that moment confirmed the news, and expressed himself thus:—"*Scelerato!*" said he, "he took the consecrated wafers off the altar, and threw them contemptuously about the church! What punishment can be great enough for such a monstrous crime? Burning is too easy a death! I shall go to Lucca,—I would almost go to Spain,—to see the wretch expire at the stake!" Such were the humane and Christian sentiments of a minister of the Gospel! I quitted him with disgust, and immediately hastened to Lord Byron's.

"Is it possible?" said he, after he had heard my story. "Can we believe that we live in the "nineteenth century? However, I can believe "any thing of the Duchess of Lucca. She is "an Infanta of Spain, a bigot in religion, and of "course advocates the laws of the Inquisition. "But it is scarcely credible that she will "venture to put them into effect here. We "must endeavour to prevent this *auto da fé*. "Lord Guilford is arrived:—we will get him "to use his influence. Surely the Grand Duke "of Tuscany will interfere, for he has himself "never signed a death-warrant since he came "upon the throne."

Shelley entered at this moment horror-struck: he had just heard that the criminal was to suffer the next day. He proposed that we should mount and arm ourselves, as well as we could, set off immediately for Lucca, and endeavour to rescue the prisoner when brought out for execution, making at full speed for the Tuscan

frontiers, where he would be safe. Mad and hopeless as the scheme was, Lord Byron consented, carried away by his feelings, to join in it, if other means should fail. We agreed to meet again in the evening, and in the mean time to get a petition signed by all the English residents at Pisa, to be presented to the Grand Duke.

"I will myself," said he, "write immediately "to Lord Guilford."

He did so, and received an answer a few hours after, telling him that the same report had reached Lord Guilford; but that he had learned, on investigation, that it was unfounded.

It appeared that the Duchess had issued a proclamation which made the peasant amenable, when apprehended, to the ancient laws of Spain; but that he had escaped to Florence and given himself up to the police, who had stipulated not to make him over to the authorities at Lucca,

but on condition of his being tried by the Tuscan laws.

Speaking of Coppet and Madame de Staël, he said:

"I knew Madame de Staël in England. "When she came over she created a great sen- "sation, and was much courted in the literary "as well as the political world. On the suppo- "sition of her being a Liberal, she was invited "to a party, where were present Whitbread, "Sheridan, and several of the Opposition leaders.

"To the great horror of the former, she soon "sported her *Ultraisms*. No one possessed so "little tact as Madame de Staël,—which is as- "tonishing in one who had seen so much of the "world and of society. She used to assemble "at her routs politicians of both sides of the "House, and was fond of setting two party-men

"by the ears in argument. I once witnessed "a curious scene of this kind. She was bat- "tling it very warmly, as she used to do, with "Canning, and all at once turned round to (I "think he said) Lord Grey, who was at his "elbow, for his opinion. It was on some point "upon which he could not but most cordially "disagree. She did not understand London "society, and was always sighing for her *cote-* "*rie* at Paris. The dandies took an invincible "dislike to the De Staëls, mother and daughter. "Brummell was her aversion; she, his. "There was a double marriage talked of in "town that season:—Auguste (the present "Baron) was to have married Miss Milbanke; "I, the present Duchess of Broglie. I could "not have been worse *embroiled*."

"Madame de Staël had great talent in con- "versation, and an overpowering flow of words. "It was once said of a large party that were "all trying to shine, 'There is not one who can

"go home and think.' This was not the case "with her. She was often troublesome, some "thought rude in her questions; but she "never offended me, because I knew that her "inquisitiveness did not proceed from idle cu-"riosity, but from a wish to sound people's cha-"racters. She was a continual interrogatory "to me, in order to fathom mine, which re-"quires a long plumb-line. She once asked me "if my real character was well drawn in a fa-"vourite novel of the day ('Glenarvon'). She "was only singular in putting the question in "the dry way she did. There are many who "pin their faith on that insincere production."

"No woman had so much *bonne foi* as Ma-"dame de Staël: hers was a real kindness of "heart. She took the greatest possible interest "in my quarrel with Lady Byron, or rather "Lady Byron's with me, and had some in-"fluence over my wife,—as much as any per-"son, but her mother, which is not saying

"much. I believe Madame de Staël did her "utmost to bring about a reconciliation between "us. She was the best creature in the world.

"Women never see consequences—never "look at things straight forward, or as they "ought. Like figurantes at the Opera, they "make a hundred *pirouettes*, and return to "where they set out. With Madame de Staël "this was sometimes the case. She was very "indefinite and vague in her manner of ex-"pression. In endeavouring to be new she "became often obscure, and sometimes unintel-"ligible. What did she mean by saying that "'Napoleon was a system, and not a man?'"

"I cannot believe that Napoleon was "acquainted with all the petty persecutions "that she used to be so garrulous about, or "that he deemed her of sufficient importance to "be dangerous: besides, she admired him so "much, that he might have gained her over by

"a word. But, like me, he had perhaps too "great a contempt for women; he treated them "as puppets, and thought he could make them "dance at any time by pulling the wires. "That story of '*Gardez vos enfans*' did not "tell much in her favour, and proves what I "say. I shall be curious to see Las Cases' "book, to hear what Napoleon's real conduct "to her was."

I told him I could never reconcile the contradictory opinions he had expressed of Napoleon in his poems.

"How could it be otherwise?" said he. "Some of them were called translations, and I "spoke in the character of a Frenchman and a "soldier. But Napoleon was his own antithe-"sis (if I may say so). He was a glorious ty-"rant, after all. Look at his public works: "compare his face, even on his coins, with those "of the other sovereigns of Europe. I blame

" the manner of his death: he shewed that he " possessed much of the Italian character in " consenting to live. There he lost himself " in his dramatic character, in my estimation. " He was master of his own destiny; of *that*, " at least, his enemies could not deprive him. " He should have gone off the stage like a " hero: it was expected of him.

" Madame de Staël, as an historian, should " have named him in her 'Allemagne;' she was " wrong in suppressing his name, and he had a " right to be offended. Not that I mean to " justify his persecutions. These, I cannot " help thinking, must have arisen indirectly " from some private enemy. But we shall see.

" She was always aiming to be brilliant—to " produce a sensation, no matter how, when, or " where. She wanted to make all her ideas, " like figures in the modern French school of " painting, prominent and shewy,—standing

"out of the canvass, each in a light of its own. "She was vain; but who had an excuse for "vanity if she had not? I can easily conceive "her not wishing to change her name, or ac- "knowledge that of Rocca. I liked Rocca; he "was a gentleman and a clever man; no one "said better things, or with a better grace. "The remark about the Meillerie road that I "quoted in the Notes of 'Childe Harold,' '*La "route vaut mieux que les souvenirs,*' was the "observation of a thorough Frenchman."

"Here is a letter I have had to-day," said he. "The writer is a stranger to me, and pleads "great distress. He says he has been an offi- "cer in the East India service, and makes out "a long list of grievances, against the Company "and a Mr. S——. He charges the Govern- "ment with sending him home without a "trial, and breaking him without a Court-mar- "tial; and complains that a travelling gentle-

"man, after having engaged him as an inter-
"preter to accompany him to Persia, and put
"him to great expense in preparations for the
"journey, has all at once changed his mind,
"and refused to remunerate him for his lost
"time, or pay him any of the annual stipend
"he had fixed to give him. His name seems
"to be ——. You have been at Bombay,—
"do you know him?"

"No," answered I; "but I know his story. He was thought to have been hardly used. As to the other part of his complaint, I know nothing."

"He asks me for 50*l*. I shall send it him by "to-morrow's post: there is no courier to-day."

"Who would not wish to have been born "two or three centuries later?" said he, putting into my hand an Italian letter. "Here is

"a *savant* of Bologna, who pretends to have dis-
"covered the manner of directing balloons by
"means of a rudder, and tells me that he is
"ready to explain the nature of his invention
"to our Government. I suppose we shall soon
"travel by air-vessels; make air instead of sea-
"voyages; and at length find our way to the
"moon, in spite of the want of atmosphere." *

"*Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ,*" said I.

"There is not so much folly as you may sup-
"pose, and a vast deal of poetry, in the idea," re-
"plied Lord Byron. "Where shall we set
"bounds to the power of steam? Who shall
"say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?'
"We are at present in the infancy of science.
"Do you imagine that, in former stages of this
"planet, wiser creatures than ourselves did not
"exist? All our boasted inventions are but the

* "Steam-engines will convey him to the moon."
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 2.

"shadows of what has been,—the dim images of "the past—the dream of other states of exist- "ence. Might not the fable of Prometheus, "and his stealing the fire, and of Briareus and "his earth-born brothers, be but traditions of "steam and its machinery? Who knows whe- "ther, when a comet shall approach this globe "to destroy it, as it often has been and will be "destroyed, men will not tear rocks from their "foundations by means of steam, and hurl "mountains, as the giants are said to have done, "against the flaming mass?—and then we shall "have traditions of Titans again, and of wars "with Heaven."

"A mighty ingenious theory," said I, laugh- ing,—and was near adding, in the words of Julian and Maddalo:

"The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had made, methinks, his eagle spirit blind
With gazing on its own exceeding light."

Talking of romances, he said:

"'The Monk' is perhaps one of the best in "any language, not excepting the German. It "only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to "have rendered it perfect. He should have "made the dæmon really in love with Am- "brosio: this would have given it a human "interest. 'The Monk' was written when "Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have "exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at "that age he was in earnest in his belief of "magic wonders. That is the secret of Walter "Scott's inspiration: he retains and encourages "all the superstitions of his youth. Lewis "caught *his* passion for the marvellous, and it "amounted to a mania with him, in Germany; "but the groundwork of 'The Monk' is "neither original nor German; it is derived "from the tale of 'Santon Barsisa.' The "episode of 'The Bleeding Nun,' which was "turned into a melo-drama, is from the Ger- "man.

"There were two stories which he almost
"believed by telling. One happened to him-
"self whilst he was residing at Manheim.
"Every night, at the same hour, he heard or
"thought he heard in his room, when he was
"lying in bed, a crackling noise like that pro-
"duced by parchment, or thick paper. This
"circumstance caused enquiry, when it was told
"him that the sounds were attributable to the
"following cause:—The house in which he lived
"had belonged to a widow, who had an only
"son. In order to prevent his marrying a poor
"but amiable girl, to whom he was attached,
"he was sent to sea. Years passed, and the
"mother heard no tidings of him, nor the ship
"in which he had sailed. It was supposed that
"the vessel had been wrecked, and that all on
"board had perished. The reproaches of the
"girl, the upbraidings of her own conscience,
"and the loss of her child, crazed the old lady's
"mind, and her only pursuit became to turn
"over the Gazettes for news. Hope at length

"left her: she did not live long,—and continued
"her old occupation after death.

"The other story that I alluded to before,
"was the original of his 'Alonzo and Imo-
"gene,' which has had such a host of imitators.
"Two Florentine lovers, who had been attached
"to each other almost from childhood, made a
"vow of eternal fidelity. Mina was the name
"of the lady—her husband's I forget, but it is
"not material. They parted. He had been
"for some time absent with his regiment, when,
"as his disconsolate lady was sitting alone in
"her chamber, she distinctly heard the well-
"known sound of his footsteps, and starting
"up beheld, not her husband, but his spectre,
"with a deep ghastly wound across his fore-
"head, entering. She swooned with horror;
"when she recovered, the ghost told her that
"in future his visits should be announced by
"a passing-bell, and these words, distinctly
"whispered, 'Mina, I am here!'. Their inter-

" views now became frequent, till the woman
" fancied herself as much in love with the ghost
" as she had been with the man. But it was
" soon to prove otherwise. One fatal night she
" went to a ball:—what business had she there?
" She danced too; and, what was worse, her
" partner was a young Florentine, so much the
" counterpart of her lover, that she became
" estranged from his ghost. Whilst the young
" gallant conducted her in the waltz, and her
" ear drank in the music of his voice and words,
" a passing-bell tolled! She had been ac-
" customed to the sound till it hardly excited
" her attention, and now lost in the attractions
" of her fascinating partner, she heard but re-
" garded it not. A second peal!—she listened
" not to its warnings. A third time the bell,
" with its deep and iron tongue, startled the
" assembled company, and silenced the music!
" Mina then turned her eyes from her partner,
" and saw reflected in the mirror, a form, a
" shadow, a spectre: it was her husband! He

"was standing between her and the young Flo-
"rentine, and whispered in a solemn and me-
"lancholy tone the accustomed accents, 'Mina,
"I am here!'—She instantly fell dead.

"Lewis was not a very successful writer.
"His 'Monk' was abused furiously by Mathias,
"in his 'Pursuits of Literature,' and he was
"forced to suppress it. 'Abellino' he merely
"translated. 'Pizarro' was a sore subject with
"him, and no wonder that he winced at the
"name. Sheridan, who was not very scrupu-
"lous about applying to himself *literary* pro-
"perty at least, manufactured his play without
"so much as an acknowledgment, pecuniary or
"otherwise, from Lewis's ideas; and bad as
"'Pizarro' is, I know (from having been on the
"Drury-Lane Committee, and knowing, conse-
"quently, the comparative profits of plays,) that
"it brought in more money than any other play
"has ever done, or perhaps ever will do.

"But to return to Lewis. He was even "worse treated about 'The Castle Spectre,' "which had also an immense run, a prodigious "success. Sheridan never gave him any of its "profits either. One day Lewis being in com-"pany with him, said,—'Sheridan, I will make "you a large bet.' Sheridan, who was always "ready to make a wager, (however he might "find it inconvenient to pay it if lost,) asked ea-"gerly what bet? 'All the profits of my Castle "Spectre,' replied Lewis. 'I will tell you "what,' said Sheridan, (who never found his "match at repartee,) 'I will make you a very "small one,—what it is worth.'"

I asked him if he had known Sheridan?

"Yes," said he. "Sheridan was an extra-"ordinary compound of contradictions, and "Moore will be much puzzled in reconciling "them for the Life he is writing. The upper "part of Sheridan's face was that of a god—

" a forehead most expansive, an eye of peculiar
" brilliancy and fire; but below he shewed the
" satyr.

" Lewis was a pleasant companion, and would
" always have remained a boy in spirits and
" manners—(unlike me!). He was fond of the
" society of younger men than himself. I myself
" never knew a man, except Shelley, who was
" companionable till thirty. I remember Mrs.
" Hope once asking who was Lewis's male-love
" this season! He possessed a very lively imagi-
" nation, and a great turn for narrative, and had
" a world of ghost-stories, which he had better
" have confined himself to telling. His poetry
" is now almost forgotten: it will be the same
" with that of all but two or three poets of the
" day.

" Lewis had been, or thought he had been,
" unkind to a brother whom he lost young;
" and when any thing disagreeable was about

"to happen to him the vision of his brother
"appeared: he came as a sort of monitor.

"Lewis was with me for a considerable pe-
"riod at Geneva; and we went to Coppet se-
"veral times together; but Lewis was there
"oftener than I.

"Madame de Staël and he used to have vio-
"lent arguments about the Slave Trade,—which
"he advocated strongly, for most of his property
"was in negroes and plantations. Not being
"satisfied with three thousand a-year, he
"wanted to make it five; and would go to the
"West Indies; but he died on the passage of
"sea-sickness, and obstinacy in taking an
"emetic."

I said to him, "You are accused of owing a great deal to Wordsworth. Certainly there are some stanzas in the Third Canto of 'Childe

Harold' that smell strongly of the Lakes; for instance—

> 'I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me;—and to me
> High mountains are a feeling!'"

"Very possibly," replied he. "Shelley, when "I was in Switzerland, used to dose me with "Wordsworth physic even to nausea; and I do "remember then reading some things of his "with pleasure. He had once a feeling of Na- "ture, which he carried almost to a deification "of it:—that's why Shelley liked his poetry.

"It is satisfactory to reflect, that where a "man becomes a hireling and loses his mental "independence, he loses also the faculty of writ- "ing well. The lyrical ballads, jacobinical "and puling with affectation of simplicity as "they were, had undoubtedly a certain merit *:

* "Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who *then*
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy."
Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 93.

"and Wordsworth, though occasionally a writer
"for the nursery masters and misses,

'Who took their little porringer,
And ate their porridge there,'

"now and then expressed ideas worth imita-
"ting; but, like brother Southey, he had his
"price; and since he is turned tax-gatherer, is
"only fit to rhyme about asses and waggoners.
"Shelley repeated to me the other day a stanza
"from 'Peter Bell' that I thought inimitably
"good. It is the rumination of Peter's ass, who
"gets into a brook, and sees reflected there a
"family circle, or tea-party. But you shall have
"it in his own words:

'Is it a party in a parlour,
Cramm'd just as you on earth are cramm'd?
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
And every one, as you may see,
All silent and all d——d!'

"There was a time when he would have

"written better; but perhaps Peter thinks
"feelingly.

"The republican trio, when they began to
"publish in common, were to have had a com-
"munity of all things, like the ancient Britons;
"to have lived in a state of nature, like savages,
"and peopled some 'island of the blest' with
"children in common, like ——. A very pretty
"Arcadian notion! It amuses me much to com-
"pare the Botany Bay Eclogues, the Panegyric
"of Martin the Regicide, and 'Wat Tyler,' with
"the Laureate Odes, and Peter's Eulogium on
"the Field of Waterloo. There is something
"more than rhyme in that noted stanza con-
"taining

'Carnage is God's daughter!'*—

"I offended the *par nobile* mortally—past all
"hope of forgiveness—many years ago. I met,

* Wordsworth's Thanksgiving Ode.

"at the Cumberland Lakes, Hogg the Ettrick "Shepherd, who had just been writing 'The "Poetic Mirror,' a work that contains imita- "tions of all the living poets' styles, after the "manner of the 'Rejected Addresses.' The "burlesque is well done, particularly that of me, "but not equal to Horace Smith's. I was "pleased with Hogg; and he wrote me a very "witty letter, to which I sent him, I suspect, a "very dull reply. Certain it is that I did not "spare the Lakists in it; and he told me he "could not resist the temptation, and had "shewn it to the fraternity. It was too tempt- "ing; and as I could never keep a secret of "my own, as you know, much less that of other "people, I could not blame him. I remember "saying, among other things, that the Lake "poets were such fools as not to fish in their "own waters; but this was the least offensive "part of the epistle."

"Bowles is one of the same little order of "spirits, who has been fussily fishing on for "fame, and is equally waspish and jealous. "What could Coleridge mean by praising his "poetry as he does?

"It was a mistake of mine, about his mak- "ing the woods of Madeira tremble, &c.; but "it seems that I might have told him that there "were no *woods* to make tremble with kisses, "which would have been quite as great a "blunder.

"I met Bowles once at Rogers's, and thought "him a pleasant, gentlemanly man—a good "fellow, for a parson. When men meet to- "gether after dinner, the conversation takes a "certain turn. I remember he entertained us "with some good stories. The reverend gentle- "man pretended, however, to be much shocked "at Pope's letters to Martha Blount.

"I set him and his invariable principles at "rest. He did attempt an answer, which was "no reply; at least, nobody read it. I believe "he applied to me some lines in Shak-"speare.* A man is very unlucky who has "a name that can be punned upon; and his "own did not escape.

"I have been reading 'Johnson's Lives,' a "book I am very fond of. I look upon him "as the profoundest of critics, and had occa-"sion to study him when I was writing to "Bowles.

"Of all the disgraces that attach to England "in the eye of foreigners, who admire Pope "more than any of our poets, (though it is the "fashion to under-rate him among ourselves,) "the greatest perhaps is, that there should be

* "I do remember thee, my Lord Biron," &c.

"no place assigned to him in Poets' Corner.
"I have often thought of erecting a monument
"to him at my own expense in Westminster
"Abbey, and hope to do so yet. But he was
"a Catholic, and, what was worse, puzzled
"Tillotson and the Divines. That accounts
"for his not having any national monument.
"Milton, too, had very nearly been without a
"stone; and the mention of his name on the
"tomb of another was at one time considered
"a profanation to a church. The French, I am
"told, lock up Voltaire's tomb. Will there
"never be an end to this bigotry? Will men
"never learn that every great poet is necessa-
"rily a religious man?—so at least Coleridge
"says."

"Yes," replied Shelley; "and he might maintain the converse,—that every truly religious man is a poet; meaning by poetry the power of communicating intense and im-

passioned impressions respecting man and Nature."

When I entered the room, Lord Byron was devouring, as he called it, a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's.

"How difficult it is," said he, "to say any "thing new!" Who was that voluptuary of "antiquity, who offered a reward for a new "pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could "not supply a new idea.

"This page, for instance, is a brilliant one; "it is full of wit. But let us see how much of "it is original. This passage, for instance, "comes from Shakspeare; this *bon mot* from "one of Sheridan's Comedies; this observation "from another writer (naming the author); "and yet the ideas are new-moulded,—and "perhaps Scott was not aware of their being

" plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too " good a memory."

" I should not like to have you for a critic," I observed.

" 'Set a thief to catch a thief,'" was the reply.

" I never travel without Scott's Novels," said he; " they are a library in themselves—a per- " fect literary treasure. I could read them " once a-year with new pleasure."

I asked him if he was certain about the Novels being Sir Walter Scott's?

" Scott as much as owned himself the author " of 'Waverley' to me in Murray's shop," replied he. " I was talking to him about that " novel, and lamented that its author had not " carried back the story nearer to the time of

" the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard,"
" said, 'Ay, I might have done so, but'——
" There he stopped. It was in vain to at-
" tempt to correct himself: he looked confused,
" and relieved his embarrassment by a precipi-
" tate retreat.

" On another occasion I was to dine at
" Murray's; and being in his parlour in the
" morning, he told me I should meet the
" author of 'Waverley' at dinner. He had
" received several excuses, and the party
" was a small one; and, knowing all the
" people present, I was satisfied that the
" writer of that novel must have been, and
" could have been, no other than Walter
" Scott.

" He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his
" superior prose. He has such extent and ver-
" satility of powers in writing, that, should his
" Novels ever tire the public, which is not

" likely, he will apply himself to something " else, and succeed as well.

" His mottoes from old plays prove that *he*, " at all events, possesses the dramatic faculty, " which is denied *me*. And yet I am told that " his ' Halidon Hill' did not justify expecta- " tion. I have never met with it, but have " seen extracts from it."

" Do you think," asked I, " that Sir Walter Scott's Novels owe any part of their reputation to the concealment of the author's name?"

" No," said he: " such works do not gain or " lose by it. I am at a loss to know his reason " for keeping up the *incognito*,—but that the " reigning family could not have been very well " pleased with ' Waverley.' There is a degree " of *charlatanism* in *some* authors keeping up " *the Unknown*. Junius owed much of his " fame to that trick; and now that it is known

" to be the work of Sir Philip Francis, who " reads it? A political writer, and one who, " descends to personalities such as disgrace " Junius, should be immaculate as a pub- " lic, as well as a private character; and " Sir Philip Francis was neither. He had his " price, and was gagged by being sent to India. " He there seduced another man's wife. It " would have been a new case for a Judge " to sit in judgment on himself, in a *Crim.-* " *con.* It seems that his conjugal felicity " was not great, for, when his wife died, he " came into the room where they were sitting " up with the corpse, and said, 'Solder her up, " solder her up!' He saw his daughter crying, " and scolded her, saying, 'An old hag—she " ought to have died thirty years ago!' He " married, shortly after, a young woman. He " hated Hastings to a violent degree; all he " hoped and prayed for was to outlive him.— " But many of the newspapers of the day are

"written as well as Junius. Mathias's book,
"'The Pursuits of Literature,' now almost a
"dead-letter, had once a great fame.

"When Walter Scott began to write poetry,
"which was not at a very early age, Monk
"Lewis corrected his verse: he understood
"little then of the mechanical part of the art.
"The Fire King in 'The Minstrelsy of the
"Scottish Border,' was almost all Lewis's.
"One of the ballads in that work, and, except
"some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best,
"was made from a story picked up in a stage-
"coach;—I mean that of 'Will Jones.'

'They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the re-
"view on 'Christabel;' for he certainly, in
"common with many of us, is indebted to

"Coleridge. But for him, perhaps 'The Lay "of the Last Minstrel' would never have been "thought of. The line

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

"is word for word from 'Christabel.'

"Of all the writers of the day, Walter "Scott is the least jealous: he is too confident "of his own fame to dread the rivalry of "others. He does not think of good writing, "as the Tuscans do of fever—that there is only "a certain quantity of it in the world." *

* Travellers in Italy should be cautious of taking *bouquets* of flowers from the *Contadini* children, as they are in the habit of placing them on the breasts of persons having malignant fevers, and think that, by communicating the disorder to another, it will be diminished in the person affected.

"What did you mean," said a gentleman who was with Lord Byron, "by calling Rogers a *Nestor* and an *Argonaut*? I suppose you meant to say that his poetry was old and worn out."

"You are very hard upon the *dead** poet,—"upon the late lamented Mr. Samuel Rogers, "(as he has been called,)—and upon me too, to "suspect me of speaking ironically upon so se-"rious a subject."

"It was a very doubtful expression, however, that 'Nestor of little poets,'" rejoined the other.

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* He used to tell a story of Rogers and ——— visiting the Catacombs at Paris together. As Rogers, who was last, was making his exit, ——— said to him, "Why, you are not coming out, are you? Surely you are not tired of your *countrymen!* You don't mean to forsake them, do you?"

"Compliments ought never to have a double sense—a cross meaning. And you seem to be fond of this mode of writing, for you call Lady Morgan's 'Italy' a fearless and excellent work. What two odd words to be coupled together!"

"Take it as you like," replied Lord Byron, "I say 'The Pleasures of Memory' *will* live."

"The Pleasures of *Mummery!** Pray now, (speak candidly,) have you read since you were a schoolboy, or can you, with all your memory, repeat five lines of that boasted 'Essay on Memory' that you have been bepraising so furiously all your life? Instruct me where to find the golden fleece. Be my Jason for once."

"I remember being delighted with 'The "Pleasures of Memory' when I was at Harrow;

* The reader is requested to bear in mind that it is not with the author that this dialogue is held.—Ed.

" and that is saying a great deal, for I seldom
" read a book when I was there, and continue to
" like what I did then.

" 'Jacqueline,' too, is a much finer poem than
" 'Lara.' Your allowing precedence to the lat-
" ter amused me. But they soon got 'a di-
" vorce."

" There you go again: your taste is too fas-
tidious. Rogers was very much offended at its
being said that his 'Pleasures,' &c. were to be
found shining in green and gold morocco-bind-
ings in most parlour-windows, and on the book-
shelves of all young ladies."

" But, don't we all write to please them? I
" am sure I was more pleased with the fame my
" 'Corsair' had, than with that of any other of
" my books. Why? for the very reason be-
" cause it did shine, and in *boudoirs*. Who
" does not write to please the women? And

"Rogers has succeeded: what more can he "want or wish?

"There was a Mrs. ——— once fell in love "with Shelley for his verses; and a Miss Staf- "ford was so taken with the 'Sofa' (a very "different one from Cowper's) that she went "to France and married Crebillon.

"These are some of the sweets of author- "ship. But my day is over. *Vixi*, &c. I used "formerly (that *olim* is a bad and a sad "word!) to get letters by almost every post, "the delicate beauty of whose penmanship "suggested the fair, taper fingers that indited "them. But my 'Corsair' days are over. "Heigh ho!"

"But what has all this to do with Rogers, or 'The Pleasures of Memory?' Is there one line of that poem that has not been altered and re-altered, till it would be difficult to detect in the

patchwork any thing like the texture of the original stuff?".

"Well, if there is not a line or a word that "has not been canvassed, and made the subject "of separate epistolary discussion, what does "that prove but the general merit of the whole "piece? And the correspondence will be va- "luable by and bye, and save the commentators "a vast deal of labour, and waste of ingenuity. "People do wisest who take care of their fame "when they have got it. That's the rock I "have split on. It has been said that he has "been puffed into notice by his dinners and "Lady Holland. Though he gives very good "ones, and female Mæcenases are no bad things "now-a-days, it is by no means true. Rogers "has been a spoilt child; no wonder that he is "a little vain and jealous. And yet he deals "praise very liberally sometimes; for he wrote "to a little friend of mine, on the occasion of "his late publication, that 'he was born with

"a rose-bud in his mouth, and a nightingale "singing in his ear,'—two very prettily turned Orientalisms. Before my wife and the "world quarrelled with me, and brought me "into disrepute with the public, Rogers had "composed some very pretty commendatory "verses on me; but they were kept corked "up for many long years, under hope that I "might reform and get into favour with the "world again, and that the said lines (for he is "rather costive, and does not like to throw "away his effusions) might find a place in 'Human Life.' But after a great deal of oscillation, and many a sigh at their hard destiny—"their still-born fate,—they were hermetically "sealed, and adieu to my immortality!

"Rogers has an unfortunately sensitive temper. We nearly quarrelled at Florence. I "asked the officer of the *Dogana* (who had "trouble enough with all my live and dead

" stock), in consequence of his civilities, to dine " with me at Schneider's; but Rogers happen- " ed to be in one of his ill humours, and abused " the Italians.

" He is coming to visit me on his return from " Rome, and will be annoyed when he finds I " have any English comforts about me. He " told a person the other day that one of my " new tragedies was intended for the stage, " when he knew neither of them was. I sup- " pose he wanted to get another of them damned. " Samuel, Samuel! But," added he, after a pause, " these things are, as Lord Kenyon " said of Erskine, 'mere spots in the sun.' He " has good qualities to counterbalance these " littlenesses in his character.

" Rogers is the only man I know who can " write epigrams, and sharp bone-cutters too, in " two lines; for instance, that on an M. P. who

" had reviewed his book, and said he wrote
" very well for a banker:—

They say he has no heart, and I deny it:
He has a heart,—and gets his speeches by it.'

" I have been told," said he one Sunday even-
ing during our ride, " that you have got a par-
" son here of the name of N*tt.—N*tt? I
" think I should know that name: was he not
" one of the tutors of a late Princess? If I
" am not mistaken, ' thereby hangs a tale,' that
" perhaps would have been forgotten, but for
" his over-officious zeal,—or a worse motive.
" The would-be Bishop having himself cracked
" windows, should not throw stones. I respect
" the pulpit as much as any man, but would not
" have it made a forum for politics or persona-
" lity. The Puritans gave us quite enough of
" them.—But to come to the point. A person
" who was at his house to-day, where he has a

"chapel, tells me that this dignitary of the "Church has in a very undignified way been "preaching against my 'Cain.' He contends, "it seems, that the snake which tempted Eve "was not a snake, but the Devil in disguise; "and that Bishop Warburton's 'Legation of "Moses' is no authority. It may be so, and a "poor unlearned man like me may be mistaken: "but as there are not three of his congregation "who have seen 'Cain,' and not one but will be "satisfied that the learned Doctor's object is to "preach against and vilify me, under the pre-"text of clearing up these disputed points, sure-"ly his arguments are much misplaced. It is "strange that people will not let me alone. I "am sure I lead a very quiet, moral life here."

A fortnight after he said:

"I hear that your Doctor, in company with "some Russians, the other day, called Shelley a "*scelerato*, and has been preaching two ser-

"mons, two following Sundays, against Athe-
"ism. It is pretty clear for whom he means
"them; and Mrs. Shelley being there, it was
"still more indecent. The Doctor is playing
"with penknives when he handles poets."

The next morning he gave us a song upon the Doctor, to the tune of "The Vicar and Moses."

"I have often wished," said I to Lord Byron one day, "to know how you passed your time after your return from Greece in 1812."

"There is little to be said about it," replied he. "Perhaps it would have been better had I "never returned! I had become so much at-
"tached to the Morea, its climate, and the life
"I led there, that nothing but my mother's
"death* and my affairs would have brought me

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* In August 1811.

"home. However, after an absence of three "years, behold! I was again in London. My "Second Canto of 'Childe Harold' was then "just published; and the impersonation of my- "self, which, in spite of all I could say, the "world would discover in that poem, made "every one curious to know me, and to discover "the identity. I received every where a mark- "ed attention, was courted in all societies, made "much of by Lady Jersey, had the *entré* at "Devonshire-house, was in favour with Brum- "mell, (and that was alone enough to make a "man of fashion at that time;) in fact, I was a "lion—a ball-room bard—a *hot-pressed* darling! "'The Corsair' put my reputation *au comble*, "and had a wonderful success, as you may sup- "pose, by one edition being sold in a day.

"Polidori, who was rather vain, once asked "me what there was he could not do as well as "I? I think I named four things:—that I "could swim four miles — write a book, of

"which four thousand copies should be sold in "a day*—drink four bottles of wine—and I "forget what the other was, but it is not worth "mentioning. However, as I told you before, "my 'Corsair' was sufficient to captivate all the "ladies."

"I am accused of ingratitude to a certain "personage. It is pretended that, after his "civilities, I should not have spoken of him dis-"respectfully. Those epigrams were written "long before my introduction to him; which "was, after all, entirely accidental, and un-"sought-for on my part. I met him one "evening at Colonel J——'s. As the "party was a small one, he could not help "observing me; and as I made a considerable

* The fact is that nearly 10,000 of several of Lord Byron's productions have been sold on the first day of publication.

" noise at that time, and was one of the lions " of the day, he sent General —— to desire I " would be presented to him. I would willing- " ly have declined the honour, but could not " with decency. His request was in the nature " of a command. He was very polite, for he is " the politest man in Europe, and paid me some " compliments that meant nothing. This was " all the civility he ever shewed me, and it does " not burthen my conscience much.

" I will shew you my Irish '*Avatara*.' " Moore tells me that it has saved him from " writing on the same subject: he would have " done it much better. I told M—— to get " it published in Paris: he has sent me a " few printed copies; here is one for you. I " have said that the Irish Emancipation, when " granted, will not conciliate the Catholics, but " will be considered as a measure of expediency, " and the resort of fear. But you will have the " sentiment in the words of the original."

THE IRISH AVATARA.

Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
Whilst her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave
To the long-cherish'd Isle which he loved—like his Bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,—
The rainbow-like epoch when Freedom could pause,
For the few little years out of centuries won,—
That betray'd not, and crush'd not, and wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The Castle still stands, and the Senate 's no more,
And the famine that dwells on her freedomless crags,
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore:—

To her desolate shore, where the emigrant stands
For a moment to pause ere he flies from his hearth:
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
—For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of Royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves!
Then receive him, as best such an Advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves.

He comes! in the promise and bloom of three-score,
To perform in the pageant the Sovereign's part!
But long live the Shamrock that shadows him o'er,
Could the green on his hat be transferr'd to his *heart*:

Could that long-withered spot be but verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise,
Then might Freedom forgive thee this dance with thy chain,
And the shout of thy Slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
Such servile devotion might shame him away!

But roar in his train; let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride:
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul on the freedom implored and denied!

Ever-glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart—so sublime in the rest,
With all that Demosthenes wanted endued,
And his victor, or rival, in all he possess'd:

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
By some, though unequal, the task was begun:
But Grattan sprung up, like a God from the tomb
Of ages,—the first, last, the Saviour—the One!

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute—
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny, listening, sat melted or mute,
And Corruption sank scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

Ay! back to our theme—back to despots and slaves,
Feasts furnished by Famine—rejoicings by Pain:
True Freedom but *welcomes*, while Slavery still *raves*,
When a week's Saturnalia have loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford,
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide,)
Gild over the palace,—lo! Erin thy lord,—
Kiss his foot, with thy blessing, for blessings denied!

And if freedom past hope be extorted at last,—
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,—
Must what terror or policy wrung forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature,—a king's is to reign:—
To reign!—in that word see, ye ages, comprised
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to ——— the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trappings! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments — *his!!* — and thy country convince,
Half an age's contempt was an error of Fame,
And that "Hal is the * * * * sweetest young Prince!"

Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal! recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay, "build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite,
Till, like Babel, this new royal dome has arisen:
Let thy beggars and Helots their pittance unite,
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread, spread for Vitellius the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous * * * * be stuff'd to the gorge,
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The * * * of the fools and * * * * * call'd ———!

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan,—
Till they groan like thy people through ages of woe
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like the blood * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone!
On his right hand behold a *Sejanus* appears—
Thine own C———! Let him still be thine own!—
A wretch never named but with curses and tears,

Till now, when this Isle, that should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile that crawl'd from her earth,
And for * * * * repays him with shouts and a smile!—

Without one single ray of her genius,—without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If she ever gave birth to a being so base!

If she did, may her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring!
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the heart of a king!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh, Erin! how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulph still!

My voice, though but humble, was raised in thy right;
My vote,* as a freeman's, still voted thee free;
My arm, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight;
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for thee!

Yes! I loved thee and thine, though thou wert not *my* land;
I have known noble hearts and brave souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world on the patriot band
Who are gone,—but I weep them no longer as once!

For happy are they now reposing afar—
Thy Curran, thy Grattan, thy Sheridan—all,
Who for years were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded thy fall!—

Yes! happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start at thy shouts of to-day;
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay!

* He spoke on the Catholic Question.

Till now I had envied thy sons and thy shore!
Though their virtues are blunted, their liberties fled,
There is something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—their dead!

Or if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which, though trod like the worm, will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan—the genius of Moore!

"What a noble fellow," said Lord Byron, after I had finished reading, "was Lord Edward Fitzgerald!—and what a romantic and singular history was his! If it were not too near our times, it would make the finest subject in the world for an historical novel."

"What was there so singular in his life and adventures?" I asked.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said he, "was a soldier from a boy. He served in America,

"and was left for dead in one of the pitched "battles, (I forget which,) and returned in the "list of killed. Having been found in the field "after the removal of the wounded, he was "recovered by the kindness and compassion of "a native, and restored to his family as one "from the grave. On coming back to Eng-"land, he employed himself entirely in the "duties of his corps and the study of military "tactics, and got a regiment. The French Re-"volution now broke out, and with it a flame "of liberty burnt in the breast of the young "Irishman. He paid this year a visit to Paris, "where he formed an intimacy with Tom "Paine, and came over with him to England.

"There matters rested, till, dining one day "at his regimental mess, he ordered the band "to play '*Ça ira*,' the great revolutionary air. "A few days afterwards he received a letter "from head-quarters, to say that the King dis-"pensed with his services.

"He now paid a second visit to America,
"where he lived for two years among the native
"Indians; and once again crossing the Atlantic,
"settled on his family estate in Ireland, where
"he fulfilled all the duties of a country gentle-
"man and magistrate. Here it was that he
"became acquainted with the O'Connors, and
"in conjunction with them zealously exerted
"himself for the emancipation of their country.
"On their imprisonment he was proscribed, and
"secreted himself for six weeks in what are
"called the liberties of Dublin; but was at
"length betrayed by a woman.

"Major Sirr and a party of the military
"entered his bed-room, which he always kept
"unlocked. At the voices he started up in bed
"and seized his pistols, when Major Sirr fired
"and wounded him. Taken to prison, he soon
"after died of his wound, before he could be
"brought to trial. Such was the fate of one
"who had all the qualifications of a hero and a

"patriot! Had he lived, perhaps Ireland had "not now been a land of Helots."

"What did you mean," asked I one day, "by that line in 'Beppo,'—

'Some play the devil, and then write a novel?'"

"I alluded," replied he, "to a novel that had "some fame in consequence of its being consi- "dered a history of my life and adventures, "character and exploits, mixed up with innu- "merable lies and lampoons upon others. Ma- "dame de Staël asked me if the picture was "like me,—and the Germans think it is not a "caricature. One of my foreign biographers "has tacked name, place, and circumstance to "the Florence fable, and gives me a principal "instead of a subordinate part in a certain tra- "gical history therein narrated. Unfortunately "for my biographers, I was never at Florence "for more than a few days in my life. Hence,

" however, it has been alleged that murder is
" my instinct; and to make innocence my vic-
" tim and my prey, part of my nature. I ima-
" gine that this dark hint took its origin from
" one of my Notes in the 'The Giaour,' in
" which I said that the countenance of a person
" dying by stabs retained the character of fero-
" city, or of the particular passion imprinted on
" it, at the moment of dissolution. A sage re-
" viewer makes this comment on my remark, viz.
" 'It must have been the result of personal
" observation!'

" But I am made out a very amiable person
" in that novel! The only thing belonging to
" me in it, is part of a letter; but it is mixed
" up with much fictitious and poetical matter!
" Shelley told me he was offered, by [redacted]
" the bookseller in Bond Street, no small sum
" if he would compile the Notes of that book
" into a story; but that he declined the offer.

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"But if I know the authoress, I have seen let-
"ters of hers much better written than any
"part of that novel. A lady of my acquaint-
"ance told me, that when that book was going
"to the press, she was threatened with cutting
"a prominent figure in it if ——. But the
"story would only furnish evidence of the un-
"authenticity of the nature of the materials,
"and shew the manner and spirit with which
"the piece was got up.—Yet I don't know why
"I have been led to talk about such nonsense,
"which I paid no more attention to than I have
"to the continual calumnies and lies that have
"been unceasingly circulated about me, in public
"prints, and through anonymous letters. I got
"a whole heap of them when I was at Venice,
"and at last found out that I had to thank Mr.
"Sotheby for the greater share of them. It was

"under the waspishness produced by this dis-
"covery that I made him figure also in my
"'Beppo' as an 'antique gentleman of rhyme,'
"a 'bustling Botherby,' &c. I always thought
"him the most insufferable of bores, and the
"curse of the Hampbell, as Edgeworth was of
"*his* club. There was a society formed for the
"suppression of Edgeworth, and sending him
"back to Ireland;—but I should have left the
"other to his

'Snug coterie and literary lady,

"and to his ——————— that Rogers pre-
"tended to take for an old arm-chair, if he had
"not made himself an active bore, by dunning
"me with disagreeable news,—and, what was
"worse, and more nauseous and indigestible
"still, with his criticisms and advice.

"When Galignani was about to publish a
"new edition of my works, he applied to

"Moore to furnish him with some anecdotes of "me; and it was suggested that we should "get up a series of the most unaccountable "and improbable adventures, to gull the Pari-"sian and travelling world with: but I thought "afterwards that he had quite enough of the "fabulous at command without our inventing "any thing new, which indeed would have re-"quired ingenuity.*

"You tell me that the Baron Lutzerode has "been asking you for some authentic par-"ticulars of my life, to affix to his translation "of 'Cain,' and thus contradict the German "stories circulated about me, and which, I un-"derstand, even Goethe believes. Why don't

* The reader will laugh when I tell him that it was asserted to a friend of mine, that the lines 'To Thyrza,' published with the First Canto of 'Childe Harold,' were addressed to—his bear. There is nothing so malignant that hatred will not invent, or folly believe.

"you write something for him, Medwin? I "believe you know more of me than any one "else,—things even that are not in *the book*."

I said, "My friend the Baron is a great enthusiast about you, and I am sure you would like him."

"Taaffe told me the other day," he replied, "a noble trait of him, which perhaps you have "not heard, and which makes me highly re- "spect him. An only child of his was danger- "ously ill of a malignant fever:—it was sup- "posed by the physicians that he might be "saved by bleeding; but blood would not "follow the lancet, and the Baron breathed "the vein with his mouth. The boy died, and "the father took the contagion, and was near "following his child to the grave."

"Well then," said I, "shall I bring the Baron?"

"I have declined," replied Lord Byron, "going to Court; and as he belongs to it, must "also decline his visit. I neither like princes "nor their satellites; though the Grand Duke "is a very respectable tyrant—a kind of "Leopold. I will make my peace with your "amiable friend by sending him a 'Cain' and "'Don Juan' as a present, and adding to the "first page of the latter an impression of my "seal, with the motto '*Elle vous suit partout.*'* "This will please a German sentimentalist."

"There is an acquaintance of mine here," said I, "who has made a translation of a passage in De la Martine, relating to you, which I will shew you. He compares you to an eagle feeding on human hearts, and lapping their blood, &c."

"Why, we have got a little nest of singing

* See 'Don Juan,' Canto I. Stanza 198.

" birds here," said he; " I should like to see it. " I never met with the *Méditations Poétiques:*' " bring it to-morrow."

The next day I shewed him the lines, which he compared with the original, and said they were admirable, and that he considered them on the whole very complimentary. " Tell " your friend so, and beg him to make my " compliments to Mr. De la Martine, and say " that I thank him for his verses."

" Harrow," said he, " has been the nursery of " almost all the politicians of the day."

" I wonder," said I, " that you have never had the ambition of being one too."

" I take little interest," replied he, " in the " politics at home. I am not made for what " you call a politician, and should never have

"adhered to any party.* I should have taken "no part in the petty intrigues of cabinets, for "the pettier factions and contests for power "among parliamentary men. Among our "statesmen, Castlereagh is almost the only one "whom I have attacked; the only public cha-"racter whom I thoroughly detest, and against "whom I will never cease to level the shafts of "my political hate.

"I only addressed the House twice, and "made little impression. They told me that "my manner of speaking was not dignified "enough for the Lords, but was more calcu-"lated for the Commons. I believe it was "a Don Juan kind of speech. The two oc-"casions were, the Catholic Question,† and

* "The consequence of being of no party,
I shall offend all parties. Never mind!"
Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 26.

† A gentleman who was present at his maiden speech, on the Catholic question, says, that the Lords left their

"and (I think he said) some Manchester "affair.

"Perhaps, if I had never travelled,—never "left my own country young,—my views "would have been more limited. They ex- "tend to the good of mankind in general—of "the world at large. Perhaps the prostrate "situation of Portugal and Spain—the tyranny "of the Turks in Greece—the oppressions of "the Austrian Government at Venice—the "mental debasement of the Papal States, (not "to mention Ireland,)—tended to inspire me "with a love of liberty. No Italian could "have rejoiced more than I, to have seen a "Constitution established on this side the Alps. "I felt for Romagna as if she had been my

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seats and gathered round him in a circle; a proof, at least, of the interest which he excited: and that the same style was attempted in the Commons the next day, but failed.

"own country, and would have risked my life "and fortune for her, as I may yet for the "Greeks.* I am become a citizen of the world. "There is no man I envy so much as Lord "Cochrane. His entrance into Lima, which I "see announced in to-day's paper, is one of "the great events of the day. Mavrocordato, "too, (whom you know so well,) is also worthy "of the best times of Greece. Patriotism and "virtue are not quite extinct."

I told him that I thought the finest lines he

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* "And I will war, at least, in words, (and—should
My chance so happen,—deeds) with all who war
With thought. And of Thought's foes by far most rude
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.

I know not who may conquer; if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation!"

Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 24.

had ever written were his "Address to Greece," beginning—

"Land of the unforgotten brave!"

"I should be glad," said he, "to think that "I have added a spark to the flame.* I love "Greece, and take the strongest interest in "her struggle."

"I did not like," said I, "the spirit of Lambrino's ode; it was too desponding."

"That song," replied he, "was written "many years ago, though published only yes- "terday. Times are much changed since then. "I have learned to think very differently of

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*"But words are things;—and a small drop of ink
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 88.

"the cause, at least of its success. I look "upon the Morea as secure. There is more "to be apprehended from friends than foes. "Only keep the Vandals out of it; they would "be like the Goths here."

"What do you think of the Turkish power," I asked, "and of their mode of fighting?"

"The Turks are not so despicable an enemy "as people suppose. They have been carrying "on a war with Russia, or rather Russia with "them, since Peter the Great's time;—and "what have they lost, till lately, of any im- "portance? In 1788 they gained a victory "over the Austrians, and were very nearly "making the Emperor of Austria prisoner, "though his army consisted of 80,000 men.

"They beat us in Egypt, and took one of "our generals. Their mode of fighting is "not unformidable. Their cavalry falls very

"little short of ours, and is better mounted—
"their horses better managed. Look, for in-
"stance, at the Arab the Turkish Prince here
"rides!—They are divided into parties of
"sixty, with a flag or standard to each. They
"come down, discharge their pieces, and are
"supplied by another party; and so on in
"succession. When they charge, it is by
"troops, like our successive squadrons."

"I reminded you," said I, "the other day of having said, in 'Childe Harold,' that the Greeks would have to fight their own battles,—work out their own emancipation. That was your prophetic age; Voltaire and Alfieri had theirs, and even Goldsmith."

Shelley, who was present, observed:—"Poets are sometimes the echoes of words of which they know not the power,—the trumpet that sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires."

"In what year was it," I asked, "that you wrote that line,

"Will Frank or Muscovite assist you?—No!"

"Some time in 1811. The ode was writ-
"ten about the same time. I expressed the
"same sentiments in one of its stanzas.*

"I will tell you a plan I have in embryo.
"I have formed a strong wish to join the
"Greeks. Gamba is anxious to be of the party.
"I shall not, however, leave Italy without pro-
"per authority and full power from the Patriot
"Government. I mean to write to them, and

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* The lines to which he alluded were—

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks;
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of freedom dwells!"

Don Juan, Canto III. Page 51.

"that will take time; — besides, the Guic-
"cioli! *".

"I have received," said he, "from my sister,
"a lock of Napoleon's hair, which is of a beau-
"tiful black. If Hunt were here, we should
"have half-a-dozen sonnets on it. It is a va-
"luable present; but, according to my Lord

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* I have heard Lord Byron reproached for leaving the Guiccioli. Her brother's accompanying him to Greece, and his remains to England, prove at least that the family acquitted him of any blame. The disturbed state of the country rendered her embarking with him out of the question; and the confiscation of her father's property made her jointure, and his advanced age her care, necessary to him.—It required all Lord Byron's interest with the British Envoy, as well as his own guarantee, to protect the Gambas at Genoa. But his own house at length ceased to be an asylum for them, and they were banished the Sardinian States a month before he sailed for Leghorn; whence, after laying in the supplies for his voyage, he directed his fatal course to the Morea.

"Carlisle, I ought not to accept it. I observe, "in the newspapers of the day, some lines of "his Lordship's, advising Lady Holland not to "have any thing to do with the snuff-box left "her by Napoleon, for fear that horror and "murder should jump out of the lid every time "it is opened! It is a most ingenious idea—I "give him great credit for it."

He then read me the first stanza, laughing in his usual suppressed way,—

"Lady, reject the gift," &c.

and produced in a few minutes the following parody on it:

"Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas, written by a bore,
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!"

"When will my wise relation leave off verse-inditing?" said he. "I believe, of all manias,

" authorship is the most inveterate. He might " have learned by this time, indeed many years " ago, (but people never learn any thing by expe- " rience,) that he had mistaken his *forte*. There " was an epigram, which had some logic in it, " composed on the occasion of his Lordship's do- " ing two things in one day,—subscribing 1000*l.* " and publishing a sixpenny pamphlet! It was " on the state of the theatre, and dear enough " at the money. The epigram I think I can " remember:

' Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound
Out of his rich domains;
And for a sixpence circles round
The produce of his brains.
'Tis thus the difference you may hit
Between his fortune and his wit.'

" A man who means to be a poet should do, " and should have done all his life, nothing else " but make verses. There's Shelley has more

" poetry in him than any man living; and if " he were not so mystical, and would not write " Utopias and set himself up as a Reformer, his " right to rank as a poet, and very highly too, " could not fail of being acknowledged. I said " what I thought of him the other day; and all " who are not blinded by bigotry must think " the same. The works he wrote at seventeen " are much more extraordinary than Chatter- " ton's at the same age."

A question was started, as to which he considered the easiest of all metres in our language.

" Or rather," replied he, " you mean, which is " the least difficult? I have spoken of the fatal " facility of the octo-syllabic metre. The Spen- " ser stanza is difficult, because it is like a son- " net, and the finishing line must be good. " The couplet is more difficult still, because the " last line, or one out of two, must be good.

" But blank-verse is the most difficult of all,
" because every line must be good."

" You might well say then," I observed,
" that no man can be a poet who does any
thing else."

During our evening ride the conversation happened to turn upon the rival Reviews.

" I know no two men," said he, " who have
" been so infamously treated, as Shelley and
" Keats. If I had known that Milman had
" been the author of that article on ' The Revolt
" of Islam,' I would never have mentioned
" ' Fazio' among the plays of the day,—and
" scarcely know why I paid him the com-
" pliment. In consequence of the shameless
" personality of that and another number of
" ' The Quarterly,' every one abuses Shelley,
" —his name is coupled with every thing that

" is opprobrious: but he is one of the most mo-
" ral as well as amiable men I know. I have
" now been intimate with him for years, and
" every year has added to my regard for him.—
" Judging from Milman, Christianity would ap-
" pear a bad religion for a poet, and not a very
" good one for a man. His 'Siege of Jerusa-
" lem' is one *cento* from Milton; and in style
" and language he is evidently an imitator of
" the very man whom he most abuses. No one
" has been puffed like Milman: he owes his
" extravagant praise to Heber. These Quar-
" terly Reviewers scratch one another's backs
" at a prodigious rate. Then as to Keats,
" though I am no admirer of his poetry, I do
" not envy the man, whoever he was, that at-
" tacked and killed him. Except a couplet of
" Dryden's,

> 'On his own bed of torture let him lie,
> Fit garbage for the hell-hound infamy,'

" I know no lines more cutting than those in

"'Adonais,'* or more feeling than the whole "elegy..

"As Keats is now gone, we may speak of "him. I am always battling with *the Snake* "about Keats, and wonder what he finds to "make a god of, in that idol of the Cockneys: "besides, I always ask Shelley why he does not "follow his style, and make himself one of the "school, if he think it so divine. He will, like "me, return some day to admire Pope, and "think 'The Rape of the Lock' and its sylphs "worth fifty 'Endymions,' with their faun and "satyr machinery. I remember Keats some-

* The lines to which he referred were these:

"Expect no heavier chastisement from me,
But ever at thy season be thou free
To spill their venom when thy fangs o'erflow.
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy Crin-like brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt as now."

Adonais.

where says that 'flowers would not blow, "leaves bud,' &c. if man and woman did not "kiss. How sentimental!"

I remarked that 'Hyperion' was a fine fragment, and a proof of his poetical genius.

"'Hyperion!" said he: 'why a man might 'as well pretend to be rich who had one diamond. 'Hyperion' indeed! 'Hyperion' to a satyr! Why, there is a fine line in Lord Thurlow (looking to the West that was gloriously golden with the sunset) which I mean to borrow some day:

'And all that gorgeous company of clouds'—

"Do you think they will suspect me of taking "from Lord Thurlow?"

Speaking to him of 'Lalla Rookh,' he said:

"Moore did not like my saying that I could "never attempt to describe the manners or "scenery of a country that I had not visited. "Without this it is almost impossible to adhere "closely to costume. Captain Ellis once asked "him if he had ever been in Persia. If he had, "he would not have made his Parsee guilty of "such a profanity. It was an Irishism to make "a Gheber die by fire."

"I have been reading," said I, "'The Lusiad,' and some of Camoens' smaller poems. Why did Lord Strangford call his beautiful Sonnets, &c. translations?"

"Because he wrote," said Lord Byron, "in "order to get the situation at the Brazils, and "did not know a word of Portuguese when he "commenced."

"Moore was suspected of assisting his Lordship," said I. "Was that so?"

"I am told not," said Lord Byron. "They "are great friends; and when Moore was in "difficulty about the Bermuda affair, in which "he was so hardly used, Lord Strangford offer- "ed to give him 500*l.*; but Moore had too "much independence to lay himself under an "obligation. I know no man I would go fur- "ther to serve than Moore."

"'The Fudge Family' pleases me as much "as any of his works. The letter which he "versified at the end was given him by Douglas "Kinnaird and myself, and was addressed by "the Life-guardsman, after the battle of Wa- "terloo, to Big Ben. Witty as Moore's epistle "is, it falls short of the original. 'Doubling "up the *Mounseers* in brass,' is not so energetic "an expression as was used by our hero,—all "the alliteration is lost.

"Moore is one of the few writers who will "survive the age in which he so deservedly

"flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Melo-
"dies;' they will go down to posterity with the
"music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as
"music and poetry."

I took leave of Lord Byron on the 15th of March, to visit Rome for a few weeks. Shortly after my departure an affray happened at Pisa, the particulars of which were variously stated. The *Courier François* gave the following account of it:—

"A superior officer went to Lord Byron a few days ago. A very warm altercation, the reason of which was unknown, occurred between this officer and the English poet. The threats of the officer became so violent, that Lord Byron's servant ran to protect his master. A struggle ensued, in which the officer was struck with a poniard by the servant, and died instantly. The servant fled."

This was one among many reports that were circulated at Rome, to which I was forced one day to give a somewhat flat contradiction. But the real truth of the story cannot be better explained than by the depositions before the Governor of Pisa, the copies of which were sent me, and are in my possession.* They state that

"Lord Byron, in company with Count Gamba, Captain Hay, Mr. Trelawney, and Mr. Shelley, was returning from his usual ride, on the 21st March, 1822, and was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the Piaggia gate, when a man on horseback, in a hussar uniform, dashed at full speed through the midst of the party, violently jostling (*urtando*) one of them. Shocked at such ill-breeding, Lord Byron pushed forward, and all the rest followed him, and pulled up their horses on overtaking the hussar.

* See the Appendix for the original depositions.

His Lordship then asked him what he meant by the insult? The hussar, for first and only answer, began to abuse him in the grossest manner; on which Lord Byron and one of his companions drew out a card with their names and address, and passed on. The hussar followed, vociferating and threatening, with his hand on his sabre, that he would draw it, as he had often done, effectually. They were now about ten paces from the Piaggia gate. Whilst this altercation was going on, a common soldier of the artillery interfered, and called out to the hussar, 'Why don't you arrest them? Command us to arrest them!' Upon which the hussar gave the word to the guard at the gate, 'Arrest—arrest them!' still continuing the same threatening gestures, and using language, if possible, more offensive and insulting.

"His Lordship, hearing the order given for their arrest, spurred on his horse, and one of the party did the same; and they succeeded in

forcing their way through the soldiers, who flew to their muskets and bayonets, whilst the gate was closed on the rest, together with the courier, who was foremost.

"Mr. Trelawney now found his horse seized by the bridle by two soldiers, with their swords drawn, and himself furiously assaulted by the hussar, who made several cuts at him with his sabre, whilst the soldiers struck him about the thighs. He and his companions were all unarmed, and asked this madman the reason of his conduct; but his only reply was blows.

"Mr. Shelley received a sabre-stroke on the head, which threw him off his horse. Captain Hay, endeavouring to parry a blow with a stick that he used as a whip, the edge of the weapon cut it in two, and he received a wound on his nose. The courier also suffered severely from several thrusts he received from the hussar and the rest of the soldiers. After all this, the

hussar spurred on his horse, and took the road to the Lung' Arno.

"When his Lordship reached the palace, he gave directions to his secretary to give immediate information to the police of what was going on; and, not seeing his companions come up, turned back towards the gate. On the way he met the hussar, who rode up to him, saying, 'Are you satisfied?' His Lordship, who knew nothing or hardly any thing of the affray that had taken place at the gate, answered, 'No, I am not! Tell me your name!'—'Sergeant-Major Masi,' said he. One of his Lordship's servants came up at the moment, and laid hold of the bridle of the Sergeant's horse. His Lordship commanded him to let it go; when the Sergeant spurred his horse, and rushed through an immense crowd collected before the Lanfranchi palace, where, as he deposes, he was wounded and his *chaco* found, but how or by whom they knew not, seeing that they were

either in the rear or in their way home. They had further to depose that Captain Hay was confined to his house by reason of his wound; also that the courier had spit blood from the thrust he received in the breast, as might be proved by the evidence of the surgeons."

There was also another deposition from a Mr. James Crawford. It stated that "the dragoon would have drawn his sabre against Lord Byron, in the Lung' Arno, had it not been for the interposition of the servant; and that Sergeant-Major Masi was knocked off his horse as he galloped past the Lanfranchi palace, Lord Byron and his servants being at a considerable distance therefrom at the time."

It appears that Sergeant-Major Masi was wounded with a pitchfork, and his life was for some time in danger; but it was never known by whom the wound had been given. One of the Countess's servants, and two of Lord By-

ron's, were arrested and imprisoned. It was suspected by the police that, being Italians and much attached to their master,* they had revenged his quarrel; but no proof was adduced to justify the suspicion.

During the time that the examination was taking place before the police, Lord Byron's house was beset by the dragoons belonging to Sergeant Major Masi's troop, who were on the point of forcing open the doors, but they were too well guarded within to dread the attack. Lord Byron, however, took his ride as usual two days after.

Lord Byron was the best of masters, and was perfectly adored by his servants. His kindness was extended even to their children. He liked them to have their families with them: and I remember one day, as we were entering the hall after our ride, meeting a little boy, of three or four years old, of the coachman's, whom he took up in his arms and presented with a ten-paul piece.

"It is not the first time," said he, "that my "house has been a *Bender*, and may not be the "last."

All Lord Byron's servants were banished from Pisa, and with them the Counts Gamba, father and son.

Lord Byron was himself advised to leave it; and as the Countess accompanied her father, he soon after joined them at Leghorn, and passed six weeks at Monte Nero. His return to Pisa was occasioned by a new persecution of the Gambas. An order was issued for them to leave the Tuscan States in four days; and on their embarkation for Genoa, the Countess and himself took up their residence (for the first time together) at the Lanfranchi palace, where Leigh Hunt and his family had already arrived.

18th AUGUST, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend.*—We came to

* It is hoped that the following memoir, as it relates to Lord Byron, may not be deemed misplaced here.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, born at Field-place, Sussex, in 1792, was removed at thirteen years of age from a private school, and sent to Eton:—he there shewed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a shy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. Neither did he distinguish himself much at Eton:—he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses; and directed his attention to Chemistry, and German, instead of the exercises of his class. From an early acquaintance with German authors he perhaps imbibed a romantic turn of mind; for we find him, before he was fifteen, publishing two Rosa-Matilda-like Novels called 'Zastrozzi' and 'The Rosicrusian,' that bore every mark of being the productions of a boy, and were much reprobated as immoral by the journals of the day. He also made great progress in chemistry. He used

a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree; and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave.

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to say that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no *elements* of fire, air, and water: —but he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments, and had for many years discontinued the pursuit. He now turned his active mind to metaphysics, and became infected with the materialism of the French school. He was now sent to University College, Oxford, being only sixteen; and after the second term printed a pamphlet with a most ridiculous title, 'The Necessity of Atheism.' This silly work, which was a recapitulation of some of the arguments of Voltaire, he not only affixed his name to, but circulated it among the Bench of Bishops. The consequence was obvious:—he was soon summoned before the heads of his College; and, refusing to retract his opinion, (which he proposed to argue with the examining masters—a greater madness still,) was expelled the University.

This disgrace little affected Shelley at the time; but it proved fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life; and was the means of alienating him, for ever, from

A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I after-

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his family. His father, for some time after it occurred, would not see him; and at length when he received him under his roof, treated him with so much coldness that he soon quitted his home; went to London; and thence eloped to Gretna Green with a Miss Westbrook, their joint ages amounting to thirty-two. This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he broke off all communication with Shelley; who, after a residence in Edinburgh of some months, passed over to Ireland: and that country being in a disturbed state, published a pamphlet that had a considerable sale, the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people, telling them that moderation and not rebellion would tend to conciliate their oppressors, and give them their liberties. He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. He was at that time a great admirer of Southey's Works, and before he left England had paid a visit to the Lakes, and passed several days at Keswick.

He now became devoted to poetry; and, after imbuing himself with 'The Age of Reason' and 'The Political Justice,' printed his 'Queen Mab,' and presented it to

wards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless

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most of the literary characters of the day—among the rest to Lord Byron, who thought it superior to Chatterton's Works at the same age. Speaking of it in his notes to 'The Two Foscari,' he says, "I shewed it to Mr. Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. No one knows better than its real author that his opinions and mine differ radically upon the metaphysical portion of that work: though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other productions."

It is to be remarked that 'Queen Mab' eight years afterwards fell into the hands of a knavish bookseller, and on its prosecution its author disclaimed all desire of publishing the opinions of his youth contained in that juvenile production. His marriage, by which he had two children, soon turned out as might have been expected, an unhappy one; and a separation ensuing in 1814, he went abroad, and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland.

The scenery of that romantic country tended to make Nature a passion and an enjoyment; and there, during a

Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the

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second visit in 1816, he contracted a friendship with Lord Byron that was destined to last for life. Perhaps the perfection of every thing Lord Byron wrote at Geneva (his Third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' his 'Manfred,' and 'Prisoner of Chillon') owe something to the critical judgment which Shelley exercised over his works, and his dosing him (as he said) with Wordsworth.

From Switzerland he was soon called to England by his wife's unhappy fate, which threw a cloud of melancholy over his own. The year subsequent to this event, he married Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, the daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstonecraft by William Godwin.

'He now took up his abode in Bucks, and published his 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude:' perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony in blank verse that our language possesses; and full of the wild scenery that his imagination had treasured up in his travels. In this poem he deifies Nature much in the same manner that Wordsworth did in his earlier productions.

offing; on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and

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Inattentive to pecuniary matters, and generous to excess, he soon found himself embarrassed; and not being able to live on his income, and still unforgiven by his family, he came to a resolution of quitting England, and never returning to it.

There was also another thing that tended to disgust him with his native country. His child was taken from him by the Lord Chancellor, in consequence of the promulgation of his atheistical opinions.

He now crossed the Alps; and resided for some months at Como, afterwards visiting Venice—where he strengthened his intimacy with Lord Byron. His 'Revolt of Islam,' an allegorical poem in the Spenser stanza, written about this time, soon after made its appearance. Spoken of with much commendation in Blackwood's Magazine, it fell under the lash of 'The Quarterly,' which disgraced itself by gross and personal abuse of the author, both openly, in the review of that work, and *insidiously* under the critique of Hunt's 'Foliage.' Perhaps little

uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with underwood curved by the sea-breeze, and

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can be said for the philosophy of the 'Loves of Laon and Cythna.' Like Owen of Lanark, he believed in the perfectibility of human nature; and looked forward to a period when a new golden age would return to earth; when all the different creeds and systems of the world would be amalgamated into one; when crime would disappear, and man be freed from shackles civil and religious.

Wild and visionary, and dangerous, as such a doctrine must be confessed to be, in the present state of society at least, it sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of his species, and the amelioration of mankind; and however mistaken the means of bringing about this reform or revolt may be considered, the object of his whole life and writings seems to have been to develope them. This is particularly observable in his next work, the 'Prometheus Unbound,' a bold attempt to revive the play of Æschylus. This drama shews an acquaintance with the Greek tragedians, that perhaps no other person possessed in an equal degree; and was written at Rome in the flower-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. Here also he formed into a tragedy the story of 'The Cenci,' which,

stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along

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but for the harrowing nature of the subject, would not have failed to have had the greatest success, both on the stage and in the closet.

After passing several months at Naples, he finally settled in Tuscany, where he passed with an amiable wife the last four years of his life in domestic retirement, and intense application. His acquirements were great. He was perhaps the best classic in Europe. The books he considered as the models of style in prose and poetry were Plato and the Greek dramatists. He made himself equally master of the modern languages: Calderon in Spanish, Petrarch and Dante in Italian, and Goethe in German, were his favourite authors. French poetry he never read; and said he never could understand the beauty of Racine's verses.

Discouraged by the ill success of his writings; persecuted by the malice of reviewers, to which he was indifferent—for the last three years, though he continued to write, he had almost given up publishing. There were only two occasions that induced him to deviate from the

the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smug-

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resolution. His ardent love of liberty inspired him to write 'Hellas, or the Triumph of Greece,' since translated into Greek, which he dedicated to his friend Prince Maurocordato:—and his attachment to Keats produced an Elegy, that he entitled 'Adonais.' This is perhaps the most finished and beautiful of all his compositions, and the one he considered his best. I cannot give a fairer specimen of his style and manner, or a better portrait of Shelley, than the one he drew of himself in this poem, and afterwards expunged from it.

'Mid others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell;—he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

gling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the

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His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue,
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
(Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,)
Vibrated as the ever beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it;—of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart,—
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart."

The last eighteen months of his short but eventful life (he used to say he had lived to an hundred) were passed in daily intercourse with Lord Byron, to whom the amiability, gentleness, and elegance of his manners, and great talents and acquirements, had endeared him. Like his friend, he wished to die young, and perished in the 30th year of his age in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and Lerici, in a storm, from the upsetting of an open boat. The sea had ever been his great delight; and in the following lines, written as early as 1814, he seems to have anticipated that it would prove his grave:—

Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which, being composed of white

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"To-morrow comes:
Cloud after cloud with dark and deep'ning mass
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom,
And shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws."

Well might his disconsolate widow, and the friends by whom he was adored, as he was by all who knew him, add in the words of Lycidas:—

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That struck so low that sacred head of thine."

For fifteen days after the loss of the vessel, his body remained undiscovered; and when found, was not in a state to be removed.

marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow.

—As a foreground to his picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile,

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In order to comply with his wish of being buried at Rome, his corpse was therefore directed to be burned; and Lord Byron, faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, superintended the ceremony. The remains of one who had little repose here, now sleep with those of his friend Keats, in the burial-ground near Caius Cestus's tomb;—"a spot so beautiful," said he, "that it would almost reconcile me to death, to lie there!"

Even if Shelley had not set himself up as a reformer, his poetry was never calculated to be popular. His creations were of another world. His metaphysical speculations are clothed in too mystical a language; his allusions are too deep and classical for many minds to comprehend or enjoy them:—but there are some also who will love to place his works on the same shelf with the 'Republic' of Plato, and the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More.

with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,

"Why, that old black silk handkerchief "retains its form better than that human "body!"

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes therefore, and swam off to his

yacht, which was riding at some distance. The heat of the sun and checked perspiration threw him into a fever, which he felt coming on before he left the water, and which became more violent before he reached Pisa. On his return he immediately ordered a warm bath.

"I have been very subject to fevers," said he, "and am not in the least alarmed at this. It "will yield to my usual remedy, the bath."

The next morning he was perfectly recovered. When I called, I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange-trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina,* and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable. A three years' constancy proves that he is not altogether so unmanageable by a sen-

sible woman as might be supposed. In fact no man is so easily led: but he is not to be driven. His spirits are good, except when he speaks of Shelley and Williams. He tells me he has not made one voyage in his yacht since their loss, and has taken a disgust to sailing.

"I have got Hunt with me," said he. I "will tell you how I became acquainted with "him.

"One of the first visits I paid to Hunt was "in prison. I remember Lady Byron was "with me in the carriage, and I made her "wait longer than I intended at the gate of "the King's Bench.

"When party feeling ran highest against "me, Hunt was the only editor of a paper, the "only literary man, who dared say a word in "my justification. I shall always be grateful

" to him for the part he took on that occasion. " It was manly in him to brave the obloquy of " standing alone.

" Shelley and myself furnished some time " ago a suite of apartments in my house for " him, which he now occupies. I believe I " told you of a plan we had in agitation for " his benefit. His principal object in coming " out was to establish a literary journal, whose " name is not yet fixed.

" I have promised to contribute, and shall " probably make it a vehicle for some occa- " sional poems;—for instance, I mean to trans- " late Ariosto. I was strongly advised by " Tom Moore, long ago, not to have any con- " nection with such a company as Hunt, " Shelley, and Co.; but I have pledged myself, " and besides could not now, if I had ever so " great a disinclination for the scheme, disap- " point all Hunt's hopes. He has a large fa-

" mily, has undertaken a long journey, and " undergone a long series of persecutions.

" Moore tells me that it was proposed to " him to contribute to the new publication, but " that he had declined it. You see I cannot " get out of the scrape. The name is not yet " decided upon,—half-a-dozen have been re- " jected.

" Hunt would have made a fine writer, for " he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if " he had not been spoiled by circumstances. " He was brought up at the Blue-coat founda- " tion, and had never till lately been ten miles " from St. Paul's. What poetry is to be ex- " pected from such a course of education? " He has his school, however, and a host of " disciples. A friend of mine calls 'Rimini,' " *Nimini Pimini;* and 'Foliage,' Follyage. " Perhaps he had a tumble in 'climbing

"trees in the Hesperides!"* But 'Rimini' "has a great deal of merit. There never "were so many fine things spoiled as in "Rimini.'"

"Since you left us," said he, "I have had "serious thoughts of visiting America; and "when the Gambas were ordered out of Tus- "cany, was on the point of embarkation for "the only country which is a sanctuary for "liberty.

"Since I have been abroad, I have received "many civilities from the Americans†; among

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* The motto to his book entitled 'Foliage.'

† I have been favoured with a sight of a letter addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Church, one of the American Consuls, in which he thus speaks of his Grecian project a few months after:

"The accounts are so contradictory, as to what mode "will be best for supplying the Greeks, that I have

" the rest, I was acquainted with the captain " of one of their frigates lying in the Leghorn " roads, and used occasionally to dine on board " his ship. He offered to take me with him to " America. I desired time to consider; but at " last declined it, not wishing to relinquish my " Grecian project.

" deemed it better to take up, (with the exception of " a few supplies) what cash and credit I can muster, " rather than lay them out in articles that might be " deemed superfluous or unnecessary. Here we can learn " nothing but from some of the refugees, who appear " chiefly interested for themselves. My accounts from " an agent of the Committee, an English gentleman " lately gone up to Greece, are hitherto favourable; but " he had not yet reached the seat of the Provisional " Government, and I am anxiously expecting further " advice.

" An American has a better right than any other to " suggest to other nations the mode of obtaining that " liberty which is the glory of his own!"

Once landed in that country, perhaps, I "should not have soon left it;—I might have "settled there, for I shall never revisit Eng- "land. On Lady Noel's death, I thought I "should have been forced to go home (and was "for a moment bent on doing so on another "occasion, which you know); but I told Hanson "that I would rather make any sacrifice.

"The polite attentions of the American "sailor were very different from the treatment "I met with from the captain of a sloop of "war belonging to our Navy, who made the "gentleman commanding my yacht haul down "my pennant. They might have respected "the name of the great navigator.* In the "time of peace, and in a free port, there "could have been no plea for such an in-

* His grandfather, Admiral Byron. I have heard him more than once speak of Campbell's having named him in 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

"sult. I wrote to the captain of the vessel "rather sharply, and was glad to find that "his first lieutenant had acted without his "orders, and when he was on shore; but they "had been issued, and could not be reversed.

"You see I can't go any where without "being persecuted. I am going to Genoa in "a few days."

"I have almost finished," said he, "another "play, which I mean to call 'Werner.' The "story is taken from Miss Lee's 'Kruitzner.' "There are fine things in 'The Canterbury "Tales;' but Miss Lee only wrote two of "them: the others are the compositions of her "sister, and are vastly inferior.

"There is no tale of Scott's finer than "'The German's Tale.' I admired it when "I was a boy, and have continued to like "what I did then. This tale, I remember,

"particularly affected me. I could not help "thinking of the authoress, who destroyed "herself. I was very young when I finished "a few scenes of a play founded on that "story. I perfectly remember many of the "lines as I go on.

"'Vathek' was another of the tales I had "a very early admiration of. You may re- "member a passage I borrowed from it in "'The Siege of Corinth,' which I almost took "verbatim.* No Frenchman will believe that

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* "There is a light cloud by the moon;
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon.
If by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased the shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged,—
Dark will thy doom be—darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Siege of Corinth.

"'Vathek' is the work of a foreigner. It "was written at seventeen. What do you "think of the Cave of Eblis, and the picture "of Eblis himself? There is poetry. I class "it in merit with (though it is a different "sort of thing from) 'Paul and Virginia,' and "Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling,' and 'La "Roche' in the 'Mirror.'

'Werner' was written in twenty-eight days, and one entire act at a sitting. The MS. had scarcely an alteration in it for pages together. I remember retaining in my memory one passage, which he repeated to me, and which I consider quite Shakspearian.

"Four
Five—six hours I have counted, like the guard
Of outposts, on the never-merry clock,—
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,
Though for a marriage-feast it rings: each stroke

Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
Of love deep buried without resurrection
In the grave of possession; whilst the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple time in the son's ear."

"What can be expected," said I to him, from a five act play, finished in four weeks?"

"I mean to dedicate 'Werner,'" said he, "to Goethe. I look upon him as the greatest "genius that the age has produced. I desired "Murray to inscribe his name to a former "work; but he pretends my letter containing "the order came too late.—It would have been "more worthy of him than this."

"I have a great curiosity about every thing "relating to Goethe, and please myself with "thinking there is some analogy between our "characters and writings. So much interest do

"I take in him, that I offered to give 100*l.* to "any person who would translate his 'Me- "moirs,' for my own reading.* Shelley has "sometimes explained part of them to me. "He seems to be very superstitious, and is a "believer in astrology,—or rather was, for he "was very young when he wrote the first part "of his Life. I would give the world to read "'Faust' in the original. I have been urging "Shelley to translate it; but he said that the "translator of 'Wallenstein' was the only per- "son living who could venture to attempt it;— "that he had written to Coleridge, but in vain. "For a man to translate it, he must think as "*he* does."

"How do you explain," said I, "the first line,—

'The sun thunders through the sky'?"

* An English translation of this interesting work has lately appeared, in 2 vols. 8vo.

" He speaks of the music of the spheres in " Heaven," said he, " where, as in Job, the first " scene is laid.

" Since you left us," said Lord Byron, " I " have seen Hobhouse for a few days. Hob- " house is the oldest and the best friend I have. " What scenes we have witnessed together! " Our friendship began at Cambridge. We led " the same sort of life in town, and travelled in " company a great part of the years 1809, 10, " and 11. He was present at my marriage, " and was with me in 1816, after my separa- " tion. We were at Venice, and visited Rome " together in 1817. The greater part of my " 'Childe Harold' was composed when we were " together, and I could do no less in gratitude " than dedicate the complete poem to him. " The First Canto was inscribed to one of the " most beautiful little creatures I ever saw, then " a mere child: Lady Charlotte Harley was my " Ianthe.

"Hobhouse's Dissertation on Italian litera-
"ture is much superior to his Notes on
"'Childe Harold.' Perhaps he understood
"the antiquities better than Nibbi, or any
"of the Cicerones; but the knowledge is some-
"what misplaced where it is. Shelley went
"to the opposite extreme, and never made any
"notes.

"Hobhouse has an excellent heart: he fainted
"when he heard a false report of my death in
"Greece, and was wonderfully affected at that
"of Matthews—a much more able man than
"the *Invalid*. You have often heard me speak
"of him. The tribute I paid to his memory
"was a very inadequate one, and ill expressed
"what I felt at his loss."

It may be asked *when* Lord Byron writes. The same question was put to Madame de Staël: "*Vous ne comptez pas sur ma chaise-à-*

porteurs," said she. I am often with him from the time he gets up till two or three o'clock in the morning, and after sitting up so late he must require rest; but he produces, the next morning, proofs that he has not been idle. Sometimes when I call, I find him at his desk; but he either talks as he writes, or lays down his pen to play at billiards till it is time to take his airing. He seems to be able to resume the thread of his subject at all times, and to weave it of an equal texture. Such talent is that of an *improvisatore.* The fairness too of his manuscripts (I do not speak of the hand-writing) astonishes no less than the perfection of every thing he writes. He hardly ever alters a word for whole pages, and never corrects a line in subsequent editions. I do not believe that he has ever read his works over since he examined the proof-sheets; and yet he remembers every word of them, and every thing else worth remembering that he has ever known.

I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words;—there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secresy. He tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, "You told me that," and with good humour sometimes finish it for you himself.

He hates argument, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the

person with whom he converses. He never shews the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is ever in extremes.

Miserly in trifles—about to lavish his whole fortune on the Greeks; to-day diminishing his stud—to-morrow taking a large family under his roof, or giving 1000*l.* for a yacht;* dining for a few Pauls when alone—spending hundreds when he has friends. "*Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*"

I am sorry to find that he has become more indolent. He has almost discontinued his rides.

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* He sold it for 300*l.* and refused to give the sailors their jackets; and offered once to bet Hay that he would live on 60*l.* a-year.

on horseback, and has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and his digestion is become weaker. In order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite beverage, Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night.

He said to me humorously enough—

"Why don't you drink, Medwin? Gin-and-
"water is the source of all my inspiration. If
"you were to drink as much as I do, you
"would write as good verses: depend on it, it
"is the true Hippocrene."

On the 28th of August I parted from Lord Byron with increased regret, and a sadness that looked like presentiment. He was preparing for his journey to Genoa, whither he went a few days after my departure. I shall, I hope, be

excused in presenting the public with the following sketch of his character, drawn and sent to a friend a few weeks after his death, and to which I adapted the following motto:*

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν Εως,
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις Εσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

"Born an aristocrat, I am naturally one by "temper," said Lord Byron. Many of the lines in 'The Hours of Idleness,' particularly

* The following passage in an unpublished life of Alfieri, which I lately met with, might not inaptly be applied to Lord Byron:

"Dès son enfance tous les symptômes d'un caractère fier, indomtable et mélancolique se manifestèrent. Taciturne et tranquille à l'ordinaire, mais quelquefois très babillard, très vif, et presque toujours dans les extrêmes—obstiné et rebelle à la force, très soumis aux avis donnés par amitié; contenu plutôt par la crainte d'être grondé, que par toute autre chose; inflexible quand on voudroit le prendre à rebours;—tel fut-il dans ses jeunes années."

the Farewell to Newstead, shew that in early life he prided himself much on his ancestors: but it is their exploits that he celebrates; and when he mentioned his having had his pennant hauled down, he said they might have respected a descendant of the great navigator. Almost from infancy he shewed an independence of character, which a long minority and a maternal education contributed to encourage. His temper was quick, but he never long retained anger. Impatient of control, he was too proud to justify himself when right, or if accused, to own himself wrong; yet no man was more unopiniated, more open to conviction, and more accessible to advice,* when he knew that it pro-

* "Perhaps of all his friends Sir Walter Scott had the most influence over him. The sight of his hand-writing, he said, put him in spirits for the day. Shelley's disapprobation of a poem caused him to destroy it. In compliance with the wishes of the public, he relinquished the

ceeded from friendship, or was motived by affection or regard.

"Though opposed to the foreign policy of England, he was no revolutionist. The best proof of his prizing the constitution of his own country, was that he wished to see it transplanted on the Continent, and over the world; and his first and last aspirations were for Greece, her liberty and independence.

"Like Petrarch, disappointed love, perhaps, made him a poet. You know my enthusiasm about him. I consider him in poetry what Michael Angelo was in painting: he aimed at sublimity and effect, rather than the finishing.

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drama. Disown it as he may, he is ambitious of fame, and almost as sensitive as Voltaire or Rousseau: even the gossip of this little town annoys him."

Extract from a Letter to a friend, written at Pisa.

of his pictures; he flatters the vanity of his admirers by leaving them something to fill up. If the eagle flights of his genius cannot always be followed by the eye, it is the fault of our weak vision and limited optics. It requires a mind particularly organized to dive into and sound the depths of his metaphysics. What I admire is the hardihood of his ideas—the sense of power that distinguishes his writings from all others. He told me that, when he wrote, he neither knew nor cared what was coming next.* This is the real inspiration of the poet.

"Which is the finest of his works?—It is a question I have often heard discussed. I have been present when 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred,' 'Cain,' 'The Corsair,' and even 'Don Juan,'

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* ——————"But, note or text,
I never know the word which will come next."
Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 41.

were named;—a proof, at least, of the versatility of his powers, and that he succeeded in many styles of writing. But I do not mean to canvass the merits of these works;—a work on his poetical character and writings is already before the public.*

Lord Byron's has been called *the Satanic school of poetry.* It is a name that never has stuck, and never will stick, but among a faction.

"To superficial or prejudiced readers he appeared to confound virtue and vice; but if the shafts of his ridicule fell on mankind in general, they were only *levelled* against the hypocritical cant, the petty interests, and despicable cabals and intrigues of the age. No man respected more the liberty from which the social

* I alluded to Sir E. Brydges' Letters.

virtues emanate. No writings ever tended more to exalt and ennoble the dignity of man and of human nature. A generous action, the memory of patriotism, self-sacrifice, or disinterestedness, inspired him with the sublimest emotions, and the most glowing thoughts and images to express them; and his indignation at tyranny, vice, or corruption, fell like a bolt from Heaven on the guilty. We need look no further for the cause of the hate, private and political, with which he has been assailed. But 'in defiance of politics,—in defiance of personality,—his strength rose with oppression; and laughing his opponents to scorn, he forced the applause he disdained to solicit.'

"That he was not perfect, who can deny? But how many men are better?—how few have done more good, less evil, in their day?"

'Bright, brave, and glorious was his young career!'

And on his tomb may be inscribed, as is on that of Raleigh—

'Reader! should you reflect on his errors,
Remember his many virtues,
And that he was a mortal!'"

"The high admiration in which Lord Byron was held in Germany may be appreciated by the following communication, and tribute to his memory, which I have just received from the illustrious and venerable Goethe, who, at the advanced age of seventy-five, retains all the warmth of his feelings, and fire of his immortal genius.

Weimar, 16*th July*, 1824.

"It is thought desirable that I should give some details relative to the intercourse that existed between Lord Noel Byron, alas! now no more! and myself: a few words will suffice for this object.

"Up to the time of my present advanced age, I have habituated myself to weigh with care and impartiality the merit of illustrious persons of my own time generally, as well as of my immediate contemporaries, from the consideration that it would prove a sure means of advancing myself in knowledge. I might well fix my attention on Lord Byron; and, having watched the dawn of his early and great talents, I could hardly fail to follow their progress through his important and uninterrupted career.

"It was easy to observe that the estimate of his poetical talent by the public increased progressively with the advancing perfection of his works, which so rapidly succeeded each other. The interest which they excited had been productive of more unmingled delight to his friends, if self-dissatisfaction and the restlessness of his passions had not in some measure counteracted the power of a most compre-

hensive and sublime imagination, and thrown a blight over an existence which the nobleness of his nature gave him a more than common capacity for enjoying.

"Not permitting myself to come to a hasty and erroneous conclusion respecting him, I continued to trace, with undiminished attention, a life and a poetical activity alike rare and irreconcileable, which interested me the more forcibly, inasmuch as I could discover no parallel in past ages with which to compare them, and found myself utterly destitute of the elements necessary for calculating the movement of an orb so eccentric in its course.

"In the mean while, neither myself nor my occupations remained unknown or unnoticed by the English poet, who not only furnished unequivocal proofs of an acquaintance with my

works, but conveyed to me, through the medium of travellers, more than one friendly salutation.

"Thus I was agreeably surprised by indirectly receiving the original sheet of a dedication of the tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' conceived in terms the most honourable to me, and accompanied by a request that it might be printed at the head of the work.

"Well knowing myself and my labours, in my old age, I could not but reflect with gratitude and diffidence on the expressions contained in this dedication, nor interpret them but as the generous tribute of a superior genius, no less original in the choice than inexhaustible in the materials of his subjects. I felt no disappointment when, after many delays, 'Sardanapalus' appeared without the preface: for I already thought myself fortunate in possessing

a fac-simile autograph, and attached to it no ordinary value.

"It appeared, however, that the Noble Lord had not renounced his project of shewing his contemporary and companion in letters a striking testimony of his friendly intentions, of which the tragedy of 'Werner' contains precious evidence.

"It might naturally be expected that the aged German poet, after receiving a kindness unhoped for, from so celebrated a person, (proof of a disposition thoroughly generous, and the more to be prized from its rarity in the world,) should also prepare, on his part, to express most clearly and forcibly a sense of the gratitude and esteem with which he was affected.

"But this task was great, and every day seemed to make it more difficult,—for what

could be said of an earthly being whose merit was not to be conceived in thought, or expressed in words?

"But when, in the spring of 1823, Mr. S———, a young man of amiable and engaging manners, brought direct from Genoa to Weimar a few words under the hand of this estimable friend, by way of recommendation, and when shortly after a report was spread that the Noble Lord was about to consecrate his great powers and varied talents to high and perilous enterprize, I had no longer a plea for delay, and addressed to him the following hasty stanzas:

'One friendly word comes fast upon another
From the warm South, bringing communion sweet,—
Calling us amid noblest thoughts to wander
Free in our souls, though fetter'd in our feet.

How shall I, who so long his bright path traced,
Say to him words of love sent from afar?—
To him who with his inmost heart hath struggled,
Long wont with fate and deepest woes to war?

May he be happy!—*thus* himself esteeming,
He well might count himself a favour'd one!
By his loved Muses all his sorrows banish'd,
And he *self-known*,—e'en as to *me* he 's known!'

"These lines arrived at Genoa, but found him not. My excellent friend had already sailed; but, being driven back by contrary winds, he landed at Leghorn, where this effusion of my heart reached him. On the eve of his departure, July 23d, 1823, he found time to send me a reply, full of the most beautiful ideas and the noblest sentiments, which will be treasured as an invaluable testimony of worth and friendship among the choicest documents which I possess.

"What emotions of hope and joy did not that paper once excite!—now it has become, by the premature death of the noble writer, an inestimable relic—a source of unspeakable regret; for it increases in me particularly to

no small degree, that mourning and melancholy which pervade the whole moral and poetical world,—in me, who look forward (after the success of his great efforts) to the prospect of being blessed with the sight of this master-spirit of the age,—this friend so fortunately acquired; and of having to welcome, on his return, the most humane of conquerors.

"Yet I am consoled by the conviction, that his country will instantly *awake*, and shake off, like a troubled dream, the partialities, the prejudices, the injuries, and the calumnies with which he has been assailed,—causing them to subside and sink into oblivion,—that she will at length universally acknowledge that his frailties, whether the consequence of temperament, or the defect of the times in which he lived, (against which even the best of mortals wrestle painfully,) were fleeting and transitory; whilst the imperishable greatness to

which he has raised her name now remains, and will for ever remain, boundless in its glory, and incalculable in its consequences. There is no doubt that a nation so justly proud of her many great sons, will place BYRON, all radiant as he is, by the side of those who have conferred on her the highest honour.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

COPIA DEL RAPPORTO

Fatto a sua Eccellenza il Sig. Governatore di Pisa, sopra l'accaduto al Nobile Lord Noel Byron, ed altri, come dalle sottoscrizioni qui appiedi, il giorno 24 Marzo, 1822.

LORD BYRON, con i suoi compagni qui sottoscritti, tornava cavalcando dalla sua solita passeggiata, ed era forse lungi un quarto di miglio dalla Porta *le Piaggie*, quando un uomo a cavallo in uniforme di Ussero passò a tutta carriera in mezzo alla compagnia, urtando villanamente uno dei cavalieri. Lord Byron, adontato di tale villania, gli mosse dietro il suo cavallo, e tutti gli altri

lo seguirono. Passati innanzi a costui, ognuno s' arrestò, e Milord lo richiese perchè avesse fatto quell' insulto. L' Ussero, per prima e tutta risposta, cominciò a gridare con urli, con bestemmie, e con parole ingiuriose. Allora il nobile Lord ed un altro suo compagno gli presentarono un biglietto, dov' era scritto il suo nome e la sua direzione. Quegli seguitò, gridando e minacciando che poteva trar la sciabola; che l' avrebbe ben tirata, ed anche vi pose la mano.

Erano prossimi di dieci passi alla porta. In mezzo all' alterco si meschiò un semplice soldato in uniforme, credesi, da Cannoniere; e gridò all' Ussero, " Comanda alla guardia della porta —arrestateli, arrestateli"—e sempre con modi e con parole le più villane e le più insultanti.

Ciò udendo il nobile Lord, spinse il suo cavallo, e un suo compagno di seguito, e in mezzo alle guardie che mettevano mano ai fucili e baionette,

gli riuscì di varcare la porta e prendere la Strada del Corso verso Casa Lanfranchi. Gli altri tre col corriere venivan dietro, allorchè il Signor Trelawney, che era il primo, si trovò il cavallo afferrato alla briglia da due soldati con le spade sguainate, e assalito forsennatamente da quell' Ussero che gli scagliò molti colpi di sciabola, mentre quei soldati lo percuottevano sulla coscia. Egli e i suoi compagni erano tutti inermi, e chiedevano a quel furibondo ragione di una tale infame condotta. Ma egli rispondeva con i colpi. Il Signor Shelley s' interpose per farsi scudo all' amico, e fu percosso gravemente sul capo col pomo della sciabola, per cui cadde rovesciato da cavallo. Il Capitano Hay volle pure parare un colpo al compagno con un bastoncello che aveva ad uso di *fouét*, ma il colpo tagliò il bastone e giunse a ferirlo sul naso. Il corriere fu anche mal concio con molte percosse dall' Ussero e dagl' altri soldati—Dopo ciò l' Ussero spronò il cavallo e prese la via di Lung' Arno.

Il nobile Lord giunto a casa, fece ordinare al suo segretario che corresse subito a dar conto di ciò alla Polizia; posçia, non vedendo i compagni, tornò verso la porta, e per via incontrò l' Usserò che gli si indrizzò dicendo, "Siete voi soddisfatti?" Il nobile Lord come che ignaro della zuffa accaduta sotto la porta, gli rispose " Non sono soddisfatto—ditemi il vostro nome." Costui rispose, " Masi, Sergente Maggiore." Un servo di Milord giunse in quell' istante dal Palazzo, e afferrò la briglia al cavallo del Sergente. Milord gli comandò di lasciarlo. Il Sergente allora spronò il cavallo e si lanciò Lung' Arno, in mezzo ad un' immensa folla che innanzi al Palazzo Lanfranchi erasi adunata. Ivi, come ci si riportò, fu ferito; ma noi ignoriamo come e da chi, poichè ognuno di noi trovavasi o in casa o indietro. Solamente fu recato in casa di Milord il *bonnet* di questo Sergente.

È da notare inoltre, che il Capitano Hay si

trova confinato in casa per la ferita ricevuta, e che il corriere ha sputato sangue per i colpi avuti nel petto, come si puo assicurare dalla relazione dei Chirurghi.

Questo è il rapporto preciso di ciò che è passato frà noi e il Sergente Maggiore Masi, coi soldati, &c. In fede di che noi sottoscritti comproviamo, &c. &c.

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.
H. HAY.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
EDWARD TRELAWNEY.
COUNT PIETRO GAMBA.

Pisa, 25 Marzo, 1822.

SECONDO RAPPORTO.

Io osservai Lord Byron venir Domenica sera cavalcando Lung' Arno verso la sua casa, e appena giuntovi ritornare senza esser smontato: poscia dirimpetto alla Chiesa di S. Matteo incontrò un Dragone, col quale cavalcò lungo la strada. Lord Byron aveva in mano una canna. Il Dragone minacciò di trarre la sciabola. Giunti sotto le nostre finestre, Lord Byron stese la mano al Dragone, e gli domandò il nome e l'indirizzo suo. Vennero stringendosi le mani per pochi passi, quando uno dei domestici di Lord Byron s'intromise e respinse il Dragone dal suo padrone. Il Dragone allora spronò al galoppo, e traversando innanzi alla casa di Lord Byron fu ferito sul destro fianco da un bastone lungo sei piedi circa,

che quasi lo rovesciò dal cavallo. In quell' istante Lord Byron e il suo domestico si trovavano ad una considerabile distanza dal Dragone.

(Signed) GIACOMO CRAWFORD, Inglese,
Casa Remediotti, No. 666, Lung' Arno.

Pisa, 27 Marzo, 1822.

GOËTHE'S BEITRAG ZUM ANDENKEN LORD BYRON'S.

Man hat gewünscht einige Nachrichten von dem Verhältnis zu erlangen, welches zwischen dem, leider zu früh abgeschiedenen Lord Noel Byron und Herrn von Goëthe bestanden; hiervon wäre kürzlich soviel zu sagen.

Der deutsche Dichter, bis ins hohe Alter bemüht die Verdienste früherer und mitlebender Männer sorgfältig und rein anzuerkennen, indem er dies als das sicherste Mittel eigener Bildung von jeher betrachtete, musste wohl auch auf das grosse Talent des Lords, bald nach dessen erstem Erscheinen aufmerksam werden, wie er denn auch die Fortschritte jener bedeutenden Leistungen und eines ununterbrochenen Wirkens unablässig begleitete.

Hierbey war denn leicht zu bemerken, dass die allgemeine Anerkennung des dichterischen Verdienstes mit Vermehrung und Steigerung rasch auf einander folgender Productionen in gleichem Maase fortwuchs. Auch wäre die diesseitige frohe Theilnahme hieran, höchst vollkommen gewesen, hätte nicht der geniale Dichter eine leidenschaftliche Lebensweise, durch inneres Misbehagen und ein so geistreiches als gränzenloses Hervorbringen sich selbst und seinen Freunden den reizenden Genuss an seinem hohen Daseyn einigermassen verkümmert.

Der deutsche Bewunderer jedoch, hiedurch nicht geirrt, folgte mit Aufmerksamkeit einem so seltenen Leben und Dichten in aller seiner Excentricität, die freilich um desto auffallender seyn muste, als ihres Gleichen in vergangenen Jahrhunderten nicht wohl zu entdecken gewesen und uns die Elemente zu Berechnung einer solchen Bahn völlig abgingen.

Indessen waren die Bemühungen des Deutschen dem Engländer nicht unbekannt geblieben, der daron in seinen Gedichten unzweideutige Beweise darlegte, nicht weniger sich durch Reisende mit manchem freundlichen Gruss vernehmen lies.

Sodann aber folgte, überraschend, gleichfals durch Vermittelung, das Original-Blatt einer Dedication des Trauerspiels *Sardanapalus* in den ehrenreichsten Ausdrücken und mit der freundlichen Anfrage, ob solche gedachtem Stück vorgedruckt werden könnte.

Der Deutsche, mit sich selbst und seinen Leistungen im hohen Alter wohlbekannte Dichter durfte den Inhalt jener Widmung nur als Aeusserung eines trefflichen, hochfühlenden, sich selbst seine Gegenstände schaffenden, unerschöpflichen Geistes mit Dank und Bescheidenheid betrachten; auch fühlte er sich nicht unzufrieden,

als, bei mancherley Verspätung, *Sardanapal* ohne ein solches Vorwort gedruckt wurde und fand sich schon glücklich im Besitz eines lithographirten Fac simile, zu höchst werthem Andenken.

Doch gab der edle Lord seinen Vorsatz nicht auf, dem deutschen Zeit-und Geist Genossen eine bedeutende Freundlichkeit zu erweisen; wie denn das Trauerspiel *Werner* ein höchst schätzbares Denkmal an der Stirne führt.

„Hiernach wird man denn wohl dem deutschen Dichtergreise zutrauen, dass er einen so gründlich guten Willen, welcher uns auf dieser Erde selten begegnet, von einem so hoch gefeyerten Manne ganz unverhofft erfahrend, sich gleichfals bereitete mit Klarheit und Kraft auszusprechen, von welcher Hochachtung er für seinen unübertroffenen Zeitgenossen durchdrungen, von welchem theilnehmenden Gefühl für ihn er belebt sey. Aber die Aufgabe fand sich so gross, und

erschien immer grösser, jemehr man ihr näher trat; denn was soll man von einem Erdgebornen sagen, dessen Verdienste durch Betrachtung und Wort nicht zo erschöpfen sind?

Als daher ein junger Mann, Herr Sterling, augenehm von Person und rein von Sitten, im Frühjahr 1823, seinen Weg von Genua gerade nach Weimar nahm, und auf einem kleinen Blatte wenig eigenhändige Worte des verehrten Mannes als Empfehlung überbrachte, als nun bald darauf das Gerücht verlautete, der Lord werde seinen grossen Sinn, seine manigfaltigen Kräfte, an erhabengefährliche Thaten über Meer verwenden, da war nicht länger zu zaudern und eilig nachstehendes Gedicht geschrieben:

Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern,
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
Nicht ist der Geist, doch ist der Fuss gebunden.

Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang' begleitet
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?
Ihm, der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt; das tiefste Weh zutragen.

Wohl sey ihm! doch wenn er sich selbst empfindet,
Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
Und wie ich ihn erkannt, mög' er sich kennen.

Weimar, den 22 *Juny,* 1823.

Es gelangte nach Genua, fand in aber nicht mehr daselbst, schon war der trefliche Freund abgesegelt und schien einem jeden schon weit entfernt; durch Stürme jedoch zurückgehalten, landete er in Livorno, wo ihn das herzlich gesendete gerade noch traf, um es im Augenblicke seiner Abfahrt, den 24 July, 1823, mit einem reinen, schön-gefühlten Blatt erwiedern zu können; als werthestes Zeugnis eines würdigen Ver-

hältnisses unter den kostbarsten Documenten vom Besitzer auf zubewahren.

So sehr uns nun ein solches Blatt erfreuen und rühren und zu der schönsten Lebenshoffnung aufregen musste, so erhält es gegenwärtig durch das unzeitige Ableben des hohen Schreibenden den grössten schmerzlichsten Werth, indem es die algemeine Trauer der Sitten—und Dichterwelt über seinen Verlust, für uns leider ganz insbesondere, schärft, die wir nach vollbrachtem grossen Bemühen hoffen durften den vorzüglichsten Geist, den glücklich erworbenen Freund und zugleich den menschlichsten Sieger, persönlich zu begrüssen.

Nun aber erhebt uns die Ueberzeugung, dass seine Nation, aus dem, theilweise gegen ihn aufbrausenden, tadelnden, scheltenden Taumel plötzlich zur Nüchternheit erwachen und algemein begreifen werde, dass alle Schaalen und Schlacken

der Zeit und des Individuums, durch welche sich auch der beste hindurch und heraus zu arbeiten hat, nur augenblicklich, vergänglich und hinfällig gewesen, wogegen der staunungswürdige Ruhm, zo dem er sein Vaterland für ietzt und künftig erhebt, in seiner Herrlichkeit gränzenlos und in seinen Folgen unberechenbar bleibt. Gewiss, diese Nation, die sich so vieler grosser Namen rühmen darf, wird ihn verklärt zu denjenigen stetten, durch die sie sich immerfort selbst zu ehren hat.

[In the absence of the Author, who is in Switzerland, the London Editor has ventured to add a few Documents, which he trusts will be considered as a desirable Supplement. The following Letter in particular, relative to Lord Byron's great contemporary Sir Walter Scott, will no doubt be read with universal admiration:]

To M. H. Beyle,
Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

Genoa, May 29, 1823.

SIR,

At present, that I know to whom I am indebted for a very flattering mention in the "Rome, Naples, and Florence in 1817, by Mons. Stendhal," it is fit that I should return my thanks (however undesired or undesirable) to Mons. Beyle, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted at Milan in 1816. You only did me too much honour in what you were pleased to say in that work; but it has hardly given me less pleasure than the praise itself, to become at length aware (which I have done by mere accident) that I am

indebted for it to one of whose good opinion I was really ambitious. So many changes have taken place since that period in the Milan circle, that I hardly dare recur to it;—some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons.—Poor Pellico! I trust that, in his iron solitude, his Muse is consoling him in part—one day to delight us again, when both she and her Poet are restored to freedom.

Of your works I have only seen "Rome," &c., the Lives of Haydn and Mozart, and the *brochure* on Racine and Shakspeare. The "Histoire de la Peinture" I have not yet the good fortune to possess.

There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall venture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott. You say that "his character is little worthy of enthusiasm," at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character—and I can assure you that his character *is* worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do: they differ from mine,

which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them; and Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage. You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also. Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe* the *truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case.

If you do me the honour of an answer, may I request a speedy one?—because it is possible (though not yet decided) that circumstances may conduct me once more to Greece. My present address is Genoa, where an answer will reach me in a short time, or be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I beg you to believe me, with a lively recollection of our brief acquaintance, and the hope of one day renewing it,

Your ever obliged

And obedient humble servant,

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE IN GREECE.

[The Editor is indebted for the following interesting Account of Lord Byron's Residence in Greece, &c. to "The Westminster Review," a publication which has already justly acquired a high name in the periodical literature of England.]

THE motives which induced Lord Byron to leave Italy and join the Greeks struggling for emancipation from the yoke of their ignorant and cruel oppressors, are of so obvious a nature, that it is scarcely worth while to allude to them. It was in Greece that his high poetical faculties had been first most powerfully developed; and they who know the delight attendant, even in a very inferior degree, upon this intellectual process, will know how to appreciate the tender associations which,

"soft as the memory of buried love," cling to the scenes and the persons that have first stimulated the dormant genius. Greece, a land of the most venerable and illustrious history, of a peculiarly grand and beautiful scenery, inhabited by various races of the most wild and picturesque manners, was to him the land of excitement, —never-cloying, never-wearying, ever-changing excitement—such must necessarily have been the chosen and favourite spot of a man of powerful and original intellect, of quick and sensible feelings, of a restless and untameable spirit, of warm affections, of various information,—and, above all, of one satiated and disgusted with the formality, hypocrisy, and sameness of daily life. Dwelling upon that country, as it is clear from all Lord Byron's writings he did, with the fondest solicitude, and being, as he was well known to be, an ardent though perhaps not a very systematic lover of freedom, we may be certain that he was no unconcerned spectator of its recent revolution: and as soon as it appeared to him that his presence might be useful, he prepared to visit once more the shores of Greece. The imagination of Lord Byron, however, was the subject and servant of his reason—in this instance he did not act, and perhaps never did, under the influence of the delusions of a wild enthusiasm, by which poets, very erroneously as regards great poets, are supposed to be generally led. It was not until after very serious deliberation of the advantages to be derived from this step, and after acquiring all possible information on the subject, that he de-

termined on it, and in this as in every other act regarding this expedition, as we shall find, proved himself a wise and practical philanthropist. Like all men educated as he had been, Lord Byron too often probably obeyed the dictates of impulse, and threw up the reins to passions which he had never been taught the necessity of governing; but the world are under a grievous mistake if they fancy that Lord Byron embarked for Greece with the ignorant ardour of a schoolboy, or the flighty fanaticism of a crusader. It appeared to him that there was a good chance of his being useful in a country which he loved—a field of honourable distinction was open to him, and doubtless he expected to derive no mean gratification from witnessing so singular and instructive a spectacle as the emancipation of Greece. A glorious career apparently presented itself, and he determined to try the event. When he had made up his mind to leave Italy for Greece, he wrote from Genoa to one of his most intimate friends and constant companions, then at Rome, saying,

"I—, you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I am at last determined—Greece is the only place I ever was contented in—I am serious—and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing. They all say I can be of great use in Greece; I do not know how, nor do they, but at all events let us try!"

He had, says this friend, who knew him well, become ambitious of a name as distinguished for deeds as it

was already by his writings. It was but a short time before his decease, that he composed one of the most beautiful and touching of his songs on his 36th birth-day, which remarkably proves the birth of this new passion. One stanza runs as follows:

If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!—
Awake *not* Greece—*She* is awake,
Awake *my* spirit!—

Lord Byron embarked from Leghorn and arrived in Cephalonia in the early part of August, 1823, attended by a suite of six or seven friends, in an English vessel (the Hercules, Captain Scott), which he had hired for the express purpose of taking him to Greece. His Lordship had never seen any of the volcanic mountains, and for this purpose the vessel deviated from its regular course in order to pass the island of Stromboli. The vessel lay off this place a whole night in the hopes of witnessing the usual phenomena, when, for the first time within the memory of man, the volcano emitted no fire—the disappointed poet was obliged to proceed in no good humour with the fabled forge of Vulcan.

Lord Byron was an eager and constant observer of nature, and generally spent the principal part of the night in solitary contemplation of the objects that present themselves in a sea voyage: "For many a joy

"could he from night's soft presence glean." He was far above any affectation of poetical ecstasy, but his whole works demonstrate the sincere delight he took in feeding his imagination with the glories of the material world. Marine imagery is more characteristic of his writings than those of any other poet, and it was to the Mediterranean and its sunny shores that he was indebted for it all.

——— As the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

It was a point of the greatest importance to determine on the particular part of Greece to which his Lordship should direct his course—the country was afflicted by intestine divisions, and Lord Byron thought that if he wished to serve it, he must keep aloof from faction. The different parties had their different seats of influence, and to choose a residence, if not in fact, was in appearance to choose a party. In a country where communication is impeded by natural obstacles and unassisted by civilized regulations, which had scarcely succeeded in expelling a barbarian master, and where the clashing interests of contending factions often make it advantageous to conceal the truth, the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate information may be easily supposed. It, therefore, became necessary to

make some stay in a place which might serve as a convenient post of observation, and from which assistance could be rendered where it appeared to be most needed. Cephalonia was fixed upon; where Lord Byron was extremely well received by the English civil and military authorities, who, generally speaking, seemed well inclined to further the objects of his visit to Greece. Anxious, however, to avoid involving the government of the island in any difficulty respecting himself, or for some other cause, he remained on board the vessel, until further intelligence could be procured.

At the time of Lord Byron's arrival in the Ionian Islands, Greece, though even then an intelligent observer could scarcely entertain a doubt of her ultimate success, was in a most unsettled state. The third campaign had commenced, and had already been marked by several instances of distinguished success. Odysseus and Niketas had already effectually harassed and dispersed the two armies of Yusuff Pasha, and Mustapha Pasha, who had entered Eastern Greece, by the passes of Thermopylæ. Corinth, still held by the Turks, was reduced to the greatest extremities, and, indeed, surrendered in the course of the autumn. The Morea might almost be said to be thoroughly emancipated. Patras Modon, and Coron, and the Castle of the Morea, did then and still hold out against the combined assaults of famine and the troops of the besiegers. But the ancient Peloponnesus had, at this moment, more to fear from the dissensions of its chiefs, than the

efforts of the enemy—they had absolutely assumed something like the character of a civil war. The generals had been ordered on different services, when it appeared that the funds destined for the maintenance of their armies were already consumed in satisfying old demands for arrears. Much confusion arose, and a bloody conflict actually took place in the streets of Tripolitza, between a troop of Spartiates and another of Arcadians, the followers of rival leaders. The military chiefs, at the head of whom was the able but avaricious Colocotronis, at that time Vice-president of the Executive Government, were jealous of the party which may be termed the civil faction. Over this party presided Mavrocordatos, who, as a Constantinopolitan, was considered as a foreigner, and who, on account of his being a dexterous diplomatist, a good letter-writer, and a lover of intrigue, was regarded with feelings of jealousy and hatred by the rude and iron-handed generals of the Morea. Mavrocordatos was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was accused of holding correspondence with foreign Courts without the knowledge of the Government, and of aiming at getting himself elected the President of the Legislative Body. It turned out that the actual President fled from the seat of government, and that Mavrocordatos was elected into the office. He too was soon obliged to retreat, and had just resigned the office and retired to the island of Hydra, where the civil and commercial party was strong, and where

he was held in considerable estimation, when Lord Byron arrived at Cephalonia.

At this moment, too, Western Greece was in a very critical situation—Mustapha, Pasha of Scutari, was advancing into Acarnania in large force, and was on the point of being resisted by the chivalrous devotion of the brave Marco Botzaris. This chief, worthy of the best days of Greece, succeeded on the 9th of August (O.S.) by his famous night-attack in cutting off a considerable part of the Turkish army, and fell a sacrifice to his generous efforts. In spite of this check, however, the Pasha advanced and proceeded towards Anatolicon and Messolonghi; the latter place was invested by Mustapha, and the Albanian chief, Omer-Vriones, by the early part of October. The Turkish fleet had arrived in the waters of Patras about the middle of June, and continued to blockade (at least nominally) Messolonghi, and all the other ports of Western Greece, up to the arrival of Lord Byron.

Previous to Marco Botzari's arrival at Carpenissi, the little village where he discomfited the Turks, he had heard of Lord Byron's arrival in Greece; and it is not a little remarkable that the last act he did before proceeding to the attack, was to write a warm invitation for his Lordship to come to Messolonghi, offering to leave the army, and to give him a public reception in a manner suitable to the occasion and serviceable to the cause.

To all who know the circumstances of that memo-

rable battle and the character of this heroic man, this letter cannot fail to be interesting. We will translate the part which relates to Lord Byron. It is dated at the "piccolo villagio" of Carpenissi on the $\frac{1}{20}$ of August.

"I am delighted," he says to a friend in Cephalonia, "with your account of Lord Byron's disposition with respect to our country. The advice you have given his Lordship to direct his attention to Western Greece, has caused us the greatest satisfaction; and I feel obliged by your continued exertions in the service of our country. I am not a little pleased at his Lordship's peculiar attention to my fellow-countrymen the Suliotes, on whom he has conferred the honour of selecting them for his guards. Avail yourself of this kindness of his Lordship, and persuade him to come as speedily as possible to Messolonghi, where we will not fail to receive him with every mark of honour due to his person; and as soon as I hear of his arrival, I will leave the army here and proceed to join him with a few companions. All will soon be right; the disturbances in Roumelia are only temporary, and will be easily settled. I trust you are informed of all that has occurred here that the Pacha of Scutari has advanced to Aspropotamos and Agrapha, and has penetrated to Carpenissi. We are going to meet him; we have possession of all the strong posts, and trust that the enemy will be properly resisted."

Botzaris alludes to almost the first act of Lord Byron in Greece, which was the arming and provisioning of forty Suliotes whom he sent to join in the defence of Messolonghi. After the battle he transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large store

from Italy, and pecuniary succour to those who had been wounded in the battle.

He had already made a very generous offer to the Government, to which he himself alludes, as well as to the dissensions in Greece, in a letter of which this is an extract:

"I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Messolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzaris (since kill'd); but the Government have answered me through ——— ——— of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the two I have a difficult part to play: however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible———"

Though strongly solicited in the most flattering manner by Count Metaxa, the Exarch of Messolonghi, and others to repair to that place, Lord Byron had too reasonable a fear of falling into the hands of a party to take a decided step in his present state of information.—He determined to communicate alone with the established Government: for this purpose he despatched two of the friends who had accompanied him to Greece, Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Browne, in order to deliver a letter from him to the Government, and to collect intelligence respecting the real state of things. The extreme want of money which was at that time felt in

Greece, and the knowledge that Lord Byron had brought large funds with the intention of devoting them to the cause, made all parties extremely eager for his presence. He, however, yielded to none of the pressing entreaties that were made to him; but, after waiting undecided six weeks in his vessel, he took up his residence on shore. Avoiding the capital of Cephalonia he retired to the small village of Metaxata, within five or six miles of Argostoli, where he remained all the time he was on the island. It is difficult for one unacquainted with the European reputation of Lord Byron's writings, and with the peculiar wants and the peculiar character of the Greeks, to conceive a just idea of the sensation which his arrival created in Greece. It is impossible to read the letters which were addressed to him at this time from every quarter, and not be struck with the glorious sphere of action which presented itself, and at the same time not proportionately lament the stroke which deprived the country of his assistance before he had comparatively effected any thing of importance.

Established at Metaxata as a convenient place of observation, he resumed his usual occupations, while he kept a watchful eye on all the transactions of Greece, and carried on a very active intercourse with every part of it. Those who know Lord Byron's character, know that he rarely resisted the impulse of his feelings, and that fortunately these impulses were generally of the most benevolent kind. As usual, the neighbourhood of his residence never ceased to experience some kind

and munificent exertion of his unfailing, but by no means indiscriminate or ill applied, generosity. His physician says, that the day seemed sad and gloomy to him when he had not employed himself in some generous exertion. He provided even in Greece for many Italian families in distress, and indulged the people of the country even in paying for the religious ceremonies which they deemed essential to their success. Our informant mentions one circumstance in particular which affords some idea of the way in which he loved to be of service. While at Metaxata, the fall of a large mass of earth had buried some persons alive: He heard of the accident while at dinner, and starting up from the table, ran to the spot accompanied by his physician, who took with him a supply of medicines. The labourers, who were engaged in digging out their companions, soon became alarmed for themselves, and refused to go on, saying, they believed they had dug out all the bodies which had been covered by the ruins. Lord Byron endeavoured to induce them to continue their exertions; but finding menaces in vain, he seized a spade, and began to dig most zealously: at length the peasantry joined him, and they succeeded in saving two more persons from certain death.

It was to Metaxata that Dr. Kennedy, a methodistical physician then residing in Cephalonia, used to resort for the purpose of instilling the importance of religious meditation and certain scriptural truths into the mind of Lord Byron, who had the reputation of not holding them

in sufficient reverence. These conferences, we are informed by an auditor of them, if not of the most instructive, were yet of a very amusing kind. The Doctor, though he is said to be an able man in this his *lay* profession, seldom brought his arguments to bear upon his Lordship; who having the advantage in quickness of intellect, and often in the clearness of his logic, would frequently put Dr. Kennedy's ideas in disorder by a single vigorous onset. Lord Byron shewed a most remarkable acquaintance with the Bible, and by his quotations, aptly applied to the question in dispute, very often brought his antagonist to a stand; when, turning down the page, for he generally brought a little library of theology to the contest, he would promise to return to the next meeting with a full and satisfactory answer to the argument. The disputes chiefly turned upon the questions which are agitated between the different sects of Christians in England; and the audience do not seem to think that the Doctor had the advantage; he, however, flattered himself that he had made the desired impression; for we are informed that he afterwards made particular inquiries of his Lordship's suite, into any change that might have taken place in his antagonist's manner of thinking and acting after he had left Cephalonia. It has been said, maliciously, we think, that Lord Byron merely entered into these discussions in order to master the *cant* of this religious sect, as it was his intention in some future Canto to make Don Juan a Methodist. This is a very gratuitous supposition. Lord Byron

had, when not irritated, the most courteous and affable manners; he carried himself towards all who had access to him with the most scrupulous delicacy, and it was quite sufficient for Dr. Kennedy to desire these interviews, to procure them.

Although some ludicrous scenes occurred, the admonitory party was treated with the utmost kindness, and full credit given to him for the purity of his intentions.

The two friends whom Lord Byron had despatched to the Government proceeded to the Morea, and crossed the country to Tripolitza, from which place it appeared that the two assemblies had removed to Salamis. At Tripolitza, however, they had an opportunity of seeing Colocotronis, some of the other distinguished chiefs, as well as the confidential officers of Mavrocordatos' suite, whom he had left behind him in his precipitate retreat from the chair of the legislative assembly. Here, consequently, they were able to collect a considerable quantity of information, and procure answers to the questions with which Lord Byron had charged them; after doing which, they proceeded onwards to the place where the assembly was collecting. The queries are of a very searching and judicious nature, and, like the other extracts which we shall have to make from his correspondence, prove the aptitude of his intellect and the benevolence of his designs; the answers to them, collected with considerable care and discrimination, were complete enough to afford a very accurate idea of the state, resources, and intentions of the country. From the let-

ters also he would be able to form a good idea of the contending factions, and the men who headed them:—Colocotronis was found to be in great power; his palace was filled with armed men, like the castle of some ancient feudal chief, and a good idea of his character may be formed from the language he held. He declared, that he had told Mavrocordatos, that unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would put him on an ass and whip him out of the Morea; and that he had only been withheld from doing it by the representations of his friends, who had said that it would injure the cause. He declared his readiness to submit to a democratic government if regularly constituted; but swore that he and the other chiefs and their followers would shed the last drop of their blood, rather than submit to the intrigues of a foreigner. He himself at that time intended to proceed to the Congress at Salamis to settle the affairs of the country, and he invited Lord Byron and all the other British Philhellenes to communicate with the general Government, and to send their succours to them alone. His sentiments were shared by the other chiefs, and the name of Mavrocordatos was never mentioned with respect in the Peloponnesus, where it seemed he had lost all influence. His influence reigned in another quarter, and for that reason his suite were very solicitous that Lord Byron's friends should proceed to Hydra, instead of Salamis, and expressed a hope that Lord Byron himself would act in the difference between the Prince and Colocotronis, not as a simple mediator, but in a

decisive manner, "*avec une main de fer*," as they were convinced that the former character would be useless.

The Congress met at Salamis to deliberate on the most important questions—the form of the government, and the measures of the future campaign. The legislative assembly consisted of fifty, and the executive of five. Every thing is described as wearing the appearance of reality—the chiefs and people acknowledging, and, as far as strangers could judge, obeying the Government and its decrees. They received the agents of Lord Byron in the most friendly manner, and opened every thing to them without reserve—and enabled them to convey to him a very instructive account of the real state of affairs. Ulysses, (Odysseus) a brave and dexterous mountain-chief of great power and consummate military skill, at that time and still in command of Athens, was about to lead 5000 Albanians into Negropont, whither Mr. Trelawney agreed to accompany him as his aide-de-camp, being promised any number of men he chose under his command, and under the expectation of passing the winter there very agreeably between Turk and woodcock shooting. Colocotronis and his son, a fine, spirited young man, with all their forces, were to undertake the siege of Patras. Tombasi, the admiral of Hydra, was in command at Candia, where active warfare was expected. Staicos was to remain at Corinth, which surrendered in October, very soon after the Congress. Marco Botzari's brother with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordatos, were to take charge of Messolonghi, which at that time

(October 1823), was in a very critical state, being blockaded both by land and sea.

"There have been," says Mr. Trelawney, "thirty battles fought and won by the late Marco Botzari and his gallant tribe of Suliotes, who are shut up in Messolonghi. If it fall, Athens will be in danger, and thousands of throats cut. A few thousand dollars would provide ships to relieve it—a portion of this sum is raised;—and Mr. Trelawney adds, in a spirit worthy of him and his deceased friend, "*I would coin my heart to save this key of Greece.*"

A report like this was sufficient to show the point where succour was most needed; and Lord Byron's determination to relieve Messolonghi was still more decidedly confirmed by a letter which he received from Mavrocordatos, from Hydra (Oct. 21), in answer to one which his Lordship had addressed to him on the subject of the dissensions which reigned in the Government, and the Prince's desertion of his post. In this very able and creditable letter Mavrocordatos attempts to set Lord Byron right with respect to the dissensions in the Morea, and points out with great justice, that though the Government may be divided, the *nation* is *not*; and that whatever at any time may have been the difference of opinion, all parties have joined hand and heart, and fought to the last extremity against the common enemy. He attributes such dissensions as do exist to the want of money, and predicts their immediate disappearance when means are found to pay the fleets and armies. He goes on to speak of Lord Byron's intentions.

"I should do myself an injustice, my Lord, if I were not to speak to you with the frankness which you expect from me; I cannot agree with you when you say your best plan is to rest in observation. I will never advise you to run the risk of appearing to embrace the interests of a party; but all the world knows, and no one better than myself, that you are come here with the firm intention of succouring Greece—this Greece is now before you, under your eyes; you may see at the first glance which is the part in danger,—that Messolonghi is blockaded by land and by sea, that it is destitute of provisions, and on the point of falling into the hands of the Turks; who afterwards will have no difficulty in penetrating into the Morea and seizing upon its most fertile provinces, from whence it will be hard, nay impossible, to dislodge them. To carry succour to this place, to save it, is to save Greece itself. Is this declaring for a party? Is it not rather to do that which the feelings of honour and humanity dictate to us all? Influenced by these and other reasons, I never know when to leave off inviting you to come to the succour of Messolonghi."

At this time Mavrocordatos was endeavouring to collect a fleet for the relief of Messolonghi. Lord Byron's intentions, under the circumstances to which this letter alludes, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from him, dated the 29th Oct. 1823.

"Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron is said to be beaten in the Archipelago—the public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here partly in expectation of the squadron in

relief of Messolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four hundred thousand piastres, which, at the desire of the Greek Government, I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negociating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they could have been immediately in any other mart, but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion, for although I had the letters of ——, one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean, also of ——, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through *English* merchants; these, however, have proved both able, and willing, and upright, as usual." He continues—

"It is my intention to proceed by sea to Nauplia di Romania, as soon as I have managed this business—I mean the advance of the 400,000 piastres for the fleet. My time here has not been entirely lost; indeed you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last named the Deputies, and I have written a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordatos, which I understand was forwarded to the legislative body by the Prince."

He did not, however, depart for the Government at the time he had expected, and conceived it necessary to address the Government again on the subject of their dissensions. The following extract is a translation of the concluding part of this very admirable letter:

"The affair of the loan,—the expectation, so long and vainly indulged, of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the

dangers to which Messolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions—nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I desire that these reports may be false or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are confirmed, all hopes of a loan will be vain, and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance which might be neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed inclined to favour her in consenting to the establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will perhaps themselves undertake to arrange your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes you indulge, and which are indulged by your friends.

"And allow me to add, once for all, I desire the well-being of Greece and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent—I never will consent, I to the English public, or English individuals, being deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you—you have fought gloriously—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world, and then it will be no more said, as has been repeated for 2000 years with the Roman historian, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is

difficult to guard against it in so difficult a struggle) compare the Turkish Pasha with the patriot Greek in peace, after you have exterminated him in war.

"30th *Nov.* 1823." "N. B."

In another letter, written a few days after this, we find a circumstance mentioned which probably turned his views from the Morea to Western Greece. It must be remembered that the Suliotes were his old favourites, and that their late bravery had raised them still higher in his estimation.

"The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my direction, and go over and *put things to rights* in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and really though very reluctant, as my letters will have shown you, to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power there-for. Had I gone sooner they would have forced me into one party or the other, and I doubt as much now. But we will do our best. Dec. 7. 1823."

His Lordship seems to have been too sensitive on this point, and, as we think, attached too great an importance to these dissensions. We may quote against him a sentence from a letter of one of his intimate friends.

"I am convinced if they (the Greeks) succeed in getting the loan, the liberty of Greece will be definitively founded on a firm basis. True, there is much difference of opinion exist-

ing amongst the people in authority here, as well as in every other country, and some little squabbling for place and power, but they all unite against the common enemy. Love of liberty and execration of their barbarous oppressors actuate them. What they want, to ensure success and consolidate the Government, is money—money—money."

Lord Byron in his correspondence, however, continues to allude to these unfortunate differences, and is pleasant upon the gasconading which distinguishes the Greek of this day, as it did the Greek of the age of Cleon.

"C—— will tell you the recent special interposition of the Gods in behalf of the Greeks, who seem to have no enemies in heaven or earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord among themselves. But these too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated; and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the 'petite guerre' of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the Spartans, but they have not inherited their style.—Dec. 10, 1823."

Soon after the date of this letter the long desired squadron arrived in the waters of Messolonghi; and in a letter written three days after the date of the last, (Dec. 13th,) his Lordship says,

"I momentarily expect advices from Prince Mavrocordatos, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the

legislative to me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, I shall probably join him at sea or on shore."

In the same light and agreeable manner in which he touches upon every subject, he proceeds to speak of the Committee supplies, which had been sent out to him as its agent; an office which he had taken upon himself with great readiness, and executed with considerable judgment and discrimination.

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing (I ought not to have omitted the press, but forgot it at the moment—excuse the same); they are pronounced excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer, and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already), mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music; the maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee."

He speaks again of the supplies, however, with more pleasantry than foresight; for the very articles which he seems to have thought thrown away, proved of remarkable service, more particularly the trumpets. The Turks are so apprehensive of the skill and well directed valour of the *Franks*, that even the supposed presence of a body of such troops is sufficient to inspire a panic. The Greeks, aware of this, have frequently put their enemy in disorder by sounding these same despised bugles. The Greeks know this weak side of the Turks

so well, that they sometimes consider a collection of old European *hats* a piece of ammunition more effectual than much heavier artillery. The *sight* of a *hat*, if well-cocked, in the occidental fashion, espied among the Greek forces, is often as terrific as the sound of a trumpet.

"The supplies of the Committee are very useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away; none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho; for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send somebody to listen to them." He goes on, "We will do our best; and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more general exertion; for my part I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honourably clung to—if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct—and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans."

This determination never to desert the Greeks, as long as he could be of any service to them, is repeatedly expressed in his correspondence. He concludes a letter to his banker, in Cephalonia, on business, with this sentence: "I hope things here will go well, some time or other—I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists, *first* or *second*."

Lord Byron had the more merit in the zeal and energy with which he espoused the interests of the Hellenic cause, for he had not suffered himself to be dis-

gusted by the real state of things, when stripped of their romance by actual experience; and he was too wise to be led away by a blind enthusiasm. He seems to have been actuated, *in the main*, for we must not expect perfection either in Lord Byron or the Greeks, by a steady desire to benefit a people who deserved the assistance and sympathy of every lover of freedom and the improvement of mankind. He speaks to this point himself; and here we may remark, as in almost every line he ever wrote, the total absence of *cant*,—which unfortunately colours the writings and conversations of almost every man who imagines himself to live in the eye of the world.

"I am happy to say that —— —— and myself are acting in perfect harmony together: he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party, on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the 6th form at Harrow and Eton, &c.; but Col. —— and I set him to rights on those points, which was absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return—but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally. I can assure you that Col. —— and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all—but, like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth—with its defects as well as beauties, more especially as success will remove the former—*gradually*.—(Dec. 26, 1823.)

Lord Byron had by this time yielded to the solicitations of Mavrocordatos, who repeatedly urged him in the most pressing manner to cross over to Messolonghi, and who offered to send, and did send, ship after ship to Cephalonia, to bring him over. He seems to have been chiefly delayed by the difficulty in procuring money for his Italian bills. His anxiety to procure supplies is a constant subject of his correspondence.

"I have written," he says, in a letter dated 13th Oct. 1823, "to our friend Douglas Kinnaird, on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits he can command (and I have a year's income and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me); for till the Greeks get their loan, it is probable I shall have to stand partly paymaster, as far as I am 'good upon 'Change,' that is to say.—I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must, in the interim draw on Messrs. R—— most formidably—to say the truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have begun to fight again; and still more welcome shall they be, if they will go on—but they have had, or are to have four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one swoop, and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more, and how can I refuse if they will fight? and especially if I should happen to be in their company? I therefore request and require, that you should apprize my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase-money of Rochdale manor, and mine income for the year A. D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders or drafts of mine, for

the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution."

When the supplies were procured, and his other preparations made for departure, two Ionian vessels were hired, and embarking his horses and effects, his Lordship sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December. Anchoring at Zante the same evening, the whole of the following day was occupied in making his pecuniary arrangements with Mr. ———, and after receiving a quantity of specie on board, he proceeded towards Messolonghi. Two accidents occurred on this short passage, which might have been attended with very serious consequences. Count Gamba, an intimate friend who had accompanied his Lordship from Leghorn, had been charged with the vessel in which the horses and part of the money were embarked: when off Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and the place of their destination, they were surprised at day-light on finding themselves under the bows of a Turkish frigate. Owing, however, to the activity displayed on board Lord Byron's vessel, and her superior sailing, she escaped, while the second was fired at, brought to, and carried into Patras. Gamba and his companions, being taken before Yusuff Pasha, fully expected to share the fate of the unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief sacrificed last year at Prevesa, though also taken under the Ionian flag; and their fears would most probably have been realized, had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by the Count. Aware that nothing but

stratagem and effrontery could save him, he no sooner saw himself in the Pasha's power, than, assuming an air of hauteur and indifference, he accused the captain of the frigate of a scandalous breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours; and concluded by informing Yusuff, that he might expect the vengeance of the British Government in thus interrupting a nobleman who was merely on his travels, and bound to Calamos!* Whether the Turkish chief believed Gamba's story, or being aware of the real state of the case, did not wish to proceed to extremities, he not only consented to the vessel's release, but treated the whole party with the utmost attention, and even urged them to take a day's shooting in the neighbourhood. Count Gamba gladly availed himself of these unexpected hospitalities, and sailing the next day, passed over to Messolonghi, where, to his great surprise, Lord Byron had not yet arrived.

* The treatment of Gamba and the crew, while on board the Turkish ship of war, was scarcely less courteous than that which they experienced on landing. This arose from a very singular coincidence. On their first mounting the frigate's deck, the captain gave orders to put them all in irons, and might have proceeded to further extremities, when the master of the vessel went up to him, and asked "whether he did not recollect Spiro, who had saved his life in the Black Sea fifteen years before?" Upon which the Turk, looking stedfastly at him for a few moments, exclaimed—"What! can it be Spiro?" and springing forward, embraced his former deliverer with the greatest transport. This unlooked-for reception was followed by a promise that every effort would be made to obtain his speedy liberation on their arrival at Patras.

Owing to the wind's becoming contrary, Lord Byron's vessel took shelter at the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks within a few miles of Messolonghi; but as this place afforded no means of defence in the event of an attack, it was thought adviseable to remove to Dagromestre, where every preparation in their power was made, should any of the enemy's ships pursue them.

Having remained three days at Dagromestre, the wind came round and allowed his Lordship once more to set sail. On hearing what had happened, Prince Mavrocordatos despatched a gun-boat to accompany his Lordship's vessel; while a portion of the Greek squadron, stationed at Messolonghi, were also ordered to cruize in the offing, and prevent the Turkish vessels from approaching the coast. One of these coming up, the captain sent a boat on board, inviting his Lordship to make the remainder of his voyage on board of his ship; this offer was, however, declined. As if the whole voyage was destined to be ominous of some future calamity, the vessel had not proceeded many miles before she grounded on a shoal near the Scrofes, and would probably have remained there, had it not been for the activity of his Lordship's attendants, who jumped into the water and assisted to push the vessel off; whilst their master urged the captain and crew to exert themselves, instead of invoking the Saints, as is customary with Greek sailors on such occasions.* As the,

* His Lordship is described by his physician as conducting himself with admirable coolness. We will give the anecdote in his

wind continued to blow directly against their getting to Messolonghi, the vessel was again anchored between two of the numerous islets which line this part of the coast. Several gun-boats having arrived early the following morning, despatched from Messolonghi to accompany his Lordship, and assist him if required; the vessel accordingly sailed, but was forced to anchor in the evening, nor did she reach the town before the following day.

We can, however, give Lord Byron's account of his situation on the Scrofes, which we find in a hasty letter written on board the Cephaloniote vessel in which he sailed from Argostoli.

"We are just arrived here (the letter is dated 31st Dec. 1823), that is, part of my people and I, with some things,

own words: "Ma nel di lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca insegui la di lui nave, obligandola di ricoverarsi dentro le *Scrofes*, dove per l'impeto dei venti fù gettata sopra i scogli: tutti i marinari e' l'equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvare la loro vita: Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottr. Bruno rimasero sulla nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo: ma dopò qualche tempo non essendosi visto che ciò avveniva, le persone fuggite a terra respinsero la nave nell' acque: ma il tempestoso mare la ribàstò una secondo volta contro i scogli, ed allora si dveva per certo che la nave coll' illustre personaggio, una gran quantità di denari, e molti preziosi effetti per i Greci anderebbero a fondo; Tuttavia Lord Byron non si perturbò per nulla, anzi disse al di lui medico che voleva gettarsi al nuoto onde raggiongere la spiaggia: "non abbandonate la nave finchè abbiamo forze per direggerla; allorchè saremo coperti dall' acque, allora gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo."

&c., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted): but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press and all the committee things,—also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left—do you understand?)* are taken by the Turkish frigate—and my party and myself in another boat have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer and hove away) as well as this morning. Here we are with snow and blowing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols—and—I suspect—not more than four fighting people on board), is another question—especially if we remain long here—since we are blockaded out of Messolonghi by the direct entrance. You had better send my friend George Drako and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and all on board are taken into Patras, I suppose—and we must have a turn at the Turks to get them out; but where the devil is the fleet gone? the Greek I mean, leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again. Make my respects to Mavrocordatos, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here, not so much on my own account as on that of the Greek boy with me—for you know what his fate would be—and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself, than have him taken out by those barbarians."

* He wished to convey that he had these 8000 dollars *with him* in his present awkward situation.

Lord Byron was received at Messolonghi with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy: no mark of honour or welcome which the Greeks could devise was omitted. The ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed. Prince Mavrocordatos and all the authorities, with all the troops and the population collected together, met him on his landing, and accompanied him to the house which had been prepared for him, amidst the shouts of the multitude and the discharge of cannon. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which he had been expected, except the satisfaction which was displayed on his arrival.

One of the first objects to which Lord Byron naturally turned his attention was to mitigate the ferocity with which the war had been carried on. This ferocity, not only excusable in the first instance, but absolutely necessary and unavoidable, had now in a great measure effected its object. The Greeks were by this time in a condition to be merciful; and Lord Byron in the most judicious manner set about producing an improvement in the system of warfare on both sides.

The very first day of his Lordship's arrival was signalized by his rescuing a Turk, who had fallen into the hands of some Greek sailors. The individual thus saved, having been clothed by his orders, was kept in the house until an opportunity occurred of sending him to Patras.*

* Inseguendo un giorno un corsaro Greco, una nave carica di Turchi, uno di essi nell' affrettarsi ad accomodare una vela per

His Lordship had not been long at Messolonghi, before an opportunity presented itself for showing his sense of Yusuff Pasha's moderation in releasing Count Gamba. Hearing that there were four Turkish prisoners in the town, he requested that Prince Mavrocordatos would place them in his hands: this being immediately granted, they were sent to the castle of the Morea,

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fuggire più presto, cadde in mare, e gli riuscì di portarsi a terra nuotando, ma due soldati Greci lo inseguivano per ammazzarlo; la fortuna volle che il Turco fuggisse appunto nella casa d'abitazione di Milord, il quale lo accolse subito, e lo nascose: giunti i due soldati Greci, chiedono furibondi coll' armi alla mano e colle minaccie la restituzione della loro preda che volevano sacrificare; Milord gli offre qual somma volessero per riscattare il Turco; ma i due soldati insistono, colle armi in atto di ferire, a voler il prigioniero per ammazzarlo; allora Milord rispose, giacchè è così, me piuttosto ammazzerete che quel povero infelice perisca! Barbari che siete, è questo l'esempio che date di essere Christiani come voi dite? Olà fuggite dalla mia presenza, se non volete che vi faccia pagar caro il fio della vostra barbarie.—Lo tenne seco nascosto per alquanti giorni: lo fece curare dal suo medico d'una malattia che la paura gli avevá cagionato, e poi caricatolo di doni, lo mandò a Patrasso in seno della sua famiglia. Aveva Milord pure raccolto in Messolonghi una donna Turca colla di lei figlia, che dall' apice de la fortuna si trovavano nella più grande miseria. Fece dei ricchissimi doni alla figlia ancor bambina, ed aveva divisato di mandarla educare in Italia, il che si effettuava anche dopo la di lui morte; ma la madre e figlia Turche giunte a Zante vollevano per forza andare a Prevesa, dicendo, *che siccome avevano perduto in Milord il loro padre, volevano ritirarsi nel lor nativo paese, e piangerne colà per sempre la perdita.*—Dr. Bruno.

near Patras, with the following letter addressed to the Turkish chief:

"Highness!—A vessel in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you, not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain, but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the Governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions; but, should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity, more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"*Messolunghi, 23 January*, 1824."

"NOEL BYRON."

The above act was followed by another not less entitled to praise, while it proves how anxious his Lordship felt to give a new turn to the system of warfare hitherto pursued. A Greek cruizer having captured a Turkish boat, in which there were a number of passengers, chiefly women and children, they were also placed in the hands of Lord Byron, at his particular request:

upon which a vessel was immediately hired, and the whole of them, to the number of twenty-four, sent to Prevesa, provided with every requisite for their comfort during the passage. The letter which accompanied these poor people was answered by the English Consul Mr. Meyer, who thanked his Lordship in the name of Beker Aga the Turkish Governor of that place, and concluded by an assurance that he would take care equal attention should be in future shown to the Greeks who became prisoners.

Another grand object with Lord Byron, and one which he never ceased to forward with the most anxious solicitude, was to reconcile the quarrels of the native Chiefs, to make them friendly and confiding to one another, and submissive to the orders of the Government. He had neither time nor much opportunity before his decease to carry this point to any great extent; much good was however done; and if we may judge from a few observations we find respecting the treatment of Sisseni, a fractious chief of Gastouni, we may be certain that it was done with a wise and healing hand.

"If Sisseni is sincere, he will be treated with, and *well* treated: if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is, to heal these internal dissensions for the *future*, without exacting a too rigorous account of the past. The Prince Mavrocordatos is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I *have heard* a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal of good*. However, I never judge by report, particularly in a revolution: *personally* I am rather obliged to

him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore answer him, that any overtures for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met here. I hardly think he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to *me* through *you*, because he must be sure that in such case it would be eventually exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

Sisseni is the *Capitano* of the rich and fertile plain of Gastouni, who at first paid but a very uncertain obedience to the Government; but now, observing its increase in power and apparent security, had begun to make overtures for a regular submission to its decrees. The manners of all these oligarchs of the Morea, like those of Sisseni, are *Turkish*: they live surrounded by a mixture of splendour and misery, with a sort of court like those of other petty monarchs, filled with soldiers, harlots, and buffoons.

Mavrocordatos in his invitations to Lord Byron had dwelt on the importance of his Lordship's presence at Messolonghi, and had no doubt fired his imagination by the anticipations of success, and the scenes of brilliant achievement which he laid before him. "Soyez persuadé, Milord," he says, among much of the same kind, "qu'il ne dépendra que de vous, d'assurer le sort de la Grèce. Lepante et Patras, cernés par terre et par mer, ne tarderont pas de capituler; et maîtres de ces deux places, nous pouvons former des projets de l'occupation de Thessalie!" Accordingly, Lord Byron landed at

Messolonghi, animated with military ardour, and became, as one of the letters from the place, dated soon after his landing, expresses it, *soldier-mad*. After paying the fleet, which indeed had only come out under the expectation of receiving its arrears from the loan which he promised to make to the Provisional Government, he set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest and most resolute of the soldiers of Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st Jan. 1824, and an object worthy of them and their leader was not difficult to be found.

The castle of Lepanto, which commands the gulf of that name, was the only fortress occupied by the Turks in Western Greece. Its position at the mouth of the gulf is one of great importance, and enables it to keep up a constant communication with Patras; and while this was the case, it was impossible to reduce it in the ordinary mode of starvation. The garrison consisted of 500 Turks, and a considerable number of Albanians; the soldiers were clamorous for their pay, and much confusion was said to reign in the place. It was understood that the Albanians would surrender on the approach of Lord Byron, and on being paid their arrears, which amounted to 23,000 dollars. In every point of view the place was of the highest importance, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that a vigorous attack upon it would prove successful. Lord Byron was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and spent his whole time in preparing for the expe-

dition. It was first intended that a body of 2500 men should form the main body, and that Lord Byron should join them with his 500 Suliotes, and with a corps of artillery under Mr. Parry, which had been raised by the Greek Committee in London. At the latter end of January, however, Lord Byron was appointed by the Greek Government to the sole command of all the (3000) troops destined to act against Lepanto. He mentions this circumstance himself:

"The expedition of about two thousand men is planned for an attack on Lepanto; and for reasons of policy with regard to the native Capitani, who would rather be (nominally at least) under the command of a foreigner, than one of their own body, the direction, it is said, is to be given to me. There is also another reason, which is, that if a capitulation should take place, the Mussulmans might perhaps rather have *Christian* faith with a Frank than with a Greek, and so be inclined to concede a point or two. These appear to be the most obvious motives for such an appointment, as far as I can conjecture; unless there be *one* reason more, viz. that under present circumstances no one else (not even Mavrocordatos himself) seems disposed to accept such a nomination—and though my desires are as far as my deserts upon this occasion, I do not decline it, being willing to do as I am bidden; and as I pay a considerable part of the clans, I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money; besides, I am tired of hearing nothing but talk."

He adds in a note, that Parry, who had been delayed, and had been long eagerly expected with his artillery and stores, had not arrived; and says, "I

presume from the retardment that he is the same Parry who attempted the *North Pole*, and is (it may be supposed) now essaying the *South*."

The expedition, however, had to experience delay and disappointment from much more important causes than the non-appearance of the engineer. The Suliotes, who conceived that they had found a patron whose wealth was inexhaustible, and whose generosity was as boundless, determined to make the most of the occasion, and proceeded to make the most extravagant demands on their leader for arrears, and under other pretences. Suliotes, untameable in the field, and equally unmanageable in a town, were at this moment peculiarly disposed to be obstinate, riotous, and mercenary. They had been chiefly instrumental in preserving Messalonghi when besieged the previous autumn by the Turks, had been driven from their abodes, and the whole of their families were at this time in the town destitute of either home or sufficient supplies. Of turbulent and reckless character, they kept the place in awe; and Mavrocordatos having, unlike the other captains, no soldiers of his own, was glad to find a body of valiant mercenaries, especially if paid for out of the funds of another; and, consequently, was not disposed to treat them with harshness. Within a fortnight after Lord Byron's arrival, a burgher refusing to quarter some Suliotes who rudely demanded entrance into his house, was killed, and a riot ensued in which some lives were lost. Lord Byron's impatient spirit could ill brook the

delay of a favourite scheme, and he saw, with the utmost chagrin, that the state of his favourite troops was such as to render any attempt to lead them out at present impracticable.

The project of proceeding against Lepanto being thus suspended, at a moment when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, and when he had fully calculated on striking a blow which could not fail to be of the utmost service to the Greek cause, it is no wonder that the unlooked-for disappointment should have preyed on his spirits, and produced a degree of irritability, which, if it was not the sole cause, contributed greatly to a severe fit of epilepsy, with which he was attacked on the 15th of February. His Lordship was sitting in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope, (the active and enlightened representative of the Greek Committee in Greece, who had gone out to co-operate with Lord Byron,) and was talking in a jocular manner with Mr. Parry the engineer, when it was observed, from occasional and rapid changes in his countenance, that he was suffering under some strong emotion. On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and rose; but finding himself unable to walk, he cried out for assistance. He then fell into a state of nervous and convulsive agitation, and was placed on a bed. For some minutes his countenance was much distorted.—He however quickly recovered his senses; his speech returned, and he soon appeared perfectly well, although enfeebled and exhausted by the violence of the struggle. Du-

ring the fit he behaved with his usual remarkable firmness, and his efforts in contending with and attempting to master the disease are described as gigantic. In the course of the month the attack was repeated four times; the violence of the disorder at length yielded to the remedies which his physicians advised, such as bleeding, cold bathing, perfect relaxation of mind, &c., and he gradually recovered. An accident, however, happened a few days after his first illness, which was ill calculated to aid the efforts of his medical advisers. A Suliote, accompanied by the late Marco Botzari's little boy and another man, walked into the Seraglio—a place which before Lord Byron's arrival had been used as a sort of fortress and barrack for the Suliotes, and out of which they were ejected with great difficulty for the reception of the Committee stores, and for the occupation of the engineers, who required it for a laboratory. The sentinel on guard ordered the Suliotes to retire; which being a species of motion to which Suliotes are not accustomed, the man carelessly advanced; upon which the sergeant of the guard (a German) demanded his business, and receiving no satisfactory answer, pushed him back. These wild warriors, who will dream for years of a blow if revenge is out of their power, are not slow to follow up a push. The Suliote struck again—the sergeant and he closed and struggled, when the Suliote drew a pistol from his belt. The sergeant wrenched it out of his hand, and blew the powder out of the pan. At this moment Captain Sass, a

Swede, seeing the fray, came up and ordered the man to be taken to the guard-room. The Suliote was then disposed to depart, and would have done so if the sergeant would have permitted him. Unfortunately, Captain Sass did not confine himself to merely giving the order for his arrest; for when the Suliote struggled to get away, Captain Sass drew his sword and struck him with the flat part of it; whereupon the enraged Greek flew upon him with a pistol in one hand, and the sabre in the other; and at the same moment nearly cut off the captain's right arm, and shot him through the head with the pistol. Captain Sass, who was remarkable for his mild and courageous character, expired in a few minutes. The Suliote also was a man of distinguished bravery. This was a serious affair, and great apprehensions were entertained that it would not end here. The Suliotes refused to surrender the man to justice, alleging that he had been struck, which, in Suliote law, justifies all the consequences which may follow.

In a letter dated a few days after Lord Byron's first attack, to a friend in Zante, he speaks of himself as rapidly recovering:

"I am a good deal better, tho' of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it; but I have been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback; to-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as well can be, without any liquid but water, and without any animal food." He then adds, "Besides the four Turks sent

to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them to Prevesa, that the English Consul-general may consign them to their relatives. I did this at their own desire." After recurring to some other subjects, the letter concludes thus:—"Matters are here a little embroiled with the Suliotes, foreigners, &c., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause so long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's improvement in health, his friends felt from the first that he ought to try a change of air. Messolonghi is a flat, marshy, and pestilential place, and, except for purposes of utility, never would have been selected for his residence. A gentleman of Zante wrote to him early in March, to induce him to return to that Island for a time; to his letter the following answer was received on the 10th:

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even *supposed*) utility,—there is a stake worth millions such as I am,—and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects, of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

It may well be supposed after so severe a fit of illness, and that in a great measure superinduced by the conduct of the troops he had taken into his pay, and

treated with the height of generosity, that he was in no humour to pursue his scheme against Lepanto—supposing that his state of health had been such as to bear the fatigue of a campaign in Greece. The Suliotes, however, shewed some signs of repentance, and offered to place themselves at his Lordship's disposal. They had, however, another objection to the nature of the service. In a letter which Colonel Stanhope wrote to Lord Byron on the 6th of March, from Athens, he tells his Lordship that he had bivouacked on the 21st of February in the hut of the Prefect of the Lepanto district, who had just had a conference with the garrison of that place. This man said, that if Lord Byron would march there with a considerable force, and the arrears due to the troops, the fortress would be surrendered; and Colonel S. adds, a pressing entreaty that Lord Byron would proceed there immediately, and take advantage of this disposition on the part of the garrison. To this his Lordship has appended this note—"The Suliotes have declined marching against Lepanto, saying that they would not fight against stone walls. Colonel S. also knows their conduct here, in other respects, lately."—We may conclude that the expedition to Lepanto was not thought of after this time.

This same letter, which communicated to Lord Byron the facility with which Lepanto might be taken, also announced the intention of Ulysses (Odysseus) to summon a Congress of chiefs at Salona, to consider of a

mode of uniting more closely the interests of Eastern and Western Greece, and arranging between them some method of strict co-operation. The whole of these two districts are subordinate to their respective governments, and as the Turkish army was expected to come down, it was supposed by Odysseus that some plan of acting in concert might be hit upon, which would not only enable them to resist the enemy with greater effect, but likewise rapidly advance the progress of civilization, and the authority of the government and constitution. Odysseus, who had the most influence in Eastern Greece, and was able to collect all the chiefs of his own district, was most desirous of prevailing upon Mavrocordatos and Lord Byron, who were all-powerful in the opposite territory, to be present at this Congress, which he proposed to hold at Salona, a town nearly on the confines of the two departments. Two agents were sent to persuade them to join in the design, and repair to Salona. Odysseus himself first despatched Mr. Finlay; and after him Captain Humphries went over to Messolonghi with all haste, by desire of Colonel Stanhope. The latter succeeded. Lord Byron, as may be supposed, was well disposed to the measure; but his consent was for some time held back by the Prince, who had reasons for not approving the Congress. Mavrocordatos was always averse to meeting Odysseus, a man of a very different character from himself; nor did he relish the idea of Lord Byron's quit-

ting the seat of his government. It was, however, apparently settled that both should attend at Salona, as we learn from a letter from his Lordship to Colonel Stanhope, at Athens, directly accepting the invitation on the part of both; as well as from another, dated the 22d March, to his agent, of which the following is an extract:—

"In a few days P. Mavrocordatos and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona at the request of Ulysses and the chiefs of Eastern Greece, and to take measures offensive and defensive for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordatos is almost recalled by the *new* Government to the Morea (to take the lead I rather think), and they have written to propose to me, to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter with General Londos, and any other I may choose to form a council. Andrea Londos is my old friend and acquaintance since we were in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over; but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me as long as I can be of any presumed use to them. Excuse haste—it is late—and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a brook or ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

They did not, however, set out in a few days, as it seems to have been intended. In the Government,

which since Lord Byron's arrival at Messolonghi had been changed, the civil and island interest now greatly preponderated; and consequently by it a Congress of military chiefs was looked upon with some jealousy, and most unjustly styled an unconstitutional measure. Mavrocordatos's views were now those of the Government; so that, in addition to his private motives, he had also a public interest in withholding Lord Byron from Salona. Various pretexts were urged for delay; among others, whether a true or a pretended one is not exactly ascertained, a design of delivering up Messolonghi to the Turks was alleged against the Suliotes. But at last came Lord Byron's fatal illness, and all schemes of congresses and campaigns were for a time forgotten in the apprehensions entertained for his life, and in the subsequent lamentations over his death the meeting took place at Salona, on the 16th of April: Mavrocordatos was not there; and Lord Byron was on his death-bed.

Mr. FLETCHER'S ACCOUNT of LORD BYRON'S LAST MOMENTS.

The last moments of great men have always been a subject of deep interest, and are thought to be pregnant with instruction. Surely, if the death-bed of any man will fix attention, it is that of one upon whose most trifling action the eyes of all Europe have been fixed for ten years with an anxious and minute curiosity, of which the annals of literature afford no previous example. We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness. It is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies: the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of an humble but an affectionate friend: memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances, have played him false: and some of the thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being the means of preserving so affecting and interesting a history of the last days of

the greatest and the truest poet that England has for some time produced.

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet; and on his return home his Lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his Lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache; this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His Lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millin,

gen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness: both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days.—This was on the 13th. On the following day I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors; which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days.—Here I should remark, that his Lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, 'Then, my Lord, have other advice by all means.'—'They tell me,' said his Lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which, you know, I have had a thousand times.'—'I am sure, my Lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.'—'I think I never had,' was his Lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for, on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect

would be to create pain: indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master, for the last eight days, consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood?—The latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day;—and accordingly my master was bled in the right arm, on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time, that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante; upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His Lordship continued to get worse: but Dr. Bruno said, he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes. To this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder; and then, stretching out his arm, said, 'Here, take my arm, and

do whatever you like.' His Lordship continued to get weaker; and on the 17th he was bled twice in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon. The bleeding at both times was followed by fainting-fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his Lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week; I know,' added his Lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying,—I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave your Lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto, which had hitherto been kept at his bedside in the night. On the 18th his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease. Write yourself, for I know they would not

like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders; and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?'—'I have, my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill; and, in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment!' I then said, 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?'—'Oh, my God! no, you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention!' His Lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child!—my dear Ada! My God! could I but have

seen her! Give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say——tell her every thing;—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.' Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost, for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my Lord,' I said, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over!' I said, 'Not ours will, but God's be done!' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try——' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time—such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes;' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words which can only interest those to whom they

were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry; to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down never to rise again!—for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat: on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choaking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone!'"

The Editor thinks it right to add here, from "The Examiner," Dr. Bruno's Answer to Mr. Fletcher's Statement.

"Mr. Fletcher has omitted to state, that on the second day of Lord Byron's illness, his physician, Dr. Bruno, seeing the sudorific medicines had no effect, proposed blood-letting, and that his Lordship refused to allow it, and caused Mr. Millingen to be sent for, in order to consult with his physician, and see if the rheumatic fever could not be cured without the loss of blood.

"Mr. Millingen approved of the medicines previously prescribed by Dr. Bruno, and was not opposed to the opinion that bleeding was necessary; but he said to his Lordship, that it might be deferred till the next day. He held this language for three successive days, while the other physician (Dr. Bruno) every day threatened Lord Byron that he would die by his obstinacy in not allowing himself to be bled. His Lordship always answered, 'You wish to get the reputation of curing my disease,—that is why you tell me it is so serious; but I will not permit you to bleed me.'

"After the first consultation with Mr. Millingen, the domestic Fletcher asked Dr. Bruno how his Lordship's complaint was going on? The physician replied, that, if he would allow the bleeding, he would be cured in a few days. But the surgeon, Mr. Millingen, assured Lord Byron, from day to day, that it could wait till to-

morrow; and thus four days slipped away, during which the disease, for want of blood-letting, grew much worse. At length Mr. Millingen, seeing that the prognostications which Dr. Bruno had made respecting Lord Byron's malady were more and more confirmed, urged the necessity of bleeding, and of no longer delaying it a moment. This caused Lord Byron, disgusted at finding that he could not be cured without loss of blood, to say that it seemed to him that the doctors did not understand his malady. He then had a man sent to Zante to fetch Dr. Thomas. Mr. Fletcher having mentioned this to Dr. Bruno, the latter observed, that if his Lordship would consent to lose as much blood as was necessary, he would answer for his cure; but that if he delayed any longer, or did not entirely follow his advice, Dr. Thomas would not arrive in time:—in fact, when Dr. Thomas was ready to set out from Zante, Lord Byron was dead.

The pistols and stiletto were removed from his Lordship's bed,—not by Fletcher, but by the servant Tita, who was the only person that constantly waited on Lord Byron in his illness, and who had been advised to take this precaution by Dr. Bruno, the latter having perceived that my Lord had moments of delirium.

"Two days before the death, a consultation was held with three other doctors, who appeared to think that his Lordship's disease was changing from inflammatory

diathesis to languid, and they ordered china*, opium, and ammonia.

"Dr. Bruno opposed this with the greatest warmth, and pointed out to them that the symptoms were those, not of an alteration in the disease, but of a fever flying to the brain, which was violently attacked by it; and that the wine, the china, and the stimulants would kill Lord Byron more speedily than the complaint itself could; while, on the other hand, by copious bleedings and the medicines that had been taken before, he might yet be saved. The other physicians, however, were of a different opinion; and it was then that Dr. Bruno declared to his colleagues that he would have no further responsibility for the loss of Lord Byron, which he pronounced inevitable if the china were given him. In effect, after my Lord had taken the tincture, with some grains of carbonate of ammonia, he was seized by convulsions. Soon afterwards they gave him a cup of very strong decoction of china, with some drops of laudanum: he instantly fell into a deep lethargic sleep, from which he never rose.

"The opening of the body discovered the brain in a state of the highest inflammation; and all the six physicians who were present at that opening were convinced that my Lord would have been saved by the

* This is a French term, sometimes used for the smilax china; but we have no doubt it means here the Jesuit's bark.

bleeding, which his physician Dr. Bruno had advised from the beginning with the most pressing urgency and the greatest firmness."

F. B.

Of Lord Byron's friends in Greece, those whom one should have wished to have been present during his last illness were scattered about the country: Colonel Stanhope was at Salona; Mr. Trelawney arrived at Messolonghi very soon after the fatal event. "With all my anxiety," he says, in a letter written immediately after, and dated Messolonghi, "I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Messolonghi; I then rode back and demanded of a stranger the news from Messolonghi; I heard nothing more than '*Lord Byron is dead*,' and I passed on in gloomy silence."—It was at his desire that Dr. Bruno drew up his report of the examination of Lord Byron's body. This report we shall here insert, though it has been printed in the newspapers. But, partly owing to the vagueness of the original, and partly to the translator's ignorance of anatomy, it has been hitherto perfectly unintelligible.

"On opening the body of Lord Byron, the bones of the head were found extremely hard, exhibiting no appearance of suture, like the cranium of an octogenarian, so that the skull had the appearance of one uniform bone: there seemed to be no diploë, and the *sinus frontalis* was wanting.

2. The *dura mater* was so firmly attached to the internal parietes of the cranium, that the reiterated attempts of two strong men were insufficient to detach it, and the vessels of that membrane were completely injected with blood. It was united from point to point by membranous bridles to the *pia mater*.

3. Between the *pia mater* and the convolutions of the brain were found many globules of air, with exudation of lymph and numerous adhesions.

4. The great *falx* of the *dura mater* was firmly attached to both hemispheres by membranous bridles, and its vessels were turgid with blood.

5. On dividing the medullary substance of the brain, the exudation of blood from the minute vessels produced specks of a bright red colour. An extravasation of about 2 oz. of bloody serum was found beneath the *pons Varioli*, at the base of the hemispheres; and in the two superior or lateral ventricles a similar extravasation was discovered at the base of the *cerebellum*, and the usual effects of inflammation were observable throughout the *cerebrum*.

6. The medullary substance was in more than ordinary proportion to the corticle, and of the usual consistency. The *cerebrum* and the *cerebellum*, without the membranes, weighed 6lbs. (*mediche*).

7. The channels or *sulci* of the blood-vessels on the internal surface of the cranium were more numerous than usual, but small.

8. The lungs were perfectly healthy, but of much more than ordinary volume (*gigantiselle*).

9. Between the pericardium and the heart there was about an ounce of lymph, and the heart itself was of greater size

than usual; but its muscular substance was extremely flaccid.

10. The liver was much smaller than usual, as was also the gall-bladder, which contained air instead of bile. The intestines were of a deep bilious hue, and distended with air.

11. The kidneys were very large but healthy, and the *vesica* relatively small.

"Judging from the observations marked 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11, the physician who attended Lord Byron concludes, that he might probably have recovered from his illness, had he submitted to the loss of blood which was recommended at the commencement of the disease. He thinks, however, that he can declare with tolerable certainty, from the appearances 1, 8, and 9, that his Lordship could not have survived many years, on account of his habitual exposure to the causes of disease, both from his habitual mental exertion, his excessive occupation, and a constant state of indigestion."

From this account of the examination of the body, it is plain that Lord Byron died in consequence of inflammation of the brain; at least, if the appearances really were as described. The cause of the attack was clearly his exposure to wet and cold on the 9th of April. By this exposure fever was excited. His brain was predisposed to disease, as is evident from the attack of convulsion from which he was scarcely yet recovered; and the fever once produced, excited inflammation in the brain the more readily on account of the predisposition to disease which had already been manifested in that

organ. That he might have been saved by early and copious bleeding, and other appropriate remedies, is certain. That his medical attendants had not, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied. Nothing is *known* of any intention to bleed until the 15th, that is, the 6th day of the disease, and then one of the medical attendants expresses in a very vague manner his opinion of the remedy: "it might be of service, but it could be deferred till the next day." Could any man, who was led by the symptoms to suspect such a state of the organ as was revealed by inspection, thus speak? When Dr. Bruno, in his report, speaks of taking blood in the early stage "in grande abbondanza," he speaks instructed by dissection. Were we to place implicit confidence in the accuracy of the report of Lord Byron's attendant, we should doubt, from all the circumstances, his having proposed, in an early stage, copious bleeding to his patient, and his Lordship's refusal to submit to the treatment. He called his complaint a cold, and said the patient would be well in a few days, and no physician would propose copious bleeding under such circumstances. It seems to us that Lord Byron's penetration discovered their hesitation, and suspected the ignorance by which it was caused, and that his suspicion was but too well founded. Without further evidence we should disbelieve in the total obliteration of the sutures; and we may add, that all the inferences deduced from the alleged appearances in 1, 8, 9, &c. are *absurd;* they

do not afford evidence enough to warrant the slightest conjecture relative to the length or the brevity of life. It is, however, but fair to add, that Lord Byron always had a very decided objection to being bled; and Dr. Bruno's own testimony, which we have already quoted, ought to have its due weight. That Lord Byron should have had an insurmountable objection to bleeding is extraordinary, and it in some measure confirms what he himself used to say, that he had no fear of death, but a perfect horror of pain.

Lord Byron's death was a severe blow to the people of Messolonghi, and they testified their sincere and deep sorrow by paying his remains all the honours their state could by any possibility invent and carry into execution. But a people, when really animated by the passion of grief, requires no teaching or marshalling into the expression of its feelings. The rude and military mode in which the inhabitants and soldiers of Messolonghi, and of other places, vented their lamentations over the body of their deceased patron and benefactor, touches the heart more deeply than the vain and empty pageantry of much more civilized states.

Immediately after the death of Lord Byron, and it was instantly known, for the whole town was watching the event, Prince Mavrocordatos published the following proclamation:

Ἀρ. 1185.)

ΠΡΟΣΩΡΙΝΗ ΔΙΟΙΚΗΣΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ.

Αἱ παροῦσαι χαρμόσυνοι ἡμέραι ἔγιναν διὰ ὅλους ἡμᾶς ἡμέραι πένθους.

Ὁ Λόρδ Νόελ Βυρὼν ἀπέρασε σήμερον εἰς τὴν ἄλλην ζωὴν, περὶ τὰς ἑνδεκα ὥρας τὴν ἑσπέραν μετὰ μίαν ἀσθένειαν φλογιστικοῦ ρευματικοῦ πυρετοῦ 10 ἡμερῶν.

Καὶ πρὶν ἀκόμη χωριαθῇ ἡ ψυχὴ ἀπὸ τὸ σῶμα, ἡ κοινὴ κατήφεια ἔλεγεν ὅσην θλίψιν ἠσθάνετο ἡ καρδία ὅλων, καὶ ὅλοι μικροὶ μεγάλοι, ἄνδρες καὶ γυναῖκες, γινημενοι ἀπὸ τὴν θλίψιν, ἐλησμονήσατε τὸ Πάσχα.

Ἡ σέρησις αὐτοῦ τοῦ Λαμπροῦ ὑποκειμένου εἶχαι βέβαια πολλὰ αἰσθαντικὴ δι' ὅλην τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἀλλὰ εἶναι πολὺ περισότερον ἀξιοθρήνητος διὰ αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν, τὴν ὁποίαν ἠγάπησε διαφερόντως, καὶ εἰς αὐτὴν ἐπολιτογράφη, καὶ ἀπόφασιν σαθερὰν εἶχεν ἂν τὸ ἔφερεν ἡ περίσασις νὰ γενῇ καὶ προσωπικῶς συμμέτοχος τῶν κινδύνων τῆς.

Καθένας βλέπει ἐμπρός τοῦ τὰς πλουσίας πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν εὐεργεσίας τοῦ, καὶ μήτε ἔπαυσε μήτε παύει κάνεἰς μὲ εὐγνώμονα καὶ ἀληθινὴν φωνὴν νὰ τὸν ὀνομάζῃ εὐεργέτην.

Ἕως οὗ νὰ γνωσοποιηθεῦν αἱ διαταγαὶ τῆς Ἐθνικῆς Διοικήσεως περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ πολυθρηνήτου συμβάντος,

Δυνάμει τοῦ ὑπ' ἀρ. 314 καὶ ἡμ. 15 Ὀκτωβρίου θεσπίσματος τοῦ Βουλευτικοῦ Σώματος,

Διατάττεται,

α'.) Αὔριον, μόλις ἀνατείλῃ ὁ Ἥλιος, νὰ πέσουν ἀπὸ τὸ μεγάλον κανονοστάσιον τοῦ τείχους αὐτῆς τῆς Πόλεως 37 Κανονιαῖς (μία τὸ κάθε λεπτὸν,) κατὰ τὸν ἀριθμὸν τῶν χρόνων τῆς ζωῆς τοῦ ἀποθανόντος.

β'.) Ὅλα τὰ κοινὰ ὑπουργεῖα, διὰ τρεῖς ἡμέρας κατὰ συνέχειαν, νὰ κλεισθοῦν, ἐμπεριεχομένων καὶ τῶν κριτηρίων.

γ'.) Νὰ κλεισθοῦν ὅλα τὰ ἐργαστήρια ἐκτὸς ἐκείνων, ὅπου πωλοῦνται τροφαί, καὶ ἰατρικὰ καὶ νὰ λείψουν τὰ μουσικὰ παιγνίδια, οἱ συνειθισμένοι εἰς αὐτὰς τὰς ἡμέρας χοροί, νὰ παύσουν τὰ φαγοπότια εἰς τὰ κρασοπωλεῖα, καὶ κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος κεινοῦ ξεφαντώματος.

δ'.) Νὰ γενῇ 21 ἡμέρας Γενικὴ πενθηφορία.

ε'.) Νὰ γένουν ἐπικήδειοι δεήσεις εἰς ὅλας τὰς ἐκκλησίας.

Ἐν Μεσολογγίῳ τὴν 7 Ἀπριλλίου 1824.

Τ. Σ. Α. Μαυροκορδάτος.

Ὁ Γραμματεὺς
Γεώργιος Πραΐδης.

Ἐκ τῆς Τυπογραφίας Δ. Μεσθενέως.

(TRANSLATION.)

Art. 1185. *Provisional Government of Western Greece.*

The present day of festivity and rejoicing is turned into one of sorrow and mourning.

The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at eleven o'clock last night, after an illness of ten days; his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his Lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting end was apprehended.

The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece; but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Messolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the ulterior determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his Lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

Until, therefore, the final determination of the national Government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me: I hereby decree,

1st. To-morrow morning at daylight, 37 minute-guns shall be fired from the grand battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

2d. All the public offices, even to the tribunals, are to remain closed for three successive days.

3d. All the shops, except those in which provisions or medicines are sold, will also be shut: and it is strictly enjoined, that every species of public amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, may be suspended.

4th. A general mourning will be observed for twenty-one days.

5th. Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered up in all the churches.

(Signed) A. Mavrocordatos.

Giorgius Praidis,

Secretary.

Given at Messolonghi, this 19th day of April, 1824.

There appears to have been considerable difficulty in fixing upon the place of interment. No directions had been left by Lord Byron—and no one could speak as to the wishes he might have entertained on the point. After the embalmment, the first step was to send the body to Zante, where the authorities were to decide as to its ultimate destination. Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of Lord Byron by marriage, the Secretary of the Senate at Corfu, repaired to Zante to meet it. It was his wish, and that of some others, that his Lordship should be interred in that island—a proposition which was received with indignation and most decidedly opposed by the majority of the English. By one it was proposed that his remains should have been deposited in the temple of Theseus, or in the Parthenon,

at Athens; and as some importance might have been attached to the circumstance by the Greeks, and as there is something consolatory in the idea of Lord Byron reposing at last in so venerable a spot, thus re-consecrating, as it were, the sacred land of the Arts and the Muses, we cannot but lament that the measure was not listened to. Ulysses sent an express to Messolonghi, to solicit that his ashes might be laid in Athens; the body had then, however, reached Zante, and it appearing to be the almost unanimous wish of the English that it should be sent to England, for public burial in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the Resident of the Island yielded; the Florida was taken up for that purpose—and the whole English public know the result.

It was not only at Messolonghi, but throughout the whole of Greece, that the death of Lord Byron was felt as a calamity in itself, and a bad omen for the future. Lord Byron went to the Greeks not under the same circumstances that any other man of equal genius might have done. He had been the poet of Greece—more than any other man he had turned the attention of Europe on Modern Greece. By his eloquent and spirit-stirring strains, he had himself powerfully co-operated in raising the enthusiasm of regeneration which now reigns in Greece. All this gave to his arrival there, to use the phrase of a letter written while he was expected, something like the character "of the coming of a Messiah." Proportionate, doubtless, was the disappoint-

ment, grief, and depression, when his mission ended before he had effected any thing of importance.—Fortunately the success of Greece depends not upon the efforts of *any* single man. Her fortune is sure, and must be made by the force of uncontrollable circumstances; by the character of the country, by the present ignorance and the former brutality of its oppressors, by Greek ingenuity, dexterity, and perseverance, traits stamped upon them by ages of servitude, now turned with a spirit of stern revenge upon those who made such qualities necessary—by the fortunate accidents which kept a host of consummate generals in the character of bandit robbers and shepherd chiefs, watching the moment when they might assume a more generous trade, and on a larger scale revenge the wrongs of a race of mountain-warriors.—By these, and a multitude of other causes which might be enumerated, the fate of Greece is certain. We repeat with the most earnest assurance to those who still doubt, and with the most intimate knowledge of all the facts which have taken place, that the ultimate *independence* of Greece is secure. The only question at stake is the rapidity of the events which may lead to so desirable a consummation—so desirable to those who delight in the happiness and improvement of mankind—so delightful to those who have the increased prosperity of England at heart. It is here that Lord Byron might have been useful; by healing divisions, by exciting dormant energies, by ennobling and ca

lebrating the cause, he might perhaps have accelerated the progress of Greece towards the wished-for goal. But even here, though his life was not to be spared, his death may be useful—the death-place of such a man must be in itself illustrious. The Greeks will not despair when they think how great a sacrifice has been made for them: the eyes of all Europe are turned to the spot in which he breathed his last. No man who knows that Lord Byron's name and fame were more universal than those of any other then or now existing, can be indifferent to the cause for which he spent his last energies—on which he bent his last thoughts—the cause for which he DIED.

FUNERAL ORATION ON LORD NOEL BYRON,

COMPOSED AND DELIVERED

BY M. SPIRIDION TRICOUPI.

(*Printed by Order of Government.*)

Messolonghi, 10th April,
Thursday in Easter Week, 1824.

"UNLOOKED-FOR event! deplorable misfortune! But a short time has elapsed since the people of this deeply suffering country welcomed, with unfeigned joy and open arms, this celebrated individual to their bosoms; to-day, overwhelmed with grief and despair, they bathe his funeral couch with tears of bitterness, and mourn over it with inconsolable affliction. On Easter Sunday, the happy salutation of the day, "Christ is risen," remained but half pronounced on the lips of every Greek; and as they met, before even congratulating one another on the return of that joyous day, the universal demand was, "How is Lord Byron?" Thousands, assembled in the spacious plain outside of the city to commemorate the sacred day, appeared as if they had assembled for the sole purpose of imploring the Saviour of the world to restore to health him who was a partaker with us in our present struggle for the deliverance of our native land.

And how is it possible that any heart should remain unmoved, any lip closed upon the present occasion? Was ever Greece in greater want of assistance than when the ever-to-be-lamented Lord Byron, at the peril of his life, crossed over to Messolonghi? Then, and ever since he has been with us, his liberal hand has been opened to our necessities—necessities which our own poverty would have otherwise rendered irremediable. How many and much greater benefits did we not expect from him!—and to-day, alas! to-day, the unrelenting grave closes over him and our hopes!

Residing out of Greece, and enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of Europe, he might have contributed materially to the success of our cause, without coming personally amongst us; and this would have been sufficient for us,—for the well-proved ability and profound judgment of our Governor, the President of the Senate, would have ensured our safety with the means so supplied. But if this was sufficient for us, it was not so for Lord Byron. Destined by nature to uphold the rights of man whenever he saw them trampled upon; born in a free and enlightened country; early taught, by reading the works of our ancestors, (which indeed teach all who can read them,) not only what man is, but what he ought to be, and what he may be—he saw the persecuted and enslaved Greek determine to break the heavy chains with which he was bound, and to convert the iron into sharp-edged swords, that he might regain by force what force had torn from him!——He (Lord B.) saw, and leaving

all the pleasures of Europe, he came to share our sufferings and our hardships; assisting us, not only with his wealth, of which he was profuse; not only with his judgment, of which he has given us so many salutary examples;—but with his sword, which he was preparing to unsheath against our barbarous and tyrannical oppressors. He came, in a word, according to the testimony of those who were intimate with him, with the determination to die in Greece and for Greece! How, therefore, can we do otherwise than lament with heartfelt sorrow the loss of such a man! How can we do otherwise than bewail it as the loss of the whole Greek nation!

Thus far, my friends, you have seen him liberal, generous, courageous—a true Philhellenist; and you have seen him as your benefactor. This is, indeed, a sufficient cause for your tears, but it is not sufficient for his honour; it is not sufficient for the greatness of the undertaking in which he had engaged. He, whose death we are now so deeply deploring, was a man who, in one great branch of literature, gave his name to the age in which we live: the vastness of his genius and the richness of his fancy did not permit him to follow the splendid though beaten track of the literary fame of the ancients; he chose a new road—a road which ancient prejudice had endeavoured, and was still endeavouring, to shut against the learned of Europe: but as long as his writings live, and they must live as long as the world exists, this road will remain always open; for it is, as well as the other, a sure road to true knowledge. I will not detain

you at the present time by expressing all the respect and enthusiasm with which the perusal of his writings has always inspired me, and which indeed I feel much more powerfully now than at any other period. The learned men of all Europe celebrate him, and have celebrated him; and all ages will celebrate the poet of our age, for he was born for all Europe and for all ages.

One consideration occurs to me, as striking and true as it is applicable to the present state of our country: listen to it, my friends, with attention, that you may make it your own, and that it may become a generally acknowledged truth.

There have been many great and splendid nations in the world, but few have been the epochs of their true glory: one phenomenon, I am inclined to believe, is wanting in the history of these nations,—and one, the possibility of the appearance of which the all-considering mind of the philosopher has much doubted. Almost all the nations of the world have fallen from the hands of one master into those of another; some have been benefited, others have been injured by the change; but the eye of the historian has not yet seen a nation enslaved by barbarians, and more particularly by barbarians rooted for ages in their soil—has not yet seen, I say, such a people throw off their slavery unassisted and alone. This is the phenomenon; and now, for the first time in the history of the world, we witness it in Greece—yes, in Greece alone! The philosopher beholds it from afar,

and his doubts are dissipated; the historian sees it, and prepares his citation of it as a new event in the fortunes of nations; the statesman sees it, and becomes more observant and more on his guard. Such is the extraordinary time in which we live. My friends, the insurrection of Greece is not an epoch of our nation alone; it is an epoch of all nations: for, as I before observed, it is a phenomenon which stands alone in the political history of nations.

The great mind of the highly gifted and much lamented Byron observed this phenomenon, and he wished to unite his name with our glory. Other revolutions have happened in his time, but he did not enter into any of them—he did not assist any of them; for their character and nature were totally different: the cause of Greece alone was a cause worthy of him whom all the learned [men] of Europe celebrate. Consider then, my friends, consider the time in which you live—in what a struggle you are engaged; consider that the glory of past ages admits not of comparison with yours: the friends of liberty, the philanthropists, the philosophers of all nations, and especially of the enlightened and generous English nation, congratulate you, and from afar rejoice with you; all animate you; and the poet of our age, already crowned with immortality, emulous of your glory, came personally to your shores, that he might, together with yourselves, wash out with his blood the marks of tyranny from our polluted soil.

Born in the great capital of England,* his descent noble, on the side of both his father and his mother, what unfeigned joy did his philhellenick heart feel, when our poor city, in token of our gratitude, inscribed his name among the number of her citizens! In the agonies of death; yes, at the moment when eternity appeared before him; as he was lingering on the brink of mortal, and immortal life; when all the material world appeared but as a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence; in that awful hour, but two names dwelt upon the lips of this illustrious individual, leaving all the world besides —the names of his only and much beloved daughter, and of Greece: these two names, deeply engraven on his heart, even the moment of death could not efface. "My daughter!" he said; "Greece!", he exclaimed; and his spirit passed away. What Grecian heart will not be deeply affected as often as it recalls this moment!

Our tears, my friends, will be grateful, very grateful to his shade, for they are the tears of sincere affection; but much more grateful will be our deeds in the cause of our country, which, though removed from us, he will observe from the heavens, of which his virtues have doubtless opened to him the gates. This return alone

* This translation is by a Greek at Messolonghi, from the original modern Greek Gazette. No alterations have been made, though a few suggest themselves; one of which is, that Lord Byron was not born in London.

does he require from us for all his munificence; this reward for his love towards us; this consolation for his sufferings in our cause; and this inheritance for the loss of his invaluable life. When your exertions, my friends, shall have liberated us from the hands which have so long held us down in chains; from the hands which have torn from our arms, our property, our brothers, our children;—then will his spirit rejoice, then will his shade be satisfied!—Yes, in that blessed hour of our freedom, the Archbishop will extend his sacred and free hand, and pronounce a blessing over his venerated tomb; the young warrior sheathing his sword, red with the blood of his tyrannical oppressors, will strew it with laurel; the statesman will consecrate it with his oratory; and the poet, resting upon the marble, will become doubly inspired: the virgins of Greece (whose beauty our illustrious fellow-citizen Byron has celebrated in many of his poems,) without any longer fearing contamination from the rapacious hands of our oppressors, crowning their heads with garlands, will dance round it, and sing of the beauty of our land, which the poet of our age has already commemorated with such grace and truth. But what sorrowful thought now presses upon my mind! My fancy has carried me away; I had pictured to myself all that my heart could have desired; I had imagined the blessing of our Bishops, the hymns and laurel crowns, and the dance of the virgins of Greece round the tomb of the benefactor of Greece;—but this tomb will not contain his precious remains; the tomb

will remain void; but a few days more will his body remain on the face of our land—of his new chosen country; it cannot be given over to our arms; it must be borne to his own native land, which is honoured by his birth.

Oh Daughter! most dearly beloved by him, your arms will receive him; your tears will bathe the tomb which shall contain his body;—and the tears of the orphans of Greece will be shed over the urn containing his precious heart, and over all the land of Greece, for all the land of Greece is his tomb. As in the last moment of his life you and Greece were alone in his heart and upon his lips, it was but just that she (Greece) should retain a share of the precious remains. Messolonghi, his country, will ever watch over and protect with all her strength the urn containing his venerated heart, as a symbol of his love towards us. All Greece, clothed in mourning and inconsolable, accompanies the procession in which it is borne; all ecclesiastical, civil and military honours attend it; all his fellow-citizens of Messolonghi and fellow-countrymen of Greece follow it, crowning it with their gratitude and bedewing it with their tears; it is blessed by the pious benedictions and prayers of our Archbishop, Bishop, and all our Clergy. Learn, noble Lady! learn that chieftains bore it on their shoulders, and carried it to the church; thousands of Greek soldiers lined the way through which it passed, with the muzzles of their muskets, which had destroyed so many tyrants, pointed towards the ground, as though

they would war against that earth which was to deprive them for ever of the sight of their benefactor;—all this crowd of soldiers, ready at a moment to march against the implacable enemy of Christ and man, surrounded the funeral couch, and swore never to forget the sacrifices made by your Father for us, and never to allow the spot where his heart is placed to be trampled upon by barbarous and tyrannical feet. Thousands of Christian voices were in a moment heard, and the temple of the Almighty resounded with supplications and prayers that his venerated remains might be safely conveyed to his native land, and that his soul might rest where the righteous alone find rest.

APPENDIX.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

FROM A GREEK JOURNAL.

Ὠδὴ εἰς τὸν λόρδ Βύρωνα.

Ἐλεγεία.

Τοὺς λαμπροὺς ὕμνους τῆς νίκης ἀφίνων.
Κλαυθμῶν ἠχεῖ ἡρώων ὁ στρατός
Πικρῶς λυποῦντ' αἱ ψυχαὶ τῶν ἑλλήνων
Τ' ἀκούει μακρόθεν καὶ χαίρ' ἐχθρός.

Ὁ φίλος ἦλθε, πλὴν μόλις τὸν εἶδον,
Σκᾶπτουν κλαίοντες τὸν τάφον αὐτοῦ.
Ἰδοὺ τὸ τέλος ἐνδόξων ἐλπίδων
Καὶ τὸ τρόπαιον θανάτου σκληροῦ.

Ἦλθε νὰ ἐμπνευσ' ὡς ἄλλος Τυρταῖος,
Εἰς κάθε στῆθος πολέμων ὁρμῆν
Πλήν φευ! ὁ Βαρδος ἐλπίσας ματαίως
Ἰδοὺ μένει εἰς αἰώνιον σιωπήν.

Ὡς δένδρον κεῖτ' ὀπ' ἐκόσμει μεγάλως
Τὴν κορυφὴν μουσικοῦ Παρνασσοῦ,
Νῦν προποδῶν φθείρουσατου τὸ κάλλος
Πνόη τὸ ἔρριψ' ἀνέμου σφοδροῦ.

Ἑλλὰς! ἐὰν τὸ σῶματ' ἡ Ἀγγλία
Νὰ φέρ' εἰς μνῆμα ζητᾶ πατρικὸν
Εἰπὲ, Μουσῶν ὦ μητέρα γλυκεῖα,
Εἶναι τέκνον μοῦ ὁ υἱὸς τῶν Μουσῶν.

Καταφρονῶν τῶν ἐρώτων τοὺς θρήνους
Ἡδονῆς μὴν ἀκούων τὴν φωνὴν,
Ἐζήτ' ἐδὼ ἡρώων τοὺς κινδύνους
Τύφον ἂς ἔχ' ἡρώων εἰς τὴν γῆν.

TRANSLATION.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Victorious hymns no longer court the ear;
The hosts of Greece the clouds of grief oppress;
The hardy warrior drops th' unwonted tear,
And distant foes exult at our distress.

He came to succour—but, alas! how soon
With him the light of all our prospects fled!
Our sun has sought the darkness of the tomb,
For Byron, friend of liberty, is dead!

A new Tyrtæus gladden'd all our land,
Inspiring ev'ry soul with ancient fire;
But now, alas! death chills his friendly hand,
And endless silence sits upon his lyre.

So some fair tree which waved its shady head,
And graced the heights where famed Parnassus join'd,
Is torn by tempests from its earthy bed,
And yields its beauties scatter'd to the wind.

Oh, Greece! should England claim her right to lay
His ashes where his valiant sires have lain,
Do thou, sweet mother of the Muses! say
That thou alone those ashes shouldst retain!

Domestic joy he nobly sacrificed,
To shun the path of pleasure was his doom—
These for heroic dangers he despised;
Then Greece, the land of heroes, be his tomb!

LAST LINES COMPOSED BY LORD BYRON.

Messolonghi, January 22, 1824.

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,—
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake—
Awake my spirit!—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake,
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

THE END.

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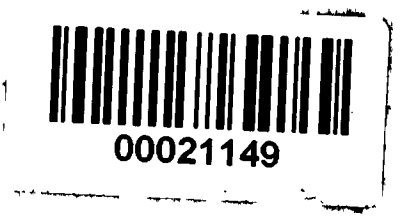
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